Liberty

MARCH 10, 1945 10c

Book:

WHERE HELEN LIES

Novel of a Conspiracy Against Love

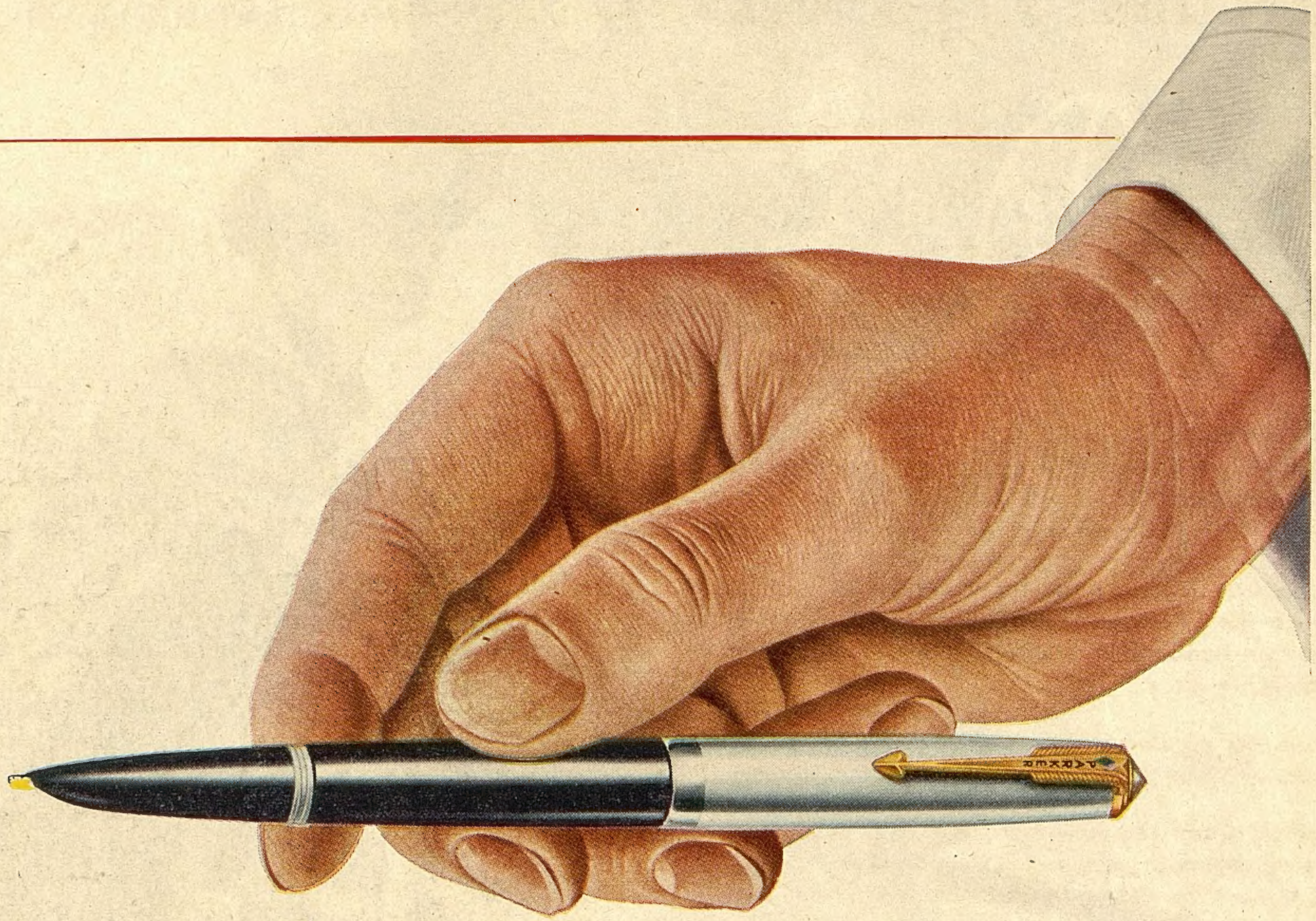
PRINCESS ELIZABETH

The Girl Who Will Be Queen

FRANK REILLY

More Parker 51's coming...

BUT THE DEMAND RUNS HIGHER



"Writes dry with wet ink!"

It has been called the "most wanted" pen in all the world! Yet words alone can never tell you why . . .

There's the richness of its smooth and tapered beauty . . . the way it draws admiring glances . . . the sense of pride it brings.

For the Parker "51" is no mass-production pen. Each one is made with the sound, precision craftsmanship that is a 56-year-old Parker tradition. We will build as many as our work on important war assignments and our high standards will permit—but no more.

Such care pays big dividends in the eager "feel" of the "51" in your hand . . . the way it starts on the instant and *floats* across the page with never a whisper of sound.

Then, a surprise . . . *it writes dry with wet ink!* No blotter is needed. Only the "51" can use the world's fastest drying ink, Parker "51" Ink. It can, of course, also use any ordinary ink.

The demand for Parker 51's is rapidly mounting . . . so place a reservation order with your dealer, now. This pen is worth waiting for!

Colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown, $12.50 and $15.00. Pencils, $5.00 and $7.50. Famous Parker Vacumatic Pens, $8.75. Pencils, $4.00.

Make Your Dollars Fight—BUY WAR BONDS

◆ *GUARANTEED BY LIFE CONTRACT! Parker's Blue Diamond on the pen is our contract unconditionally guaranteeing service for the owner's life, without cost other than 35¢ charge for postage, insurance, and handling, if pen is not intentionally damaged and is returned complete to: The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin.*

PARKER "51"

Copr. 1945 by The Parker Pen Company

What explains this great popularity?

SO rapidly are these sturdy new Goodyear synthetic rubber tires forging ahead in favor with eligible buyers, it is straining all our facilities to supply their rationed needs.

Best proof of that is the fact that the public's preference for Goodyear tires today is the highest in history—and Goodyears have long been the world's first-choice tires.

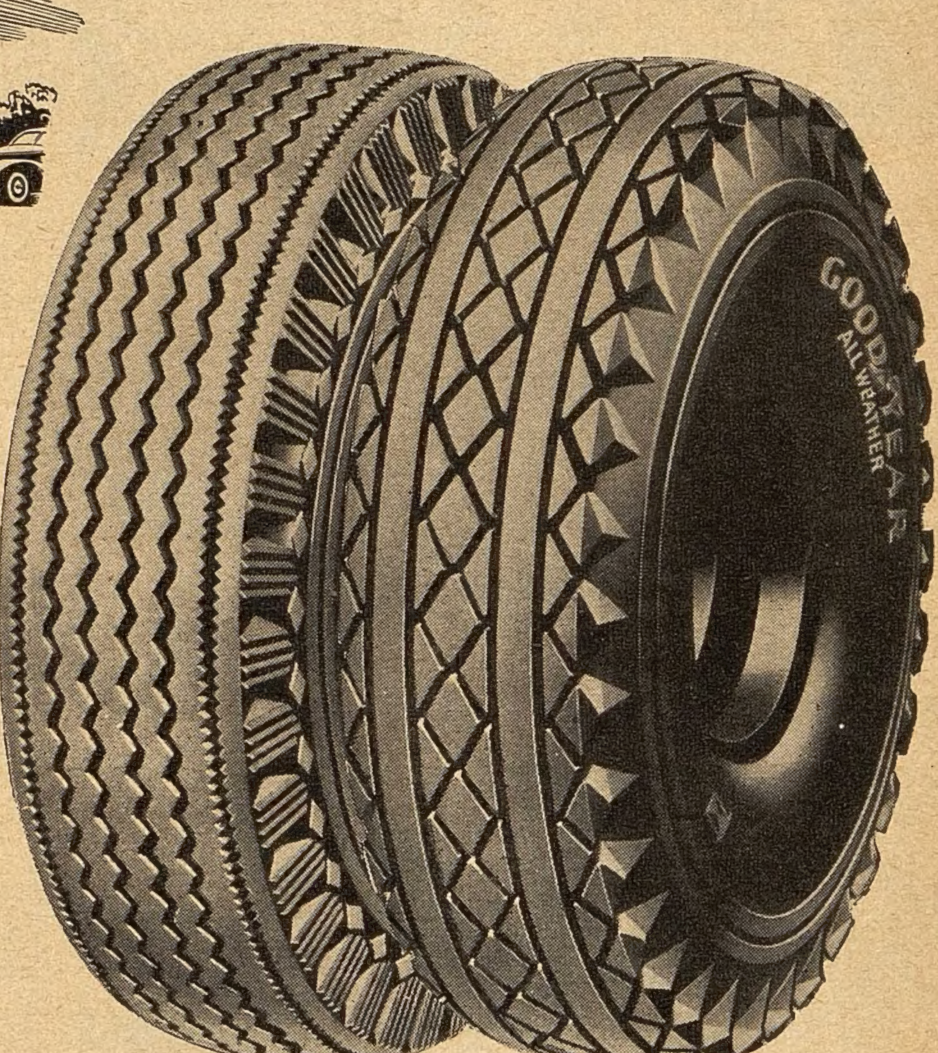
This swiftly growing popularity, it seems to us, can be traced to two causes.

At first, when man-made rubber tires were an unknown quantity, buyers automatically sought the tire backed by *"the greatest name in rubber."*

And second, these rugged new Goodyears have proved, in nearly two years of use, to be far better tires than anyone dared hope could be made from synthetic rubber.

Today, all over America, essential drivers are reporting mileages from Goodyears that rival the average of prewar tires—mileages that far exceed their expectations.

Such performance is the solid reason for their standout popularity—and why it pays you to choose Goodyear tires and tubes, too. If your dealer is temporarily out of stock, please be patient—for never before was the demand for Goodyear quality so high.



IF YOU ARE NOT ELIGIBLE TO BUY A NEW GOODYEAR—GET A GOODYEAR RECAP

If you're not eligible for new tires, have your present tires renewed by Goodyear Extra-Mileage Recapping—your guarantee of highest quality materials and workmanship that add thousands of extra miles' wear. Available at all Goodyear dealers'—no certificate needed.

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

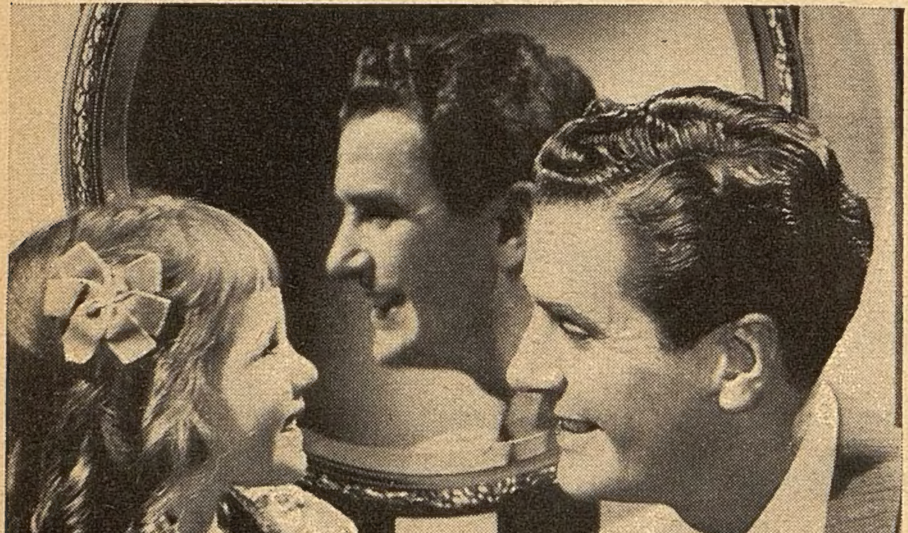
GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Dry Scalp is a warning from nature...

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
5 drops a day
check Dry Scalp

help nature give you good-looking hair!



YOUR HAIR WARNS YOU when Nature fails to supply enough natural scalp oils. It loses its lustre. Loose dandruff appears. You have Dry Scalp. To check Dry Scalp, supplement the natural scalp oils with five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic daily. And use it also with massage before shampooing. There's an improvement you can *see* and *feel*. Your hair stays in place. Your scalp feels better. Remember . . . use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic every day. It contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients.

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HAIR TONIC
double care... both scalp and hair

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Cover: Petroleum—Industrial Power Behind the Front
A worker operates a device known as a "Christmas Tree." Its function is to control and distribute the flow of oil.

Third in a series of industrial covers
Painted by Frank Reilly

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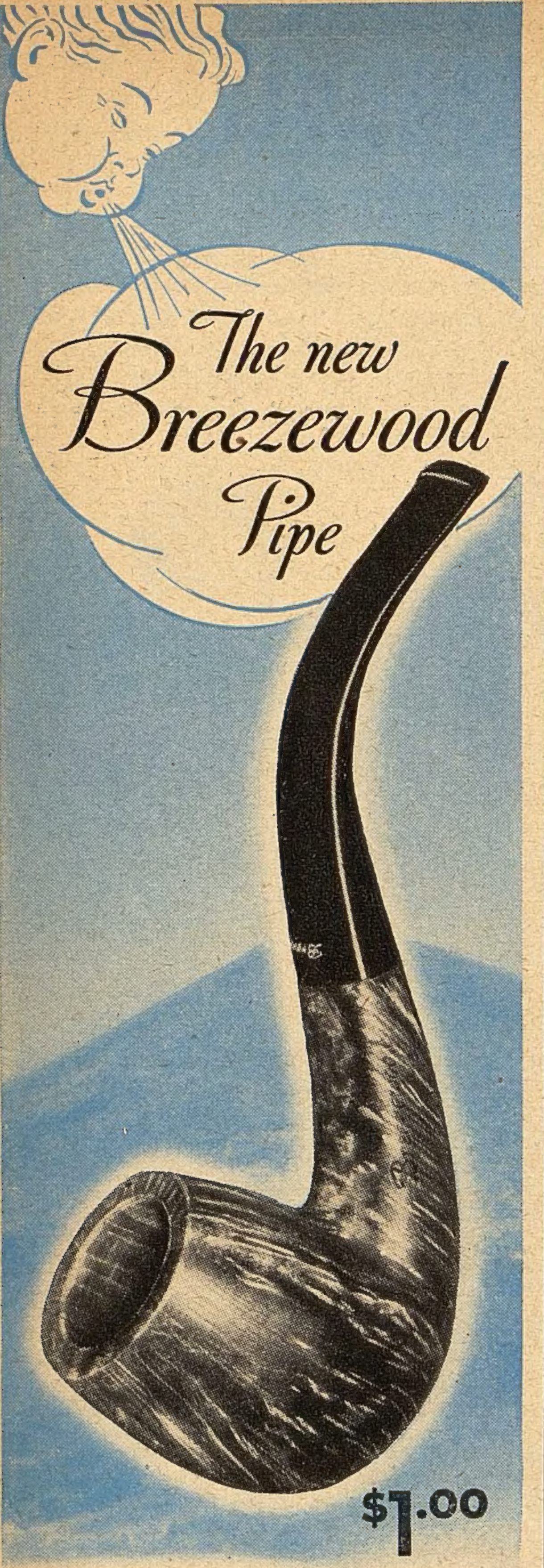
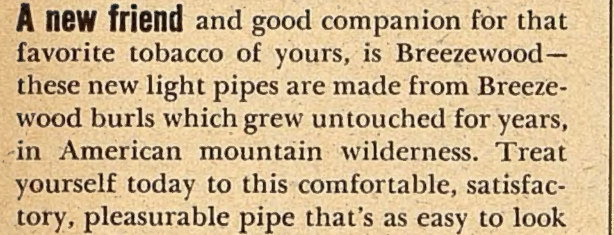


A new friend and good companion for that favorite tobacco of yours, is Breezewood—these new light pipes are made from Breezewood burls which grew untouched for years, in American mountain wilderness. Treat yourself today to this comfortable, satisfactory, pleasurable pipe that's as easy to look at as it is easy to hold in your mouth. Ask for Breezewood at dealers, $1 and $2.50.



No wonder they were astonished! They all guessed too high! Actually the new Breezewood pipe weighs, on an average, less than an ounce and a quarter!

Free your Hands for Other Tasks. The new Breezewood pipe is pleasant to keep in your mouth. Doesn't fatigue you when your hands are busy.

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VOX POP

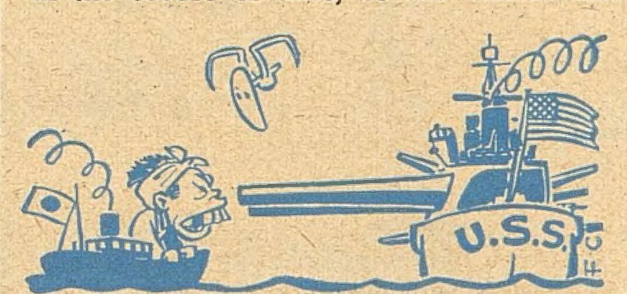
"The Voice of the People"

MOPPING UP MARKEY

Los Angeles, Calif.—The article, The Toughest Mop-up Is Ahead, by Morris Markey (January 20), is very interesting and full of constructive information regarding the many islands and atolls bypassed by the swift drive of our Navy and Army across the Pacific. But Mr. Markey seems to be worrying unnecessarily about the postwar activities of the enemy's armed forces on these islands.

Being an armchair strategist, I consider it my "duty" to step forward and help him out of his hallucination.

Since it is assumed, and all signs and facts support our assumption, that we will, in the course of time, be the victors and an unconditional surrender will be imposed upon Japan, it should also be assumed that the victors will compel Japan to recall all her armed forces from those places and order them to board specially-sent transports, bearing Japanese flags but closely guarded by our warships. All supplies, needed by these enemy forces would, of course, have been stopped in the meantime.—*A. E. Rosen.*



THE VERY YOUNG

Onalaska, Wis.—The picture of the Filipino child with G. I. mothers in The Camera Eye (January 27) is one of the most beautiful and appealing I have ever seen.

That quiet, patient face with its pathetic traces of pain and peril and a certain dignity of expression, the tiny hand resting so confidingly upon her new friend, the little emaciated body—all touched my heart. How proud we all may feel to be represented among the faraway peoples of the world by such Americans as the splendid group in the background of this picture!—*O. E.*

NO DRAFT FOR NURSES

c/o FPO, San Francisco, Calif.—We have been hearing a lot of scuttlebutt about the drafting of women in the Nurse Corps. Most of the fellows in our unit can't see any reason for drafting women when they can train male nurses just as quickly. Why do people think a million of the men in the service volunteered in this war? One of the main reasons was because we didn't want women to have to suffer the way women in other countries have suffered.

We agree that nurses are a great boost to morale and are very, very helpful; they deserve all the credit they can get. But if they drafted our wives and sisters to com out here, that would be the last straw.

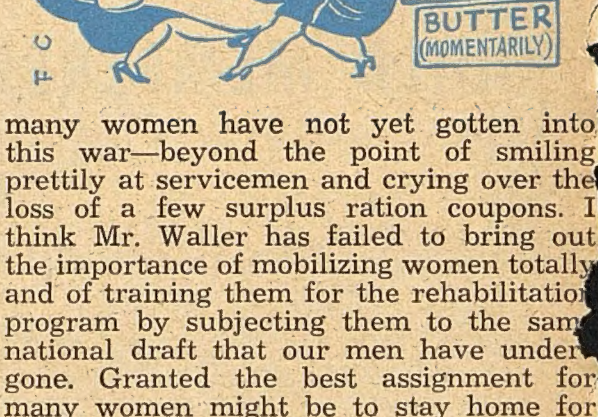
We really can't express the bitterness in our hearts about the idea of drafting women. We want the women in the service *if they want to volunteer,* but to draf them is going a little too far. I though that was one of the reasons we were fighting: to preserve American womanhood. —*Sgt. K. P. B., U. S. M. C.; Cpl. R. L. D U. S. M. C. R.; Sgt. R. O. C.*

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Los Angeles, Calif.—Mr. Waller's account of The Veteran Comes Back (January 20) is crammed with food for thought, but it would seem that we'd better start planting the seed for that harvest of good results right now if we want to be assured of avoiding another period of postwar panic.

Granted the local community is the place to work out the individual and local problems—but service men and women are not home to speak for themselves and we should remember that their readjustment program should *not* be treated as if it were a co-operative get-together between the local Woman's Club and Rotary Club.

Waller's book looks like the best argument so far that we really need a National Service Draft—even at this late date. Too many women have not yet gotten into this war—beyond the point of smiling prettily at servicemen and crying over the loss of a few surplus ration coupons. I think Mr. Waller has failed to bring out the importance of mobilizing women totally and of training them for the rehabilitatio program by subjecting them to the sam national draft that our men have undergone. Granted the best assignment for many women might be to stay home for a certain number of hours each day. If that could keep them out of the stores where they fight with each other over that last quarter pound of butter or half pound of bacon, or package of cigarettes, then at least we would be mobilized against the scourge of black-market operations.



After a little training in less self-centered thinking, this corps of feminine flowers could turn out to be really helpful in the rehabilitation of service personnel, provided, of course, they first learned how to rehabilitate themselves.—*Mrs. K. V. W*

COLLECTOR'S ITEM

New Orleans, La. — Beware — Cradle Snatcher! the Short Short by Alwyn W.

(*Continued on page 8*)

FOUR WAYS TO KEEP FIT *WITHOUT* EXERCISE

You Don't Have To Exercise!

Are YOU like Richard Roe, who just left my office?

I had not seen Richard for eight years. He was 36 then, and had dropped into my office for a health check-up. Finding his blood pressure 160, and a trace of albumin in his urine, I advised him to "take it easy;" rest an hour after lunch—live his life at 40 miles an hour instead of sixty.

—but like so many who think they are well because they feel well, Richard Roe kept on with his gym, handball, and fast living. Now, eight years later, he has a tremendously enlarged heart, failing kidneys, and a blood pressure of 220. Hemorrhages in back of his eyes clearly indicate he will not be alive to celebrate his 46th birthday.

There are millions of Richard Roes right now—traveling the same dangerous course—fooled by their feelings into overdoing. There are Mrs. Roes, too, who are killing themselves with overwork and worry. You may be a Richard Roe or a Mrs. Roe yourself. How can you tell?

CHECK YOURSELF ON THESE SYMPTOMS

Do most people bore you?
Are you putting on weight?
Do you notice your fatigue more than the fun you're having?
Do you have trouble dropping off to sleep?
Do you forget to sing or whistle at your work?
Do you need a drink to feel sociable?
Do you smoke too many cigarettes?
Do you wish you didn't have to exercise?

Such things suggest that you are driving your body too hard and too fast, and in the wrong direction. You think you should exercise more. So instead of gaining strength, calmness, and energy, you lose still more. You think exercise is good, whereas it may be *deadly*.

Your body is a machine. Drive it too fast—too long—and some part is bound to give way—generally your heart.

NOTED DOCTOR
Makes Startling Discovery

Dr. Peter Steincrohn, former Vice President of the Connecticut State Medical Society, and Fellow of the American College of Physicians, says exercise after age 40 is dangerous, and tells you why in his latest book.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO EXERCISE

This new book—YOU DON'T HAVE TO EXERCISE—is written to guard you against that breakdown—to lengthen your life—to show you the folly of bending, straining, pushing, pulling, and running around to keep well. Exercise is unnecessary. After a certain age, it is definitely harmful. The various methods advocated in this book for keeping fit are easy and more natural than any "daily dozen" you ever saw.

EASY, SURE WAY TO REMAIN HEALTHY

In this sensational book, you learn how to
—reduce without exercise or fancy diets.
—have fun without risk.
—eat, drink, smoke and be merry longer.
—recover from fatigue.
—get rid of boredom.
—enjoy vacations as you did in youth.
—build physical reserve for emergencies.
—live out allotted years enjoyably.
—make the most of sleep.
—do more and still keep fresh.
—break energy-wasting habits.
—create a fund of reserve power.
—chase away worry.

There is nothing so important to you as a full happy life—and that depends on good health. Here is the secret of that full life. Make sure of your copy of this most important discovery before supply of books is exhausted. Use coupon below *now!* If you wait, you may wait too long. Act *today!*

Is This the Secret of
LONGER, HAPPIER LIFE

Here is everything you need to know to enjoy life to the maximum of your physical equipment and condition; what to do, and what not to do, to keep on your feet, enjoying life's blessings, instead of flat on your back with life futureless.

IT'S ALL HERE

—all boiled down into a single volume of 207 captivating pages of rare medical wisdom that you can put into practice at once—without over-exertion. For the first time you learn the truth about exercise after age 35—the facts that doctors know, but people have got to learn.

IF YOU'RE NEARING YOUR 40TH BIRTHDAY

or past it, you need this book right now—every word of it. You value good health and happiness. Learn the four ways to keep fit without exercise. Make sure of this easy, simple protection against fatigue and strain. Mail the coupon opposite. See why you don't have to exercise. The discovery is vital to your future health and happiness.

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JEWELRY FOR YEARS TO COME

You'll treasure your Speidel watchband more, as time goes by. For these bands of beauty are made with infinite pains and knowing touch, by the same Speidel craftsmen who have made Speidel famous for 80 years for jewelry of beauty, long life and distinction.

Watchband shown on woman's wrist — $9.00
Men's Watchbands — $12.50 FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED

(Continued from page 6)

Knight (January 20), really hit home. I'm sure the other teen-agers that read your magazine agree. Let's have more teen-age stuff.

I wouldn't miss a Liberty Short Short for the world. They are tops in the story field, and only one in each issue makes them a real, special treat.

I hope that some book publisher smartens up and prints an anthology of the best Liberty Short Shorts of all time. There's an empty space in my bookcase waiting hopefully.—*James H. Dygert.*

ON THE AIR

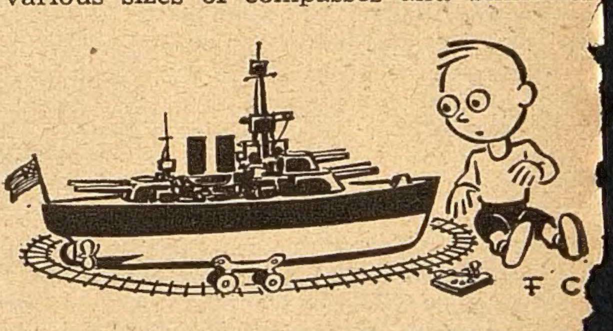
New York, N. Y.—In Jack Pollack's article, Shall We Broadcast Congress? (February 17), there is a proposal that Congress ought to go on the radio. For your information, station WHN is now airing "Congressional Record—on the Air" which is a partial answer to Mr. Pollack's suggestion. The series, which features important Congressmen's contributions to a discussion of current events, is being syndicated throughout the land on a transcription basis.—*George Lewis, Station WHN.*

SEIZED BY A TWITCH

New York, N. Y.—In the well-written and most interesting article The "Unbelievable" Baby Flat-Tops, by Hannibal Coons (January 13), a small inaccuracy appears which needs correcting.

The article mentions, and perhaps this was mere literary license, that the CVEs "are probably the only warships in the world having binnacles built by the Lionel electric-train people." It further mentions, "Our CVE captains occasionally notice the 'LIONEL' on the instrument when they look into it to see where they're going and are seized by a twitch."

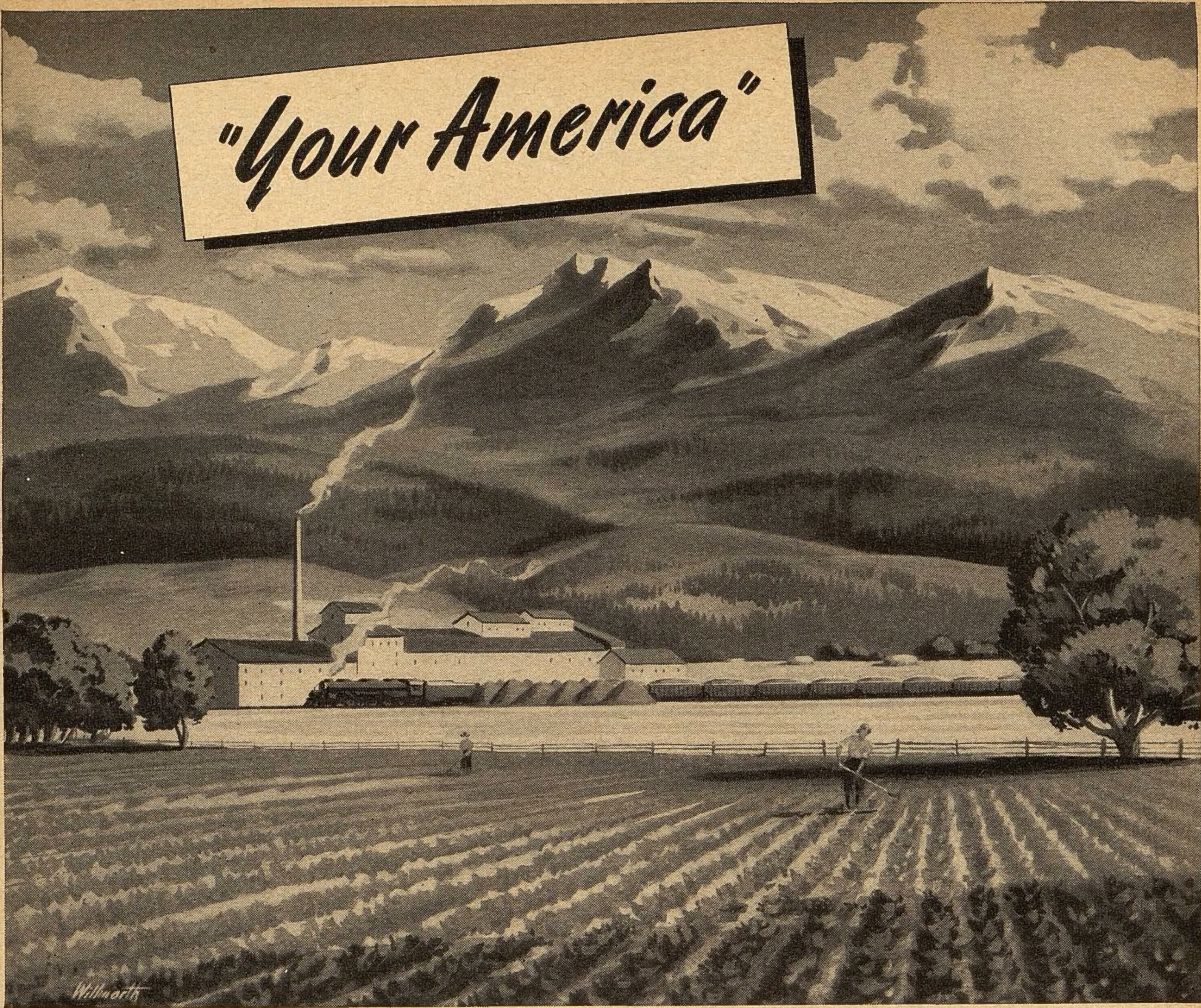
As a matter of accuracy, the U. S. Navy credits the Lionel Corporation with the development of the present standard Navy compass, and up to this date, it can be revealed, we have shipped more than 40,000 various sizes of compasses and binnacles in the interests of the U. S. Navy, the Maritime Commission, the U. S. Coast Guard and Army Transport.

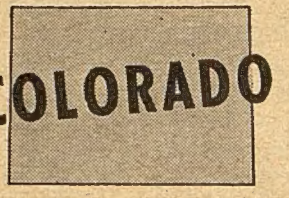


It is quite true that Lionel compasses and binnacles are on the CVEs, but they are also on the mighty first-line battleships, heavy cruisers, destroyers, and other types of vessels. According to Mr. Coons, therefore, there must be a great deal of "twitching" on the part of the officers of the bridge of the U. S. battle fleet.

The Lionel Corporation also takes pleasure in knowing that many Nazi and Jap fliers have been given a really good twitch when they came in contact with some 40-mm. antiaircraft shells that were given their initial impetus by a nice little Lionel primer.

Our employees are very proud of their award of the Maritime "M" flag with three stars, earned during our three and one half years of 100-per-cent conversion to war work.—*Arthur Raphael, Vice-Pres.-General Sales Mgr., the Lionel Corporation.*


"Your America"
Willmarth



COLORADO

... The grandeur of Colorado's mountains, its sparkling lakes, tall pines, colorful canyons, invigorating climate, and the hospitality of its people have, in peacetime, lured throngs of vacationists.

But Colorado relinquished its role as host to the nation to play a vital part in wartime activity. Thousands of its citizens joined the armed forces. Its agricultural workers enlarged production of sugar beets, grain, cattle and other products of farm and ranch. Its mine workers unearthed increased quantities of copper, iron, zinc, lead, coal... of molybdenum and other rare and essential industrial minerals.

Union Pacific has provided rail transportation for Colorado's people and products since the year 1870. A steady stream of troops and war materials moves, day and night, over The Strategic Middle Route, uniting Colorado with the East and the Pacific Coast.

After victory, Colorado's wealth of agricultural and industrial resources will continue to offer ample reward to all who have courage, ambition and enterprise.

Colorado believes in the fundamental doctrine of individual enterprise, the driving spirit that built Colorado... built the Union Pacific... built Your America.

NOTE: Write Union Pacific, Omaha, Neb., for information regarding industrial or business sites in Colorado or other western States.

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UNION PACIFIC

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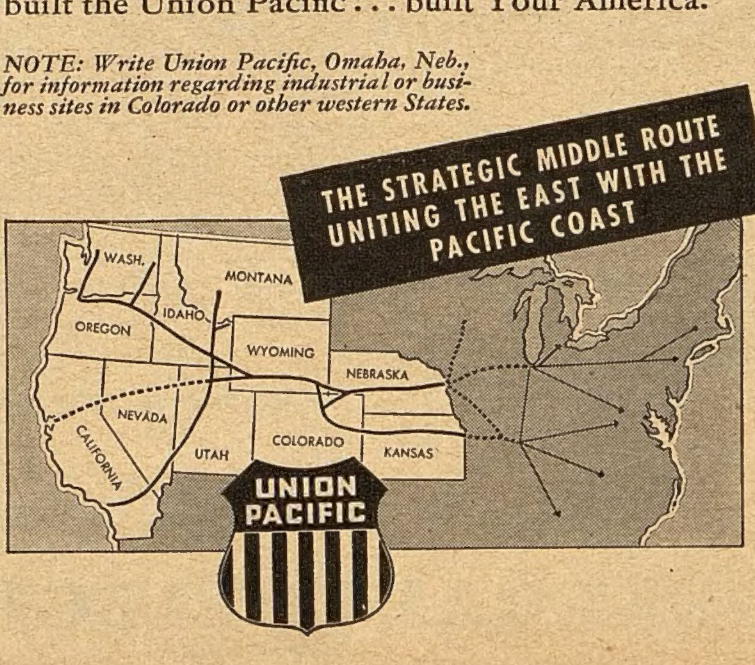
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HARLEM CORRESPONDENT

THE author of DAR ANGELS OF DOOM, Roi Ottley, has just returned from a tour of the European front where he was a wo correspondent. Previously reporter, co umnist, and editor on a New York new paper, in 1943 he wrote the best seller, New World A-Coming, a survey of his native Harlem. He is planning to go overseas again soon, this time to Russia, China and the Sout Pacific.

FREE-LANCE VETERAN

SINCE the start of his career in 1928, Edward Adolphe, author of JOBS FOR THE DISABLED, has just about covered the writing front—newspapers, radio, movies, public relations, magazines, even song writing. In 1942 he went to the South Pacific as a Marine combat correspondent. Honorably discharged in 1944, he is back in civilian life, and, once again, he is free-lancing successfully.

TRANSATLANTIC PARTNERSHIP

TWO English writers, Hettie Grimstead and Molly Castle, joined forces to turn out THE GIRL WHO WILL BE QUEEN. Miss Grimstead is currently in London, doing feature stories o Yanks stationed overseas. Miss Castle, having traveled through Europe and Asia as foreign correspondent for the London Daily Express, has now settled in the United States. She is the wife of author Cedric Belfrage.

NEXT WEEK

Liberty
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WHAT'S BEHIND THE QUARRELS OF THE ALLIES Marquis W Childs dig down deep to find a revealing answer. . . . GREAT DANE by Frank Nugent, presents gagster Lauritz Melchior, opera's gift to Hollywood. . . . Gene Coughlin, whose Army life began at forty, gives a hilarious account of his experiences as a soldier in Liberty's book condensation, ASSISTANT HERO.

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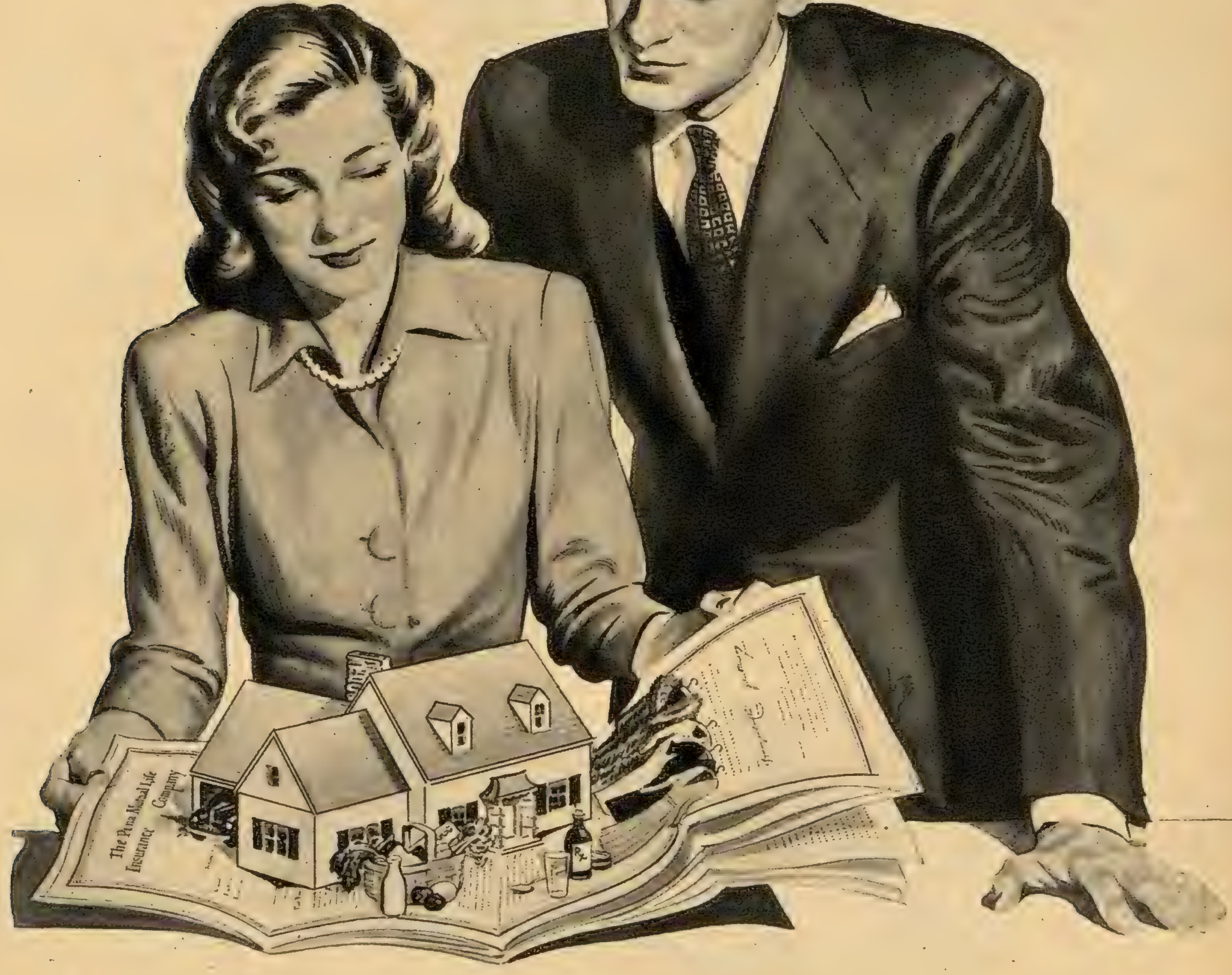
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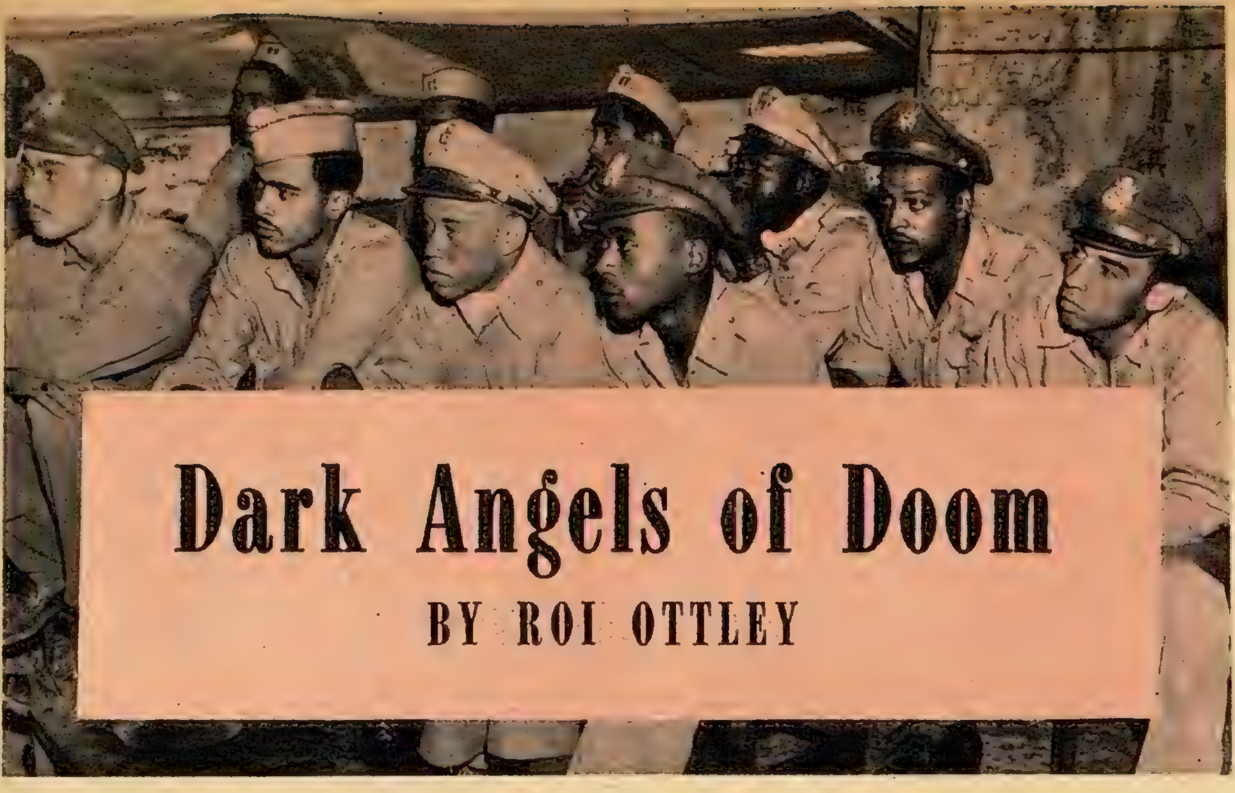

Dark Angels of Doom

BY ROI OTTLEY

The inspiring story of the Red Tails, the all-Negro fighting group with the ace-high morale which has run up an enviable record in sky battles from North Africa to Germany

A SILVER-COLORED plane, sparkling in the sun, swooped gracefully out of the bright blue sky, peeled downward at tremendous speed, and, with a blast of its powerful engine, straightened out to land on a makeshift dirt runway—somewhere near the Adriatic. As the plane rocked to a stop, its red tail glistening in the sunshine, a lithe Negro figure jumped down from its cockpit and strode across the rubbled field toward the spot where I was standing.

"I'm Lieutenant Jack Holsclaw," the pilot said as he came within speaking distance. "Guess you must be my passenger."

I shook hands and looked over this poised self-confident flier who was to take me to the base of the Red Tails, the all-Negro fighter group which is a unit of the Fifteenth Air Force. Commanded by Colonel B. O. Davis, Jr., son of Brigadier General Benjamin O. Davis, highest-ranking Negro officer in the U. S. Army, the Red Tails had run up an enviable record in sky battles ranging from North Africa to France, from Italy to Yugoslavia, Hungary and Germany. Flying P-51 Mustangs, they had slashed at targets in Ploesti, Sofia, Salerno, Friedrichshafen, and Munich. In one day they had flown nine dive-bombing missions.

Now, after traveling by air from Paris to Italy to get a glimpse of them, I was face to face with my first Red Tail, who, I later learned, was not only the flight leader of his squadron but also a holder of the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Fresh from training in America, the unique group to which Holsclaw belongs began its overseas career with a flourish. They won weekly commendations from General Montgomery for their close support of the British Eighth Army in North Africa. With almost reckless dive bombing and strafing, they knocked out enemy machine-gun nests, tanks, artillery installations, and transportation lines, all in close support of the ground forces. In the initial assaults on Italy they shot down seventeen enemy fighters and bombers in one day over the Anzio beachhead.

But the main task of this fighter group has been protecting our bombers against enemy fighters—a routine assignment that received little notice in the press. Nevertheless the group finds satisfaction in having done this important job well. As one pilot put it: "We feel each bomber that reaches its target helps to shorten the war." Proof of their sincerity is the fact that in more than 100 combat missions on which the Red Tails have given escort cover to their "Big Friends"—the long-range heavy bombers—they haven't lost a single ship to enemy fighters!

Returning from a mission over southern France one day, a Red Tail noticed a crippled bomber limping homeward. Fearing that their slow-moving ship was too easy a target for enemy fire, the bomber's crew were about to bail out over enemy-held territory.

The Negro pilot swept in to make it plain that he would escort them home. Thinking he was an enemy fighter, they opened fire. He broke away, grinned to himself at his own mistake, and rocked his wings to indicate that he was American. As he drew in close, the crew recognized his ship's red tail.

"Well," drawled the Negro pilot afterward, "I took the bomber to the nearest Allied base. The ship's undercarriage had been shot away, and they were forced to crash-land. Nobody was hurt. When I landed behind them, they were so happy they rushed up and planted kisses on my cheek. Man, was I embarrassed!"

Negro fighter pilots have been in combat overseas since early in 1943. The first squadron to arrive was also commanded by Colonel B. O. Davis, Jr. It flew its first mission from North Africa against the Italian island of Pantelleria. Sicily was another target from Africa. Then came Salerno. Operating from four different landing fields in less than four months, the squadron helped to provide air cover for the American ground forces as they advanced to Rome and beyond. In sixteen months of combat this squadron flew more than 500 combat missions. It destroyed twenty-three enemy aircraft in aerial combat and fifty-eight more on the ground, though many of its missions then were patrol duty.

Early in 1944 the squadron was assigned to the Negro Fighter Group, and with other squadrons formed the all-Negro unit of the Fifteenth Air Force. This combined outfit concluded one year of combat duty last January 3. From a

(*Continued on page 54*)

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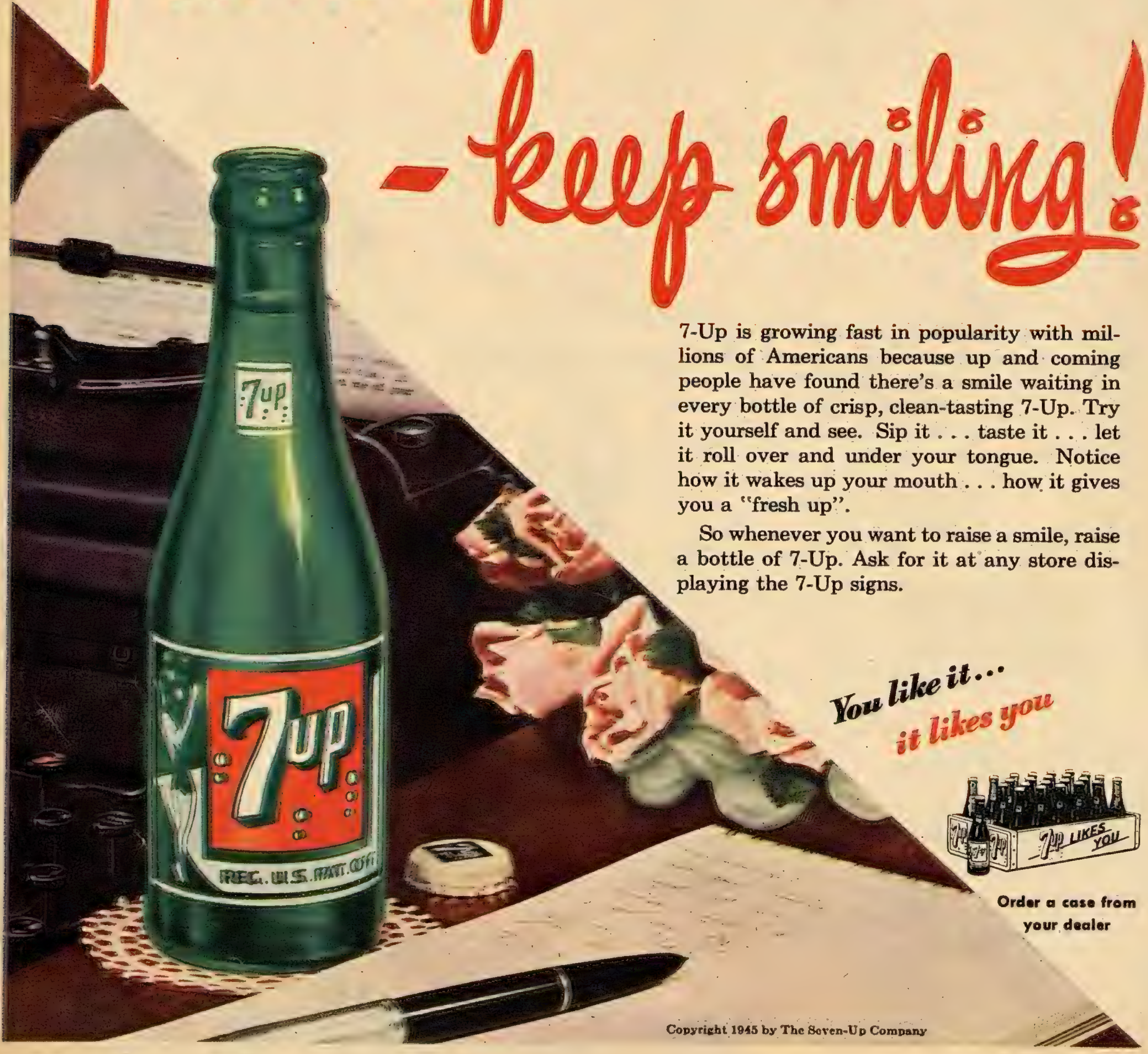

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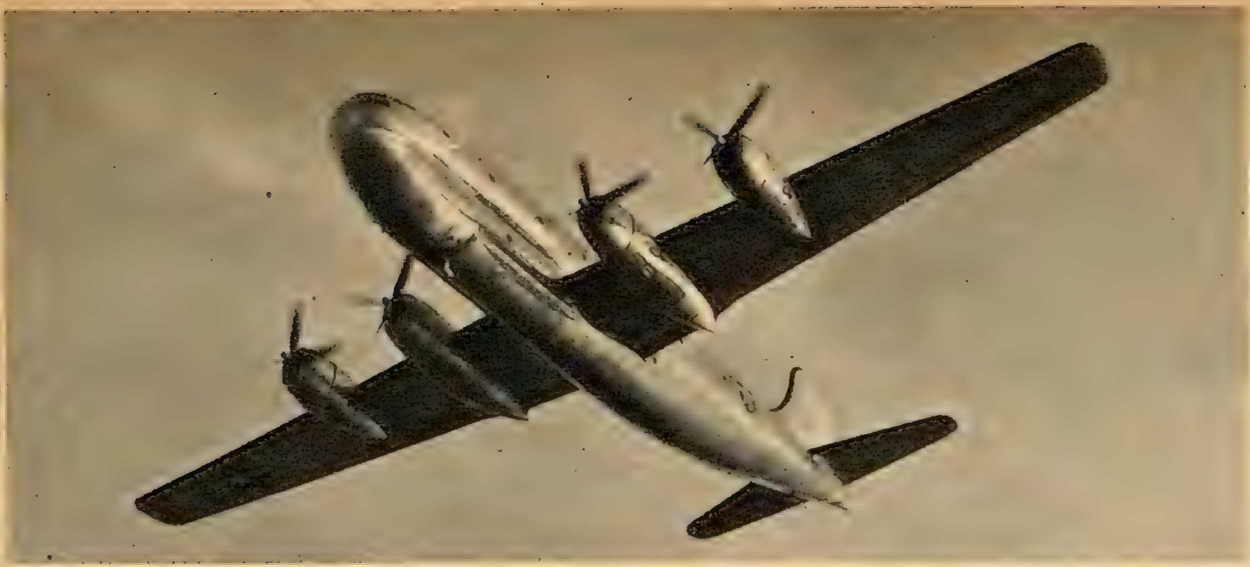


In range, pay load, and size, the Boeing C-97 tops all other A. A. F. transports.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

The Shape of Wings to Come

You will recall the record flight made January 9 by the new Boeing C-97 troop and cargo transport plane. It flew nonstop from Seattle to Washington in 6 hours, 3 minutes, and 50 seconds—2,323 miles, at an average speed of 383 miles an hour, surpassing the big-plane record established when a Lockheed Constellation flew from Burbank to Washington, 2,300 miles, in 6 hours, 57 minutes, and 51 seconds.

The record flight carries more than a little significance because the C-97 is the military prototype of the Boeing commercial plane, the Stratocruiser, to be built after the war. A double-decker, it is a transport version of the B-29 Superfortress.

Boeing believes it can lower the transcontinental flight to 5 hours, because the current C-97 is powered with four 2,200-horsepower Wright Cyclone engines, and the later production model will be equipped with engines developing up to 3,500 horsepower each. Thus the average speed might well be moved up to 450 miles an hour and more.

With A. Elliott Merrill, Boeing test pilot, at the controls, the C-97 flew at an altitude of 30,000 feet with comfortable inside atmospheric conditions provided by the plane's pressurized cabin. An interior altitude of 8,000 feet was maintained. A pay load of 20,000 pounds was carried. (The *total* certificated gross weight of the Douglas DC-3 commercial transport is 26,500 pounds.) The C-97's design gross weight is 120,000 pounds.

A unique feature of the C-97 is a pair of great loading doors which open under the rear of the fuselage, with a drive-up ramp which is let down from within. The ramp is retracted into the airplane by an electrically-powered cargo hoist. Two fully-loaded ton-and-one-half trucks can be driven up the ramp into the airplane, with plenty of room left for other equipment or cargo.

The Boeing "117" low-drag wing and other aerodynamic advancements used in the Superfortress feature the C-97. Four-bladed Hamilton Standard propellers are used. Wings, tail surfaces, and landing gear are identical to those of the B-29, but the volume, 10,000 cubic feet, is more than twice that of the bomber. Usable cargo space almost equals that of two average railway boxcars.

The C-97 is 110 feet 4 inches long, 12 feet longer than the B-29. Its wingspread of 141 feet 3 inches is the same as that of the Superfortress. The commercial version will carry 100 passengers comfortably for a range of 3,500 miles.

Two "New Ideas" from TACA

The Central American air-line system, TACA, in which TWA owns an interest, originated more than one feature of today's military airplanes. Recently the Army announced the use of sling-type canvas seats for its transport planes. Such seats can be rolled up to make way for cargo when necessary, and the canvas weighs very little. TACA introduced this idea in 1932 on some of its operations which hauled heavy cargo in one direction and passengers in the other.

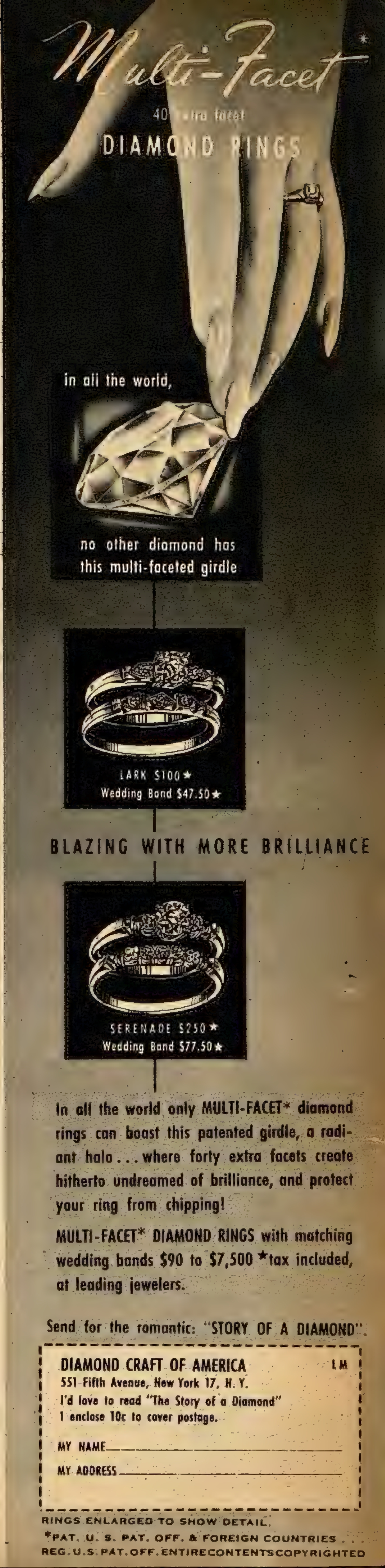
Also, an innovation on TACA in 1935 is now coming into use as a new idea. This is a roll-type door similar to the sliding cover of a roll-top desk. The ability to roll up a door is convenient for paratroop operations and has other advantages. TACA built this type of door in order to unload cargo quickly while in flight, in the event of engine trouble when it was necessary to decrease the gross weight of the plane. The company lost one plane because the crew couldn't off-load the cargo fast enough through the conventional door.

Night-Fighter Ace No. 1

Night aerial fighting is a new feature of this war, and although night action has been in progress in Europe since the days of the London blitz, it seems that the first night-fighter ace has been selected in the Pacific. He is Major Carroll C. Smith, flying a Northrop P-61 Black Widow twin-engined night fighter. Major Smith, whose wife and mother live in Monrovia, California, has seven Japs to his credit, four of whom he knocked down recently at night over Mindoro in the Philippines. Reports from both Europe and the Pacific indicate that the Black Widow, the first airplane specifically designed for night fighting, has been living up to its deadly name.

* * *

Slip of the typewriter: In the January 27 On the Beam, the big B-32 bomber being built was called Denominator. It's the *Dominator*—as readers have reminded me.



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THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

THE GIRL WHO WILL BE QUEEN

What kind of person is the girl who will be England's next queen? What of her personality and ideas, her likes and dislikes? What does she think of America? Meet Princess Elizabeth

By Hettie Grimstead and Molly Castle

BRITISH COMBINE PHOTO

Princess Elizabeth today—poised, charming, and gracious heiress to England's throne.

ON a cream-paneled wall of a living room in Buckingham Palace hangs a small map of the United States, clipped from a magazine. Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth, heiress to the British throne, put it there for a very definite reason: When world conditions permit, she is going to visit the United States.

In this, she will be following out not only her own wishes but those of her parents, King George and Queen Elizabeth, who toured this country in 1939. In the years to come their elder daughter will influence relations between Britain and the United States in countless ways, both large and small, and the royal couple feel that if she is to be properly prepared for her future role, she too must cross the Atlantic and see us as we are in our own land.

Princess Elizabeth already has met many distinguished Americans. She has met most of our high military commanders in Britain, such men as General Eisenhower and Lieutenant General Jimmy Doolittle, and she has met hundreds of others of our fighting men. These personal contacts have helped her to a better understanding of America and Americans and increased her enthusiasm for her projected trip.

But, eager as Princess Elizabeth is to see us, we probably are no less eager to see her. What can we expect when she does come? What kind of person is she? What has been her training? What are her tastes—in clothes, music, motion pictures? What kind of life has she led in war-torn England? Is she so different from American girls?

The answers to these questions will tell us a great deal about a young lady who will be of more than passing interest to us in future years.

Elizabeth of England started her career as a public servant when she was a very small princess indeed. When she was five, a lively little figure in a green wool sweater and Royal Stuart kilt, she once accompanied Grandma England, as she called Queen Mary, to a civic function. The Lord Mayor of the city, a somewhat pompous figure with a great chain across his expansive middle, held out a helpful hand.

"Careful now, my little lady," he warned with a note of adult patronage.

Princess Lillibet looked at him coldly. "I'm not a little lady," she informed him. "I'm a princess."

"And if *I* have anything to do with it," Her Majesty is said to have muttered, "she will one day *also* be a little lady."

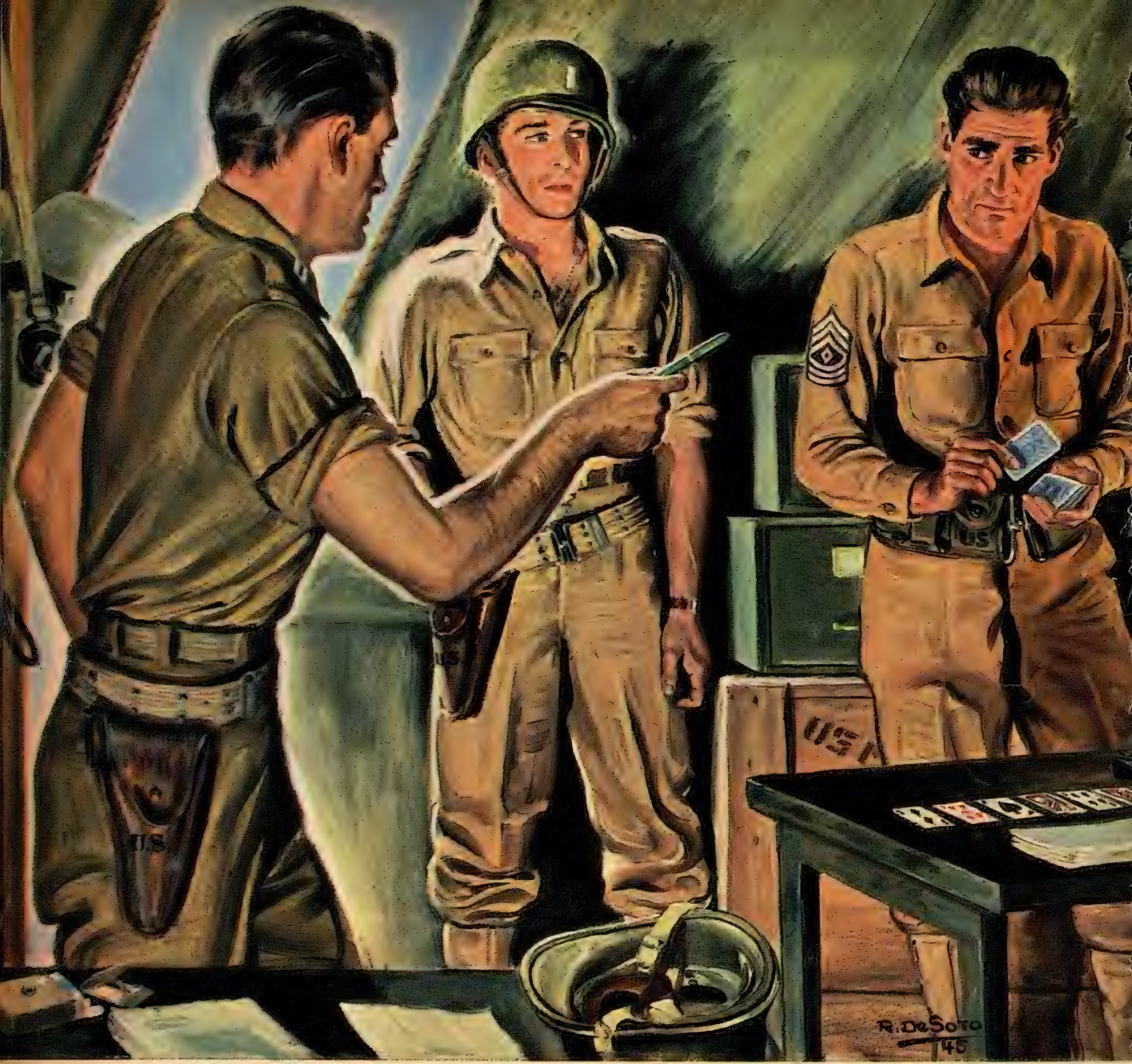
To this end the Queen Grandmother has spared neither time nor effort. Nor, indeed, has anyone connected with the upbringing of the future monarch. Today, almost nineteen and five feet six and a half inches tall, Princess Elizabeth is certainly a lady, not only born but bred, and with the makings of some day being a very great lady.

Queen Mary herself had been brought up in her youth by a governess, a commoner, whose rigid mental picture of all that a princess should be proved most foresighted. The Queen Mother was pleased with the idea that the three people who were to be most important in providing the foundation for the Princess' education-for-royalty had also been born commoners. These were Elizabeth's Scots Nannie, her Scots governess, Crawfie, and her Scots mother, the Queen, who had acquired royalty but had not been born or brought up to be royal. Between them they have turned the Princess from a little girl who once bit and kicked her nursemaid in public into a quiet, serious-minded, well-behaved, well-informed young woman who, if a certain bomb had fallen forty feet nearer than it did, might even now be Queen of England—and well able to fill the role.

When she was so small that she was still riding in a baby buggy, Elizabeth took an interest in the crowds that waved to her. "They all want to see Lillibet," she lisped to her mother.

The then Duchess of York immediately gave orders that her daughter's airings be

(*Continued on page 75*)



The Old Man stood up. "Lieutenant Cheaver," he said to Cheep, "am I to understand that my direct orders mean nothing? Am I to undestand that obedience depends entirely on the whims of this—this—this *soothsayer?*"

Not in the Cards

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY RAPHAEL DeSOTO

IT was the first day of our big shove from the Maginot Line (you remember), and the boys were griping. Work, work, work, night and day; getting ready, they said. Work for the past couple of months. Issuing out tank treads and reticles for range finders, and truck carburetors and tires and artillery parts. And then, just when we got caught up, there has to be this big shove, and it's work, work, work all over again.

"War is hell," Sahib said, coming in the C. P. tent. He sat down at his field desk and got out his deck of cards.

To make it worse, we had a brand-new Old Man that morning. Our old Old Man had got promoted to headquarters.

"How's the new Old Man?" I asked.

Sahib turned over a card and regarded sadly. "Eager beaver."

"They all are, at first."

"Yeah."

He adjusted the wire holding the typewriter together and pecked out something.

"That's the whole trouble with the Army," I said. "You no more and get things organized and here comes an eager beaver, and it takes you a month or two getting him in line."

The new Old Man bustled into the C. P. about an hour later. He was a good-looking guy for an officer, and I knew from his 201 that he was twenty-three years old and had been a stock clerk in a mail-order house before the President greeted him. He was a first lieutenant, sweating out captain.

"This is a crack company," he announced. "I only hope I can keep up its fine record. And it's a credit to you, Sergeant Jackson," he said to Sahib. "I know how much a company's character depends on its first sergeant. I want to work with you as a team. What do you think of things in general, sergeant?"

Running the outfit by a deck of cards didn't make sense to the new commanding officer, who favored the approved military method. But he learned what a priceless asset a soothsayer can be

Sahib was playing with his cards on the field table. "Very grim," he said sadly.

"Eh?"

"Grim, sir," Sahib said.

"Yes; I heard you. What do you mean?"

"He's never happy, sir," I said. "Sahib is a soothsayer."

"There's some stuff on your desk to sign, sir," Sahib said, and turned over a card.

"I've sent Lieutenant Cheever with a convoy to the base depot for tank parts," the Old Man said, unscrewing the top from his pen. "We'll need a lot of stuff, what with this push. And— What's this? Didn't I already sign one morning report?"

Sahib sighed patiently. A new man always has to read everything he signs.

"You signed today's morning report, sir," he said. "This is for tomorrow."

The Old Man frowned. "But how can we possibly make up tomorrow's morning report *this* morning? Is this the way you've been doing things here?"

"It depends on the circumstances, sir."

"And, anyhow, it's not correct. Our strength is 182 men, not 180."

"I'm sorry, sir."

"Correct this and hold it until tomorrow."

"I mean I'm sorry for the two men."

"Two men? What two men?"

Sahib was laying out his cards again.

"Why, the two men which bring our strength down to 180 instead of 182."

The Old Man surveyed Sahib's long figure hunched over the field desk, engrossed in the cards.

"Sergeant, I might as well say here and now that I have no appreciation for practical jokes."

"Me, neither," Sahib agreed dolefully. "Nothing I hate worse. I remember back at Fort Lewis there was a guy there named Harrison. And for practical jokes—"

"About this morning's report. What's this about these two men?"

"Why, they won't be with us tomorrow."

"Sir," I said, "Sahib is a soothsayer."

"In a moment, corporal," the Old Man said to me. And to Sahib: "What do you mean, they won't be with us?"

"I mean they'll be somewheres else."

"Where?"

I fancied a trace of exasperation in the Old Man's voice.

"Sir," I said, "Sahib is a soothsayer."

"Where will they be, sergeant?" the Old Man asked, ignoring me.

"I wish I knew," Sahib said. He gathered his cards and began shuffling. "I sure wish I knew. But it ain't in the cards."

"Sergeant Jackson, would you mind looking my way when we're talking?"

"No trouble at all, sir."

"Would you mind not playing cards?"

Sahib put his cards atop the field desk. He glanced over at me. It looked like we were in for a G. I. administration.

"Do you think this is the place for a deck of cards, sergeant?"

"Sir, I don't know a place where they're more needed," Sahib said with feeling.

The Old Man said, "Sergeant, we might as well understand each other right off the bat. I intend to run this company in the approved military way."

"Yes, sir," Sahib said very militarily.

"Now, what about those two men?"

"Sir," I said, "Sahib is a soothsayer."

"Corporal," the Old Man said, "I try to talk business, and you two reply with double-talk. All right—sob is a soothsayer. So what? Maybe that's an expression that means something in this company, but it means nothing to me."

"Sir, I'm simply explaining that Sahib is a soothsayer."

The Old Man took off his helmet and set it on the field table.

"Let's get to the root of this. Start at the first—sob. What's sob?"

"Not sob—Sahib."

"I don't get the difference, but go on."

"He's Sahib," I said, pointing.

"All right. He's sob," the Old Man said. "He's sob. I'm sob. You're sob. And sob is a soothsayer. Do you realize, corporal, that there's a war on?"

"Yes, sir. But you don't realize that Sahib is a soothsayer."

"I'm Sahib," Sahib explained.

"It's his name, sir," I explained.

"Name? Oh, it's his name! But I thought your name was Jackson, sergeant."

"Sahib is my professional name."

"Your professional name is Sob? Why?"

"It was in the cards."

"That's a strange name. And what was your profession?"

"Soothsayer, sir."

"I never heard of such a thing."

"I tried to tell you, sir," I said.

"My first sergeant is a soothsayer. You mean an—er—actual soothsayer?"

"Yes, sir," Sahib admitted proudly.

"But what did you—er—sooth? What did you say? What did you do?"

Sahib said, "I tell the future."

"You tell the future. How?"

"Cards."

"What kind of cards?"

"The kind you play poker with."

"You've been running this Ordnance Depot company with a pack of cards?"

"The cards never lie, sir. The cards impel but never compel. The cards see all, and what they see, a man who's gifted such as me—"

"Did the former commanding officer have faith in your—er—talent?"

"Implicit, sir."

"Why, sir," I said, "the Old Man—I mean, the captain—he wouldn't so much as have a truck greased without asking Sahib. Sahib always knew how many parts to stock. He knew when there'd be a sudden call for some item. That's why the captain got promoted to headquarters, because of how well Sahib ran the company."

"Oh," the Old Man said very softly. So I shut up.

But Sahib expanded. "I told him about D Day two months before it happened. I told him there'd be the big break-through at St Lô. I got the company up in the night once and we moved just before our area was bombed. But you may trust my discretion, sir. Important happenings of the future will be strictly confidential between us." As he told this, Sahib was as near as he ever gets to smiling, which isn't very near. I wouldn't want his gift. It's rough enough living from day to day.

THE Old Man considered a few moments, tapping the heel of his pen reflectively on the field table. Then he said with slow emphasis, "I've never heard such absolute poppycock in my whole life."

"That isn't long," Sahib said tersely.

"And we will not indulge in personal remarks, sergeant."

"Yes, sir." Sahib was thirty-nine.

The Old Man indicated the morning report. "Assuming you've guessed right about this, where's the advantage? If it's correct, I'll sign it in the morning."

When it came to a question of his professional integrity, Sahib was touchy. "It might be easier to sign it now," he said.

"Easier?" The Old Man crumpled the morning report and threw it out into the mud. "Sergeant, that is quite enough."

"Yes, sir. There are two more papers to sign, sir."

The Old Man studied them. Then he smiled. "Now, sergeant, I don't want you to take it this way. I'm sure we can work together my way. Maybe your way worked out fine with the previous C. O. But my way is the Army way."

"Heaven forbid!" Sahib groaned.

"So we'll just consider this a case of coming to an understanding and forget all about it. O. K.?"

And we might have got along until we'd got the Old Man in hand, except that Cheep poked his head inside the tent. Cheep had charge of the motor pool.

"Now?" he asked.

"Not yet," Sahib said.

"Well, tell me when," Cheep said.

"Yeah."

"Just a moment, Lieutenant Cheever," the Old Man said to Cheep. "I understood you were in charge of that convoy."

"Yes, sir," Cheep said.

"I thought you were going with it."

"I am, sir."

"You *are*? Am I to understand that convoy hasn't started yet? Don't you understand the big push is on? They'll be calling for parts by the thousands before night. And you haven't started! Why?"

"Sahib said to wait, sir."

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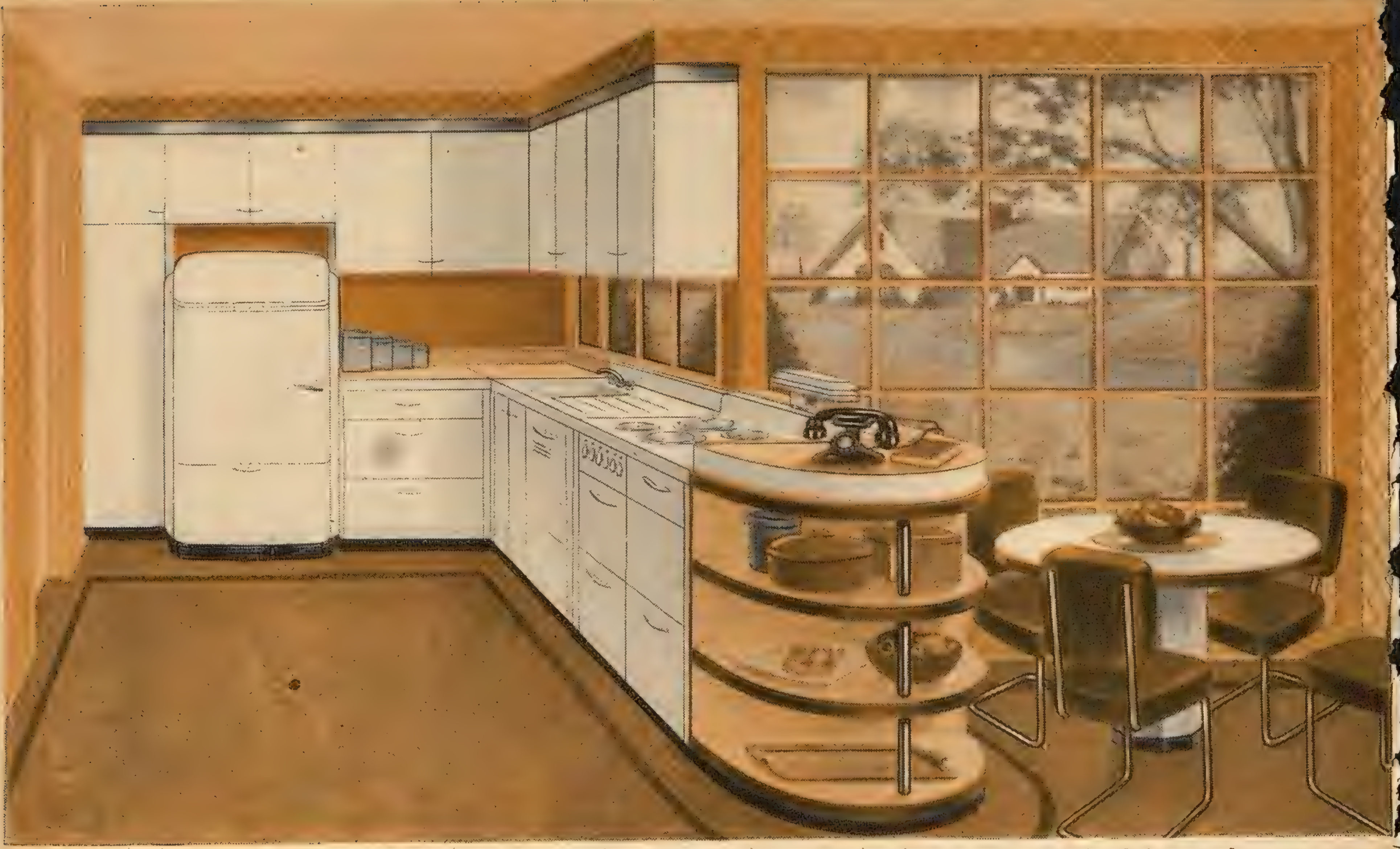


One manufacturer's idea of tomorrow's kitchen—a compact streamlined unit that will cost around $750, complete.

Coming Up: The One-Woman Kitchen

BY JULIET BRIDGMAN

Here are some of the latest developments on the postwar plan ladies cry for—a kitchen that can be efficiently operated by one woman

PREDICTIONS concerning the postwar kitchen have wandered so far into the field of fantasy that American homemakers are justifiably bewildered. It has been carelessly averred that tomorrow's kitchen will be a magic maid-of-all-work. Buttons will produce glorious repasts, and buttons will clean up the debris; electric beams will open refrigerator doors, and automatic levers will put out the cat and wind the alarm clock.

Fortunately, there is a limit. It is true that tomorrow's kitchen will be a marvel of mechanical and electrical ingenuity—but it will still be a kitchen, though one equipped with devices to save time, space, labor, and money. It will be designed for comfort and cleanliness. It will stress the utilitarian tendencies of our age. But it will not be a Rube Goldberg invention, nor will it perform all the feats of magic that the public has been led to expect.

The three classic components of today's kitchens will still be incorporated in those of tomorrow: the range, the sink, and the refrigerator. Add to these a place for preparing food and a nook for serving, and you have a kitchen—any day. This much of the kitchen will remain basically the same, but there will be many new devices, comfort items and labor-saving arrangements. All these have been developed with a single purpose in mind: to make tomorrow's kitchen a place that can efficiently be operated by one woman.

High on the list of new developments is the home freezer. With a home freezer in the house, tomorrow's homemaker can buy fresh frozen foods in bulk or freeze her own garden produce for use throughout the year. Meats, vegetables, commercial frozen foods and fruits can be kept 100 per cent fresh and tasty, with all vitamins intact. There is tremendous popular demand for home freezers, but before the war they were owned only by a privileged few. The cheapest available freezer cost close to $300, the larger ones between $500 and $600. After the war, home freezers that will hold from 130 to 200 pounds of frozen food will sell for around $150.

Tomorrow's refrigerator will have more space for storing commercial frozen foods. Manufacturers seem to be working on the assumption that frozen foods will skyrocket in popularity after the war. Other features of the new refrigerator will be doors that open at a touch, revolving food compartments, and ice trays that give up their cubes without a fight. Places will be provided in every refrigerator to suit varying temperature needs. This is called zone cooling. An example is a small compartment that keeps butter fresh but still soft enough to spread easily.

More efficient motors will keep the operating expense of the new electric refrigerator way down. Improvements in the cooling units of gas boxes will reduce their operating cost, too. In fact, the cost element has been an important consideration in most of the refrigerator improvements.

The home-size steri-lamp is another innovation. Used commercially today, this ultraviolet lamp tenderizes meat, keeps food from spoiling, and kills bacteria, mold, and virus in the air. For home use, the lamps will come in two sizes—one for the refrigerator and one to be hung in the kitchen—and will cost from about four dollars to ten dollars each.

Our old acquaintance the cooking range will undergo a radical face-lifting after the war, and cooking will be like falling off a log, only easier. Smooth streamlined electric ranges will have automatic time and temperature controls for top-of-the-stove and oven cooking. The cookbook of tomorrow may dispense with cooking directions and simply say, "320 on your dial." With the automatic timing clock on the range, the oven will turn itself off when the roast is done.

High-speed cooking of vegetables will be customary in the home after the war. In general use will be the pressure-cooking saucepan, which cooks all kinds of vegetables at the lightning speed of from

Dishwashing will be a pleasure with this device.

GENERAL ELECTRIC, WESTINGHOUSE

This trim-looking electric range will cook a complete meal—automatically.

one half minute to three minutes, and which retains the original flavor, color, and vitamin content of vegetables. A two-quart-size pressure saucepan will last a lifetime and will retail somewhere between en and sixteen dollars.

Many small appliances—some new, some prewar models, greatly improved—will also make cooking less of a hazard to the feminine nervous system. Automatic-feed oasters (you stack up the bread and it omes out just right), controller coffeepots hat produce an identical brew every morning, pan frying griddles, rotary barbe-ues, egg cookers, and casseroles will find heir new and improved way into tomorrow's kitchen.

PEOPLE sometimes wonder why a kitchen should be streamlined, inasmuch as it isn't oing anywhere. Aside from being better ooking, streamlined furnishings are much easier to keep clean. Old-fashioned equipment took a lot of elbow grease and back-ending. Tomorrow's kitchen is designed to ave the housewife's time and energy. Another reason for avoiding dust-collecting items is the good old stand-by: health. Mechanical ventilating and dust-filtering quipment in household sizes will be available, and will no doubt prove very popular. More expensive will be the electrotatically-operated air cleaners that reove dust particles as small as 1/250,000 f an inch, as well as smoke, haze, and umes. Hay-fever and asthma sufferers will find this removal a boon.

A questionable item of tomorrow's kitchen is the home dehydrator. Manuacturers feel pretty glum about the whole dehydration fad, as do the few homemakers who have had actual experience. The verdict of the latter is that though dehydrated foods are all they're claimed to be (they save up to 80 per cent in storage space, retain all the vitamins, and are comparatively easy to process), they fail to retain the flavor of natural foods.

Dehydration has proved very successful on a large commercial scale. But, like a lot of things that can be done commercially, it doesn't quite jell when tried out at home.

Something that you will enthuse over, however, is the new kitchen sink. That neat built-in cabinet under it is the new automatic dishwasher, designed to turn today's after-dinner drudgery into a pleasant pastime. Dishwashers were sold before the war but never proved very popular. The old-timers chipped dishes, left streaks, broke down, and were generally disappointing. Tomorrow's dishwasher will be different. Automatically controlled, it washes, rinses, and dries dishes, glasses, pots, and pans. Both portable and cabinet models will have foolproof features like lock-stop racks to prevent tipping and falling, double latch seals on doors, and water controls.

Another major kitchen-sink appliance is a garbage grinder. It is an electrically-operated contraption that fits onto the pipe line under the sink and disposes of garbage by chopping it up fine and letting it go on down the drain. Thus the sink becomes a combination washing center and garbage pail. City people who have their garbage picked up daily or whose apartments are equipped with incinerators may not consider this innovation very important. But it should certainly come in handy for people who would otherwise have to burn the garbage out behind the barn.

Great advances are also planned for the laundry. The new washing machine will automatically wash, rinse, and partially dry clothes and linen. It will work on time controls and shut itself off when the job is done. This improved washing machine will also be introduced in a midget size which will hold about two pounds of clothing. Fitting easily into a linen closet or pantry, it should prove a blessing to crowded apartment dwellers. New and improved portable irons, steam irons, and small mangles will make their appearance after the war. All in all, it looks as though those blue Mondays would take on a rosier blue.

While many of the new kitchen appliances may be simply installed in an old-time kitchen, many women won't be quite happy until the whole kitchen is remodeled. The "package kitchen" idea takes care of this. It's a scheme whereby the whole kitchen is sold in one piece, with all basic units and appliances, plus a complete designing job. Scientifically laid-out kitchens, to fit every budget and every type of house, have been designed, along with a novel merchandising plan whereby the cost of the package kitchen can be incorporated into the mortgage.

PREPLANNING in kitchen designs undoubtedly has its advantages. Many of the new appliances can be fitted obliquely into corners to save space. Shelving arrangements and modern cupboards are designed for maximum efficiency and to integrate the working centers of the kitchen. No longer will meal-getting be a veritable walkathon. The little woman of the postwar world will be a director of power, not a generator.

Almost everything new in kitchen conveniences and appliances seems to depend upon electricity. Your house or apartment will have to be adequately wired to keep everything going. Old homes in which new kitchens are installed will have to be rewired to provide plenty of circuit capacity. If the toaster, roaster, coffee maker, radio, dishwasher, home freezer, and refrigerator are all operating on a couple of circuits, the chances are a fuse will blow—and the family will wind up getting stuck for a $15.75 restaurant bill.

To date, only a few of the prices on postwar kitchen units and appliances have been definitely set. Prices will depend to a great extent on postwar conditions, labor wages, and the cost of materials. The objective of manufacturers, however, is to get appliances into price brackets which will allow everyone to afford electric living. Perhaps the best hint as to complete kitchen prices yet revealed is that "the average electric kitchen will cost no more than a

(*Continued on page 56*)

Europe's people have nothing but praise for what our armed forces have done; but when it comes to maintaining peace after the war

Europe Expects to Do It Alone

BY CAREY LONGMIRE

THE Hon. John T. Trueblue, one of our most distinguished Washingtonians, was finishing his soup with audible pleasure. He fixed us with his eye and proceeded to orate.

"In the last election," he averred, "the American people took a momentous decision, the most momentous in history. From now on, and forevermore, America outlaws war. Think of it! No longer will the mothers of American boys sit in fear and trembling at their hearthsides while their sons battle in far-off lands against the agents of Satan.

"America has spoken. The November elections wrote an end to armed conflict forever. The verdict of Dumbarton Oaks will soon be reality. My boy, we live in an age of heroes!"

Admirable sentiments, those of the Hon. John T. Trueblue. You looked around at the crowded Washington dining room. Senators and generals and diplomats conferred at every table. There were scores of attractive Washington ladies there, too. It was impressive.

But then you thought back to a far different scene of a few short weeks ago—a scene across the ocean, where you had seen American fighting men in action against the Nazis.

THE roaring tanks and the darting jeeps were already familiar and homelike sights to the little French mountain town, although the Americans had arrived just forty-eight hours before and the Germans were still in flight only a few miles away.

Jubilant Frenchmen stopped you on the street and shook your hand. They insisted, twenty times a day, that you step into the nearest café for a drop of wine and the inevitable toasts of "Vive l'Amérique!" and "Vive la France!" The tough young Resistance fighters of the F. F. I., whose brothers in arms had died heroically for months, hung grimly to American Army trucks as they hitchhiked to other mountain fastnesses, and from these to other battles. Cheering farmers and their womenfolk made the V sign interminably and tossed melons and big bunches of grapes into every passing jeep. Frenchmen took you to dinner, and their daughters bussed you on both cheeks.

Liberated Europe was, and is, in love with Americans. G. I. Joe reciprocated. Americans were wonderful. Europe, or at least this part of it, was wonderful. The whole world was wonderful. You wouldn't have missed this show for forty million dollars.

Then, amazingly, you were home. You flew into New York's LaGuardia Field, still all in one piece, and you felt like pinching yourself as you gazed at a sky line showing no marks of bombs, with no sound of deadly Nazi .88 guns. After a while you met the Hon. John T. Trueblue and other statesmen in the nation's capital.

The country, they reported, was unanimously agreed that America must and can prevent war from ever recurring. In the November election, you learned, almost every candidate proclaimed that we can never again sit back and expect peace just to happen; we must be prepared, perpetually, to fight for peace. There must be a world policeman, armed with a big stick, and America will be his good right arm.

All the campaign orators said so, or almost all—Democrats and Republicans alike. When the Hon. Mr. Trueblue finished telling you about it, you had a vision of Uncle Sam leading the parade of peace toward the millennium, riding a fifty-thousand-ton battleship escorted by coveys of turtledoves.

Don't get me wrong. I'm all for that vision. So is every American fighting man, and so are all our allies. The vision may come true, if everyone in America and the Allied nations works for it. But, as I said before, I've just come back from Europe. And, frankly, the Europeans don't believe that America has gone all-out internationalist.

Europe, or at least that portion of it which suffered so long from Nazi brutality before the Allies swept the hated Germans out, has a vast admiration for the fighting heart and the fighting equipment of the American doughboy. But Europe also remembers a man named Woodrow Wilson and what happened to him. Europe remembers, too, that the Atlantic puts three thousand miles between the United States and the Old World—a very sizable psychological barrier, no matter how fast man's means of communication have become in this age of electronics.

Just to be downright pessimistic about it, the Europeans—in private, but not in public—think those wonderful Americans will go right back to Oshkosh and Albany and Crabtree Corners and promptly forget Europe and Asia, for the most part, all over again. Or until another holocaust once more threatens America's own security.

But here—let's consult M. Jean Dupont. I met M. Dupont—it's not his real name—in that same mountain town of France. He was too old in 1939 and '40 to take the place in the front lines which he had occupied in 1914, but he got a far grimmer picture of German brutality in this war than he ever had in the last one. And he had lost an arm in that particular Armageddon.

M. Dupont's two sons are still somewhere in Germany, either in a prison camp or working as forced laborers in some war plant for Hitler. His daughter, who was not yet eighteen when she died, lies in a mass grave along with the bodies of eleven other inhabitants of the village. A month before the Americans came, the Gestapo rounded up and tortured the handful of youths who were suspected of being secret soldiers of the Maquis. M. Dupont's blonde daughter Françoise, the pride of his life, was among them.

The Germans pulled out her fingernails and committed various obscene tortures, impossible to describe in print. Once their victims were dead—and they secured not a word of information from those they tortured—the men of the Gestapo and Waffen SS. cut up the bodies and burned the house where the atrocities occurred. When the Germans fled, the villagers reverently gathered up what was left of the patriots and buried all twelve together, eleven young men and Françoise.

When I talked with him, M. Dupont had no tears of grief. Perhaps his hatred of the Nazis was too deep for that. I certainly would not like to be the German who gets within range of that gnarled right hand of his.

"Monsieur," he said to me, "this is a wonderful day for France. A wonderful day for the world. We remember your great General Pershing, and our American comrades in the war of '14-'18. Your young men today are even finer than their fathers. We give heartfelt thanks to you, our brothers across the sea, for what you have done for us. Paris is free again! And here are you, the Americans. Tell me, what do your soldiers think of France?"

I REPLIED that America's doughboys thought France was wonderful, particularly after the dusty, grueling campaigns of Africa and Italy. Then I asked M. Dupont if he cared to tell me anything about the behavior of the Herrenvolk in France.

The old Frenchman's eyes blazed.

"No punishment—nothing!—could be bad enough for those barbarians from across the Rhine. Nothing! For a time they were very 'correct' in their garrison here. Then German soldiers, when they had too much to drink, which was often, would come to us in our shops like whipped dogs, weeping because we 'misunderstood' them, because we refused to be friends! The same Germans would go out the next day to loot and steal and murder.

"No true Frenchman, man, woman, or child, ever spoke an unnecessary word to the Boche. We looked straight through them. Uncivilized pigs!

"But I must tell you, monsieur, I am worried about the future. I am not fully convinced that we Frenchmen, or the English, can persuade ourselves to treat the Boche with the harshness which is necessary if we are to keep those devils in check. But the Russians and the Poles, who have suffered even more, do not have quite the same qualms. I say, and so does every Frenchman I know, that if the Russians wish to march into Germany and shoot every third or every fourth German, that is fine with me. I hope they will do it. But we Frenchmen and the English hesitate to do such things."

I put in: "Then what about the Americans?"

My new friend looked at me gravely, obviously considering whether to be merely polite or frank. He decided on frankness.

ACME PHOTO

Even in the joy of new freedom, these Frenchmen, like the rest of Europe's people, are skeptical of our help in enforcing peace.

"No, monsieur," he answered. "You Americans will find it even less possible to punish the Boche than we will. You, too, are overly civilized. But I think that, after all, we French must drop enough of our civilized notions to do the job. We must do it.

"But permit me to ask you, monsieur, how can an American possibly comprehend what barbarians these Germans are? I know that no American has seen his whole village blown to bits, his family slain before his very eyes. I know that you have not gone hungry. No mother in America has seen her sons or her husband carried off by the thugs of the Gestapo who pounded at the door in the dead of night.

"How, then, can your people really know the incredible horrors of this war? Of course your soldiers have seen much of what we faced, but you cannot realize what happened until you have seen it in your own land. We ourselves in France, before 1940, refused to believe those so-called stories of 'propaganda' until we saw them happening—to us! Therefore how can you, so far away, be as determined as we are that the Boche will never be let loose again to commit his crimes?

"I speak frankly, monsieur, but that is the way it appears to me."

A YOUNG woman in another French town put it even more strongly:

'After the last war, monsieur, your great President Wilson was the hero of the entire earth, and he promised that you would join a League of Nations. All the nations were to have peace and justice. We believed him, and our armies did not march on to Berlin, as so many Frenchmen demanded. But America did not enter the League.

"This time we are determined that the Boche shall be put in his place, if it takes a hundred years. We hope that you Americans will help, but we are not counting on it. Do not misunderstand me; we appreciate what you are doing for us now, more than we can ever tell you. But in four years under Hitler we have learned much. We have learned that we must be strong, that guns and planes are the only things which count with the Boche. And we will be strong! If we must keep peace alone, we will do it."

Her name was Gabrielle, I discovered, and for months she had been one of the most daring members of the anti-Nazi resistance movement called "Combat." Gabrielle is a young woman of a type which you can see throughout Europe today.

The views of Gabrielle and M. Dupont are not peculiar to them, nor are they confined to France. On the shores of the Adriatic, Yugoslav Partisans became frank enough after an hour's conversation to tell me that they do not expect much more than the moral support of America in enforcing the peace to come.

"After all," said Vlado, a thirty-two-year-old Serb from Belgrade, "you in America will have your own worries. We in Europe will have ours. We know that if there is big trouble you eventually will come. But our job is to wipe out Fascism and keep big trouble from happening. We in Europe must do the job alone; there is no other way."

A year ago I was in London. I talked with an Englishman who had served in the top councils of the British government for forty years. He said:

"Many persons in England are concerned about Mr. Churchill's international policies. They think he tends too much to turn Britain into a mere follower of the United States. We realize, of course, that we must co-operate wholeheartedly with America in war and in peace; that is only common sense. But what about Russia? What about France and the small nations of western Europe, our closest neighbors? They detest German militarism for exactly the same bitter reasons that we do. With Britain and those democracies of the Continent, it's sink or swim; we must stick together or perish. Yet most of us think Britain's sails are too often trimmed to fit Washington's winds.

"TO be blunt about it, most Englishmen think Mr. Churchill may be placing too many bets on one horse. They fear that America's words about postwar co-operation, words uttered during the stress of battle, will be promptly forgotten once peace comes, just as Wilson's words were forgotten."

Then he uttered this profound truth: "The world can set up all the beautiful peace machinery it wants. But the only thing which can make it work is a popular *demand*, day in and day out, that the machinery *does* work."

Since that statement made months ago by this acute British observer, Winston Churchill's tactics have changed. He no

(*Continued on page 56*)

PA WAS ALWAYS *Whistling*

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

BY ALICE MAXWELL

When a sad telegram stills joy and laughter, someone must rally the family and restore its courage. Who can do it better than the dad of the boy who died?

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

As far back as any of us could remember, there wasn't a time Pa wasn't whistling, with a quality of gay, lilting magic in his tunes. He could do trills, low notes, and high. He'd hold us spellbound when he went into The Anvil Chorus or The Angel's Serenade; but then, too, he was just as good on Pistol Packin' Mamma; and he liked hymns—stirring ones like Bringing in the Sheaves. Whatever the occasion or mood, Pa could always find a tune to suit.

He'd whistled us through the measles, a siege of mumps, and a couple of broken legs. He'd whistled all during those months when there weren't any jobs. But if we were poor and shabby, we were rich in happiness and love, with Pa's whistling a badge of courage woven through our lives like a scarlet thread in a piece of cloth.

We all had music lessons, then later we played together. Nothing for the critics, but lots of fun. Jamie was twelve then and I was fourteen, the oldest. Millie was ten, Dick eight, and Jenny, the baby, only three and a sweet little nuisance around our feet. Mom sat with her sewing, her eyes very soft as she looked up at us.

At the beginning of those sessions Dick would settle himself behind his drums, and Millie in great importance would want me to sound notes while she tuned her violin. Jamie would take out his slide trombone and give it a proud extra polish on the patched sleeve of his coat. Then we'd get going, Pa whistling and sounding almost like a flute. It was wonderful!

Pa always stood beside Jamie. We all knew how Pa felt about Jamie and none of us begrudged it, for Jamie had the gentlest heart of any of us. Pa's closeness to Jamie came the year Jamie was so sick. For long months he was flat on his back, and with Mom already having so much to do, it was Pa who took over.

He'd sit with Jamie every moment he could spare. He carved things for him, read to him, and always he whistled for him. As Jamie grew stronger, Pa's whistling took on such happiness it almost tore the heart out of you. Mom vowed Pa had whistled Jamie back on his feet again.

Jamie had dark hair and the bluest eyes. He was quick and smart in school, but for a long time he was smaller than other boys of his age. But Pa fixed up a tent where Jamie could sleep outside all summer long, and he got Jamie a membership at the Y., and on Saturday afternoons he'd take him on hikes. Little by little, Jamie began to shoot up.

By the time we were in high school Jamie had a paper route and I took care of children in the evenings. Pa was working steady now and things were lots better. We had the house painted and shingled, pretty new paper inside. Mom got the new rug she'd been wanting. In the evenings the kids around the neighborhood liked to come to our house. Pa kept us right to our school lessons and music, letting the other kids join in as if they belonged to our family. And he went right on with his whistling.

I graduated from high school, went on to secretarial school, and got a job. Then Jamie graduated. The night they held the exercises there was a shine on Pa's face and a pride in him that was like the light of a thousand candles. You see, Jamie was the valedictorian. We walked home through the starry spring night with the perfume of lilacs in the air, the younger kids in front, then Mom and I, arm in arm, and back of us Jamie and Pa. Pa with his arm across Jamie's shoulders. Jamie talking earnestly to Pa.

We got to know soon enough what they were talking about, for it wasn't long after that that we went down to the station to see Jamie off. I knew Pa had taken Jamie's enlisting hard, yet he was proud too. At the train he softly whistled Mademoiselle from Armentières and twinkled at Jamie. Just his doing that made it easier for us to say good-by.

Jamie was a good letter writer. He was at boot camp one place, then sent somewhere else for extra training. He came home on furlough finally, and what a welcome we gave him! He'd grown inches taller and lots wider. He looked grand. Pa strutted all the time Jamie was home, kept whistling Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!

When Jamie left we knew he was being shipped out. We got letters after that from various points in the South Pacific. And finally a telegram that he'd been wounded. But to us being wounded meant he'd get well. Pa kept right on whistling and we got letters from a nurse, Louise Deering, who had spent a lot of time taking care of Jamie.

Then, like a bolt from the blue, we got the telegram. The one that says, "We regret to inform you—" The first few days we were so stunned and grieved over Jamie we all went around in a daze. But as the days crept by, the strangeness and quietness in our home took hold of us. It was something we had never known before. You see, Pa stopped whistling.

Mom kept on with her canning and baking, and the house was even cleaner and shinier than ever. You knew she was keeping everlastingly at her housework just to ease the hurt in her heart. But it was the quietness, the thing we had lost when Pa stopped whistling, that began to undermine us. Millie, sixteen now, started tearing around, coming in late and being defiant about it. Dick was spending more time out on street corners and the drugstore in the evenings than was good for him. Mom was too thin and drawn, and Pa, I noticed with a sharp pang, was stooped and old. Our whole family was different. I kept hoping things would change. I'd listen in the mornings, stop in the hall when I came home, longing for one of Pa's old tunes.

Jamie was gone. He'd never be coming back. That we knew. But there were th rest of us who had to keep on living. An how could we do it with this stillness on us?

It was a month later—the worst an longest month in our lives—when th letter from Louise Deering came. I saw it on the hall table when I came home. It was addressed, "The Wilkins Family." Each of us as we came in glanced at it, but we were at the stage where we were backing away from hurts, so no one made a move to open it. After dinner Mom said, "I want you all to come in the livin room. We'll read Miss Deering's letter together."

There was a quick flurry of protests. Dick wanted to meet his gang. Millie had a date. Pa said he had other plans. Mom looked at us for a long moment and two high red spots came on her cheeks. "Thi is from Jamie's nurse," she said slowly. "How can any of you even imagine you wouldn't listen to it?" With quiet authority she went ahead of us into the living room.

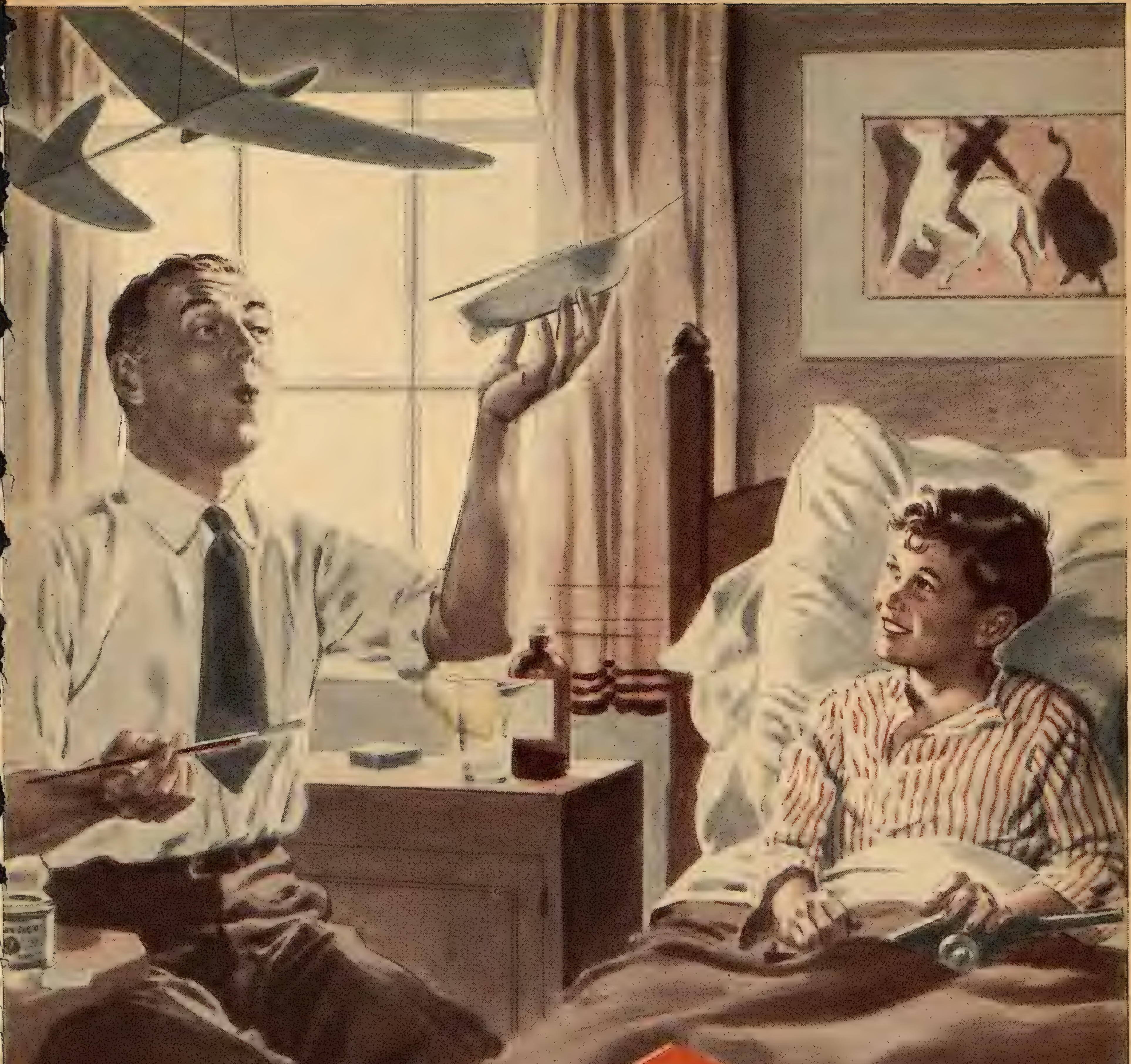
She opened the envelope, started reading. You could have heard a pin drop in the tense tightness of the room.

"I know you all," the letter said. " can see you in your home. There's an apple tree in the back yard, a porch acros the front of your house. Dick has freckles and a snub nose and an Eagle badge. He's square and loyal. Millie is blonde and pretty as a picture, but Jamie said sh had real character too. Mom, I know you're one of the most wonderful Moms in the world. There isn't anything yo can't do. You, Linda, are like your mothe Jenny is past nine now, pudgy and swee You see, all during those bad days Jam talked about you. Doing that made easier for him."

Mom's voice faltered, and by now m heart was pounding. Somewhere ther ought to be some mention of Pa. Pa and Jamie had been so close.

Mom was reading on. "At first we thought Jamie had a chance. But after time he knew what we did. The thing tha bothered him then was that it would b hard for all of you. You were so clos to one another. One day he was tellin me how his dad was always whistling an he gave a half shout as he said, 'That' it! Am I the dumb dope not to hav thought of that before! My Pa has alway whistled us through the tough spots. Ther isn't another guy in the whole world lik my Pa. I don't need to worry about th family. The kids will grow up to be th kind of kids I want them to be becaus Pa'll whistle them through.

"'I know it's going to hurt when the



Pa would sit with Jamie every moment he could spare. He carved things for him, read to him, and always he whistled for him. As Jamie grew stronger, Pa's whistling took on such happiness it almost tore the heart out of you.

hear about me, but I'm betting on Pa to carry on—' "

There was more—lots more. After it was finished, no one spoke. Then Pa got up, took his hat off a peg in the hall, and went out. We all just sat there, not speaking—only waiting. For how long I'll never know.

It could have been a half hour later—or an hour; time is like that—when Dick cried, "What's that?"

We turned our heads, listening. Far, far up the street we heard a sound. A wonderful sound! Nothing like it in all the world. Everything was going to be all right again. I couldn't place the tune, but Pa was whistling again!

THE END

JOBS for the DISABLED

A heartening experiment at Valley Forge Hospital proves that men blinded in battle can be turned into 100-per-cent producers for industry—and offers new hope to all disabled veterans

By Edward Adolphe

BLIND veterans of America's present war are conducting an experiment in the rolling country west of Philadelphia where George Washington's heroes once fought and died. It is a test to determine whether men who have left their sight on battlefields overseas can be turned into 100-per-cent producers in industry. Thus far the experiment has proved so successful that the project has been extended throughout the nation, and now includes not only the blind but other physically handicapped as well.

This campaign of the home front looks forward to the day when disabled veterans by the thousands will be clamoring for their rightful place in the workaday world. As early as mid-1944, the War Manpower Commission was receiving 5,400 applications a month for jobs from veterans discharged from hospitals throughout the nation. Not all of them, of course, were seriously disabled. But, as the number of discharges increases, the number of blind and otherwise handicapped increases also. And there will be many such as the passing months return to civilian life the great flood of disabled from the battlefields.

Not so long ago it was the practice to put blind and disabled persons on any kind of job at all. But medicine and industry today are seeing to it that they are placed on *jobs that need to be done*, which is sound business, instead of on jobs made for them, which is charity. Give a handicapped person a real job beside normal individuals, and he will work harder at it than the unhandicapped—and with no special privilege. At the same time he'll be getting over the mental hurdle set up by his disability.

Big business throughout the nation has been making elaborate plans for hiring blind and disabled veterans. Ford already is a large employer of blind and otherwise handicapped. Kaiser is preparing to hire men with all sorts of disabilities. The National Association of Manufacturers and the National Industrial Council are helping employers generally to survey their plants and prepare for the influx of the handicapped.

But the experiment with the blind near Philadelphia has gone a step further. It has by-passed surveys and studies; instead it puts veterans to work the very minute they enter a plant. The studying being done goes on while the men are at work. It's a fast system, and mutually helpful. The employing company gets the most of valuable labor, and the blind men start by working, not by preparing. Everyone is happy.

The experiment was begun in a modest way last June by Lieutenant Colonel James N. Greear, Jr., of the Valley Forge General Hospital in Phoenixville, Pennsylvania. This hospital receives all the Army's blind casualties who return to the east coast from overseas; Dr. Greear was in charge of its Eye Service. To him, therefore, fell the burden of treating the returning blind—and trying to help them back to a normal life.

"We saw right away," he said, "that the biggest part of our job would be on the mental side. These blind boys were sure they could never be of any use again. We had to prove to them that they were wrong."

A few miles away, at Kimberton, Pennsylvania, Robert F. Brillhart was struggling with a problem of his own. Brillhart, a local minister, is personnel manager of the Reichel laboratories of Wyeth, Incorporated, a pharmaceutical house. The laboratories manufacture penicillin, blood plasma, and other such preparations needed in quantity by the armed forces. And they were short of help.

Greear and Brillhart found that they had the answers to each other's problems. And thus began the experiment that has spread from the little Reichel plant at Kimberton to other industries in that area and, more recently, across the country as far as California.

Two blind soldiers—one wounded in North Africa, the other in Sicily—were the first subjects. So that they might continue their hospital routine—treatment, instruction in Braille, typing, etc.—Dr. Greear arranged for them to be brought to the laboratories at noon each day, to work through the afternoon and return to the hospital for supper. They and all the blind boys who followed them were paid the prevailing hourly wage for whatever jobs they were assigned.

The two boys started on a single task: putting little stoppers in both ends of small glass tubes that are used for shipping allergens. They worked as a team, side by side with teams of women who had been doing that job for months.

By the sixth day the output of these two boys was 89 per cent of the average output of women who had been on the job right along. A few days later the boys were as speedy as the women.

The next week, the two demanded a harder, more complicated job. They were tried in the serological laboratories, where blood is tested for disease before it is treated to become the dried plasma that is shipped overseas. They were trained to do one step in the test for syphilis, and they did well on this job from the first.

New horizons probably would have opened to this pair of blind veterans right then—except that the Army transferred them to another hospital for a later stage in their rehabilitation. Four more blind boys were assigned to the work, and the experiment was continued with the same happy results.

"In every case," said Brillhart, "they work harder than our old employees, and they always ask for more complicated jobs as soon as they master the easy first tasks. Maybe they work hard because they know they are turning out important products for the men overseas. At any rate, from our viewpoint, they are ideal employees. They are not easily distracted; they quickly develop the confidence which makes them eligible for better jobs; and they remain interested in their work."

What about the regular employees in whose midst these blind veterans have been placed? The answer to that comes from Katherine O. Patterson, who is supervisor of the two departments in which the soldiers have worked so far.

"They have helped the morale of our women workers tremendously," Miss Patterson said. "The blind workers have made the other employees more tolerant, brought them closer together into a sort of family group. And the output of our regular workers has gone up."

Lt. Col. James N. Greear, Jr., right, and assistants T/4 William Kusma and 1st Lt. Linus Sheehan find jobs for blind veterans at Valley Forge Hospital.

"In fact," said Brillhart, "we're so pleased with their work that I'm ready to hire all the blind veterans the hospital can send us—on a permanent basis, if it can be arranged."

And what about the blind themselves? How do they feel? I talked with two of them as they sat in a room full of women employees putting stoppers in glass tubes. You wouldn't have known they were blind, if you hadn't been told. Their fingers worked as fast as any at the long tables, and they laughed and joked with the girls who sat beside them. If you looked closely you could see a difference, though—the women were looking at their work; the blind boys didn't have to.

"It's like this," said twenty-six-year-old Sergeant Irvin Edwards of Lee, Illinois, who had been wounded at Anzio. "When I first realized I couldn't see any more, I guess I felt pretty bad. The people at the hospital tried hard to teach us things, but what the hell! What's the use of learning if you're going to be in an institution?

"Well, then they sent us over here to work, and I sort of got the idea that I can do a job, just like I used to. They're going to give me a chance at something harder next week, too. Now I like to go to classes at the hospital in the morning, because I'm learning to type and to read Braille and other things like that, and they'll all help me get a job when I get out."

EDWARDS put down the tube on which he was working, rose from his chair, and walked out of the room unassisted. He found his way to the narrow stairs, walked down to the lower floor and straight to a water cooler, then retraced his steps to his chair. No one looked up, no one thought it remarkable that a blind boy could make his way along that involved route without help. They do it all the time. It's part of the process of gaining confidence.

Across from the table sat Edwards' teammate, twenty-year-old Private Kermit Sargent of Mariba, Kentucky, who left his sight at Attu when a sniper's bullet found its mark. Sargent is a smiling, joking boy who has a way with the girls.

"Lend me your comb, baby," he said to the girl in the next seat. "I want to look beautiful. We've got visitors." All the women laughed and let their fingers fly just a little faster.

"That's why," said Brillhart, "it's just plain good business for us to hire the disabled. They do their job, and they add something to the outlook of other workers—something important."

Executives are equally happy with the results of these experiments. Listen to Harry S. Howard, president of Wyeth, Incorporated.

"Instead of being a burden," Howard says, "these people are pulling their weight in the boat. The program is working so well that we're going to try to expand it as far as circumstances will permit. We want to be able to take back our own employees who have been disabled overseas, and we'd like to make some jobs for other disabled veterans, if we can.

"I look at it this way: It's the duty of industry to employ these people. That's little enough for industry to do for men who have given so much. But it's also good business, because we've found these blind boys are better than average employees. They're as good as the best, because they aren't distracted by things that distract people with normal vision."

From the hospital's viewpoint, the experiment has been an outstanding success. It took hold so quickly that Colonel Greear appointed T/4 William Kusma of Hartford, Connecticut, to work full time on the job of placing the blind in industrial jobs.

PHOTOS BY DICKEY MEYER

Pvt. Kermit Sargent and Sgt. Irvin Edwards, blind "graduates" of Valley Forge, have proved adept and capable workers in jobs held with a drug firm.

"They've done a lot of jobs in plants around here," Sergeant Kusma said. "They've worked in an aircraft plant, in a bakelite factory; they've even skinned frankfurters. Everywhere it's the same story—the plant managers want us to send them more of our blind boys. They're not just being bighearted, either. These boys do a swell job. They do well at everything we've tried them at, and we're always finding new jobs for them."

A report of what Wyeth, Incorporated, has been doing reached the New York office of American Home Products Corporation—an organization that includes Wyeth among its twenty-seven principal subsidiaries. American Home operates thirty-four plants and twenty-two laboratories throughout the nation. To Knox Ide, the corporation's president, the spread of his plants and the fact that many of his own employees would return as veterans offered a challenge—and an opportunity. There, in Philadelphia, was a different and fast approach to the problem.

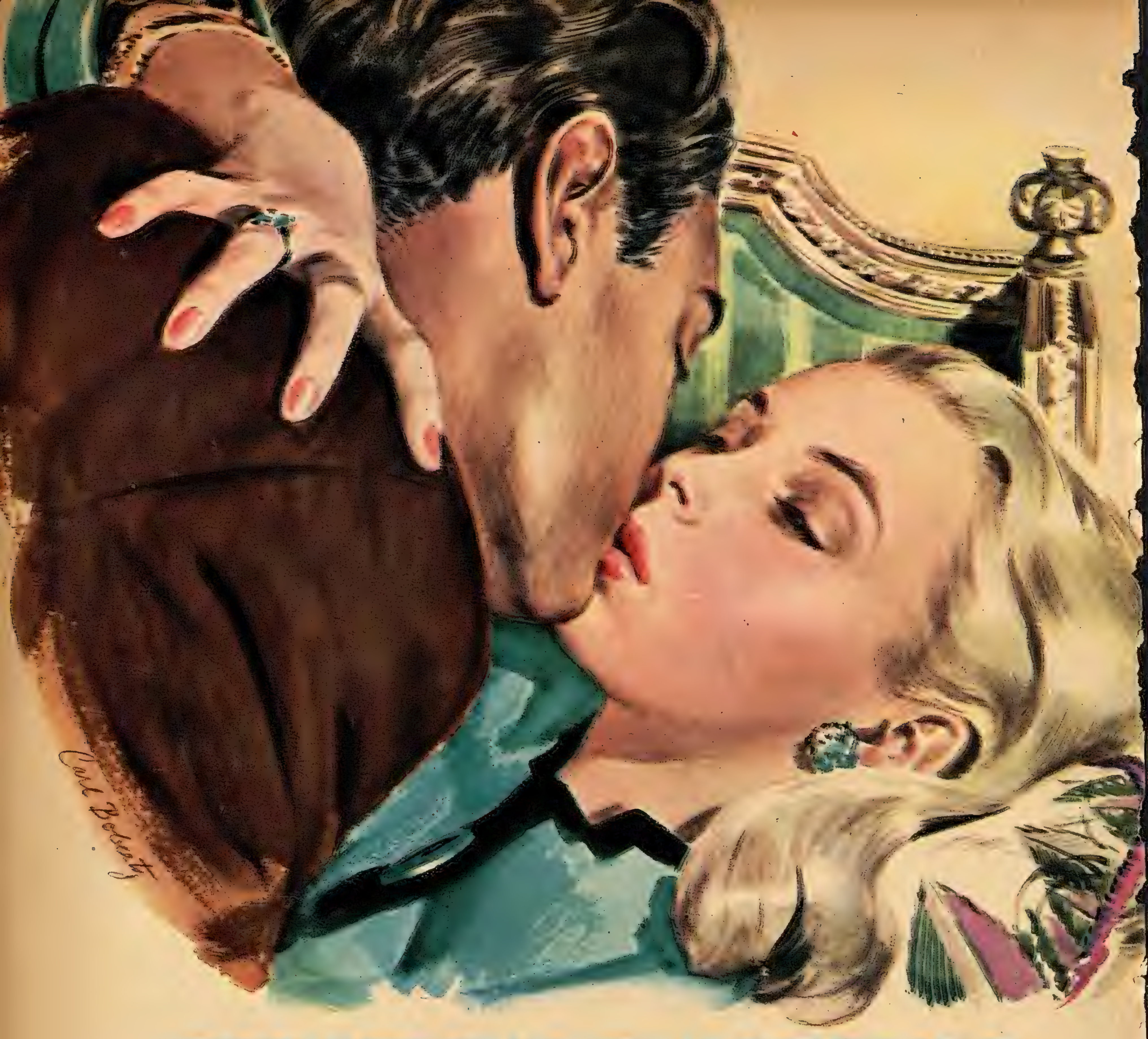
Ide called together the personnel managers of his scattered companies and told them in effect: "We'll have our own disabled veterans to take care of. We and other industries will have to care for thousands of other disabled veterans without jobs. Find what these men can do and be ready for them when they come home."

Then Ide assigned V. Donald Schoeller, an industrial engineer, to work full time on the project in all the company's plants and laboratories for as long as the job may take—perhaps several years. Already the program is bearing fruit.

Schoeller and the companies' personnel managers are working with local veterans' hospitals to test their plants for jobs that can be done by disabled servicemen. At a Brooklyn plant that makes vitamins, Schoeller started his work by surveying all jobs available and testing men who had lost their legs, to see which jobs were adaptable to them. Now, when a legless veteran applies for work there, the plant manager knows exactly where that veteran fits. In time he'll have the knowledge to place all types of disabled men to their best advantage.

An even more ambitious project has been undertaken in the Jersey City area where the corporation has a plant that makes, among other war products, Impervium wax for coating cartons in which supplies are shipped to beachheads overseas. In Jersey City Medical Center the company found doctors eager to collaborate. And the plant, starting with amputated arm cases, is learning what jobs

(Continued on page 64)



I pushed her back on the davenport and forced a long, violent kiss on her wide mouth. Then we put on a scene which would have sold tickets to anybody's movie, if you could have slipped it through the Hays Office.

BY ISABELLA TAVES

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL ROBERTZ

Julie's Hollywood career was a real Cinderella story. Big, smashing, sudden success. Then she disappeared. Why? How? Where? That's the story

ONE of the first things you hear about in the San Francisco Press Club is Beniamino Bufano's cat. Bufano, a modern who believes in sculpture for the masses and not for museums, did it for us. San Francisco's newspapermen traditionally pay the highest possible tribute to Bufano's cat. When it is placed on the table, everything said is off the record; they never repeat, in print or person, anything told in front of the cat. Legend has it that one of the Roosevelt boys spilled the third-term plans one night in the presence of six reporters and the cat, and even the most rabid Republican among them sat on the story for three months, gathering ulcers while he waited for the official announcement.

It's because of the cat that Mort Lawrence finally learned what happened to Julie Munro.

Julie Munro isn't a name you hear much any more, but Hollywood will probably never forget it. It was giving Mort Lawrence nightmares for months before he met me and begged help. I was working on the Portland Oregonian and had dropped down to San Francisco for a week's vacation. Mort and I had been on the Chronicle together, and he was the only man I recognized when I walked into the club. I had been drafted, more than two years before, and the interval had been a lifetime of tail gunnery in the Pacific.

Mort tried to avoid noticing my limp, but his eyes couldn't make it.

"Skip it, Pop," I said as we shook hands. "The Japs made a mess of my right knee, but I'm not sensitive about it except when people are too sympathetic." (Mort wasn't a day over forty-two, but he had been called Pop ever since I could remember because he always looked so damned serious.)

"You'll get no sympathy from me," he boomed. "You're alive, aren't you?"

"And, Pop, you're going to celebrate by buying me a great big whisky-and-soda."

He bought several before we were through. But the tale of woe started to pour out before the first drink was half finished.

"George," he said, "maybe you can help

Where's Julie?

me. I'm in a hell of a fix. Didn't you use to be press agent for Julie Munro?"

My insides turned over with a thump. "Not exactly. I was the unit man on a picture she made for Apex. Why?"

"That damned disappearance—"

I nodded, sat for a minute thinking of the headlines: HOLLYWOOD STAR MISSING; STUDIO COMBS NATION FOR NEW SENSATION; JULIE MUNRO STILL NOT FOUND; WHERE'S JULIE? . . .

The smart boys had figured it was a publicity stunt at first, had even accused me of a part in the plot. They learned different later, but by that time I was long gone from Apex and the white glare of Hollywood.

Pop broke into my reverie.

"George, what's the low-down on that case?"

"Look, Pop, I'm a newspaperman, not a press agent any more. Wouldn't I have printed the story long ago if I knew?"

"I know." Pop was more despondent than usual. "I'm in a hell of a fix. My city editor dishes me nothing but obits and fires, and tells me the assignments will get no better until I crack the Munro case."

That about did it. Pop's plight, another drink, and a sudden inspiration moved me. "Look, old man. Maybe I can get you off the hook. I do know something and I am willing to give, if you get Bufano's cat and put her on the table. Because you can never print a word I tell you."

Pop leaned toward me, his round face a map of misery. "George, you can't do that to me."

I lighted his cigarette. "You can't talk terms, pal. Remember, *I* know the story."

He looked at me carefully to be sure I meant it. Then he got slowly to his feet. "Anything is better than present purgatory, I guess. O. K., I get the cat."

So I told him:

JULIE MUNRO was a kid who had come to Hollywood with nothing behind her but three years of business college and the winning of a New York newspaper dance contest which entitled her to a screen test. When I say "kid," I mean just that. Her fingernails were ragged from baseball in Astoria vacant lots. Her white-gold hair was a rat's nest of corkscrew curls. Her clothes looked like a B-picture version of Sadie Thompson in Rain: tight sweaters, print dresses too nipped in at the waist, hats bristling with feathers and flowers. Yet everything contrived to make her look more what she was—a green young tomboy with no idea of the Hollywood score.

The publicity boys got one look and retired to the nearest bar. But just as the company was about to brush her off with the most routine of routine screen tests, Ed Simon stopped by the sound stage. Simon was Apex's number-one genius, at the moment. Jack Harnan, Apex's president and purse-string Airedale, hardly dared blow out a match without Ed's advice.

When Ed stopped the screen test and asked to talk to Julie, the dynamic yes boys nearly swallowed their gum. That amused Ed even more. He had Julie wash all the thick make-up off her face, and wet and brush her long hair until it hung pale and straight down her back. He picked a simple black dress off the costume rack and had her put it on instead of the sequin ha-cha job the wardrobe department had dragged out. Then he took over direction.

The results were something. Julie was eighteen, looked a badly-underdeveloped fifteen off the screen. But with Simon's production and taste she was terrific. He had seen the good planes in her face and the exciting young body under the bad clothes. Of course, she couldn't act. But he didn't let her do much. He took advantage of her good co-ordination and her strange, flat voice. He lighted her until the childish, dead-pan expression seemed mysterious. He made her look different and fresh. She wasn't like any other actress in Hollywood.

Jack Harnan, with some kind of super-executive hunch, didn't like Julie at all, kept insisting she smelled of trouble. But Simon flashed his red cloak of genius, and the next thing we knew she was in the cast list of the new picture with Tex Warner, our $5,000-a-week charm boy. She didn't have much of a role in the beginning, just a dancer in a night club. But, from the first, she brought out a spark in Tex. It wasn't so much Julie, but what she did to Tex. She made him seem younger, less tired, more romantic. Sex—delicate, unblatant, but sheer sex—bristled in every inch of film. After that, nobody gave poor Angela Lorre, scheduled to play opposite Tex, a thought. The writers, in one of those rare flurries of honest excitement, sat up nights writing Julie into the script, blue-penciling the lines they had done for Angela.

Tex liked Julie, too, but it was all professional. Despite all the wolf lore the fan magazines print about him, Tex is capable of enormous sweetness and sentimentality. He is on the gray-morning side of forty and recognizes it. It is credit to Tex's acumen, however, that, toupee and all, he still manages to panic the bobby-socks.

Just as fast as Simon, Tex recognized that Julie Munro was the new sprig of mint he needed in his Tom Collins. But he also realized the inadequacy of her acting. So, quite cheerfully, he tossed his bag of professional tricks at her feet. He taught her how to underplay; how to turn slowly and face the camera for maximum effect; how to walk provocatively across a room; how to read lines in her funny cool voice so that the punches broke off clean and landed like blockbusters. The busy boys around the lot found a great many things to leer about in the situation, but they were wrong. Tex was thinking of his box office, not her eyes, when he helped her. And Julie was Astoria-smart enough to realize it.

SHE wasn't smart enough to take all the other business in her stride, however. The gossip went around that Miss Munro had acquired a Bette Davis complex with a lacing of Marlene Dietrich. I didn't pay much attention until they yanked the unit publicity man on the picture and gave me the assignment. I began to gather the routine biographies with an eye to planting personality stories in the magazines. Julie was waiting for me, a false smile on her pretty pan.

"I was born abroad," she said dreamily. "My mother was a dancer. I trained for the ballet, but when my mother and father were drowned at sea, my aunt took me in. She objected to the theater, but—"

"Look, dear," I told her coldly. "You were born in Astoria. Papa was a postal clerk, more power to him. Your mother was a dressmaker. When they got killed in a streetcar accident, your maiden aunt took charge. Then you and a Brooklyn shoe salesman won a dance contest. The whole thing ain't very picturesque, but it's here in the form you filled out. Lesson number one is, don't try to fool the publicity department. We make up much better stories than you can."

She froze, and I was sorry. In spite of the low-cut dress, she was obviously so young—more at home at a taffy pull than in this cutthroat racket. Her long eyes, elusive and wise on the screen, were nothing but scared when she looked at me.

"I don't have to take this guff from press agents."

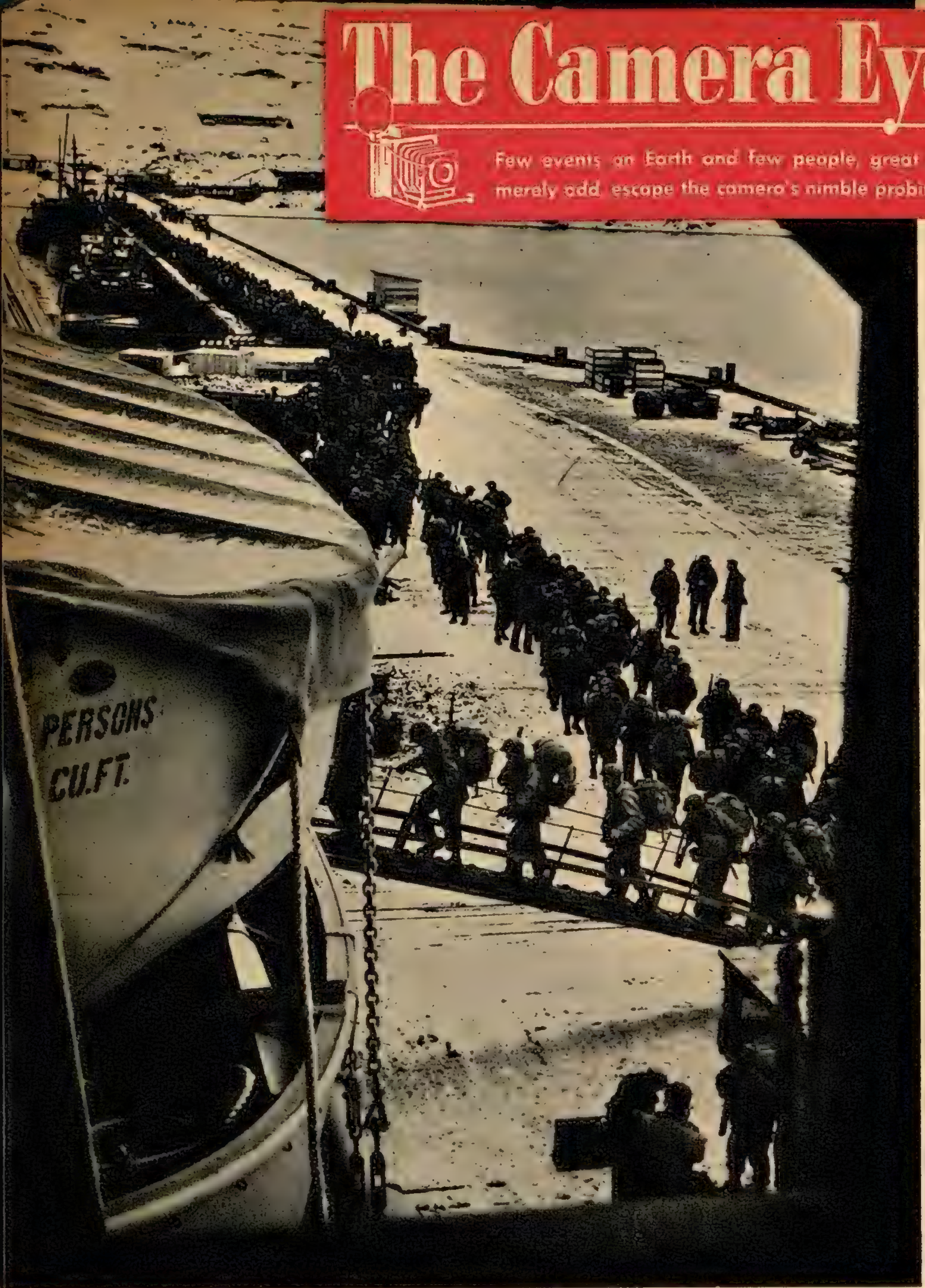
"Yes, you do, baby. The sooner you learn it the easier everything will be in this racket. When you get through I'll buy you a glass of milk and give you speech 1-A on life, as lived at Apex."

She came with me meekly, even gratefully, and soon stopped trying to act offended. It got to be a habit: a drink for me and a glass of milk for her after the day's shooting. Underneath all the frou-

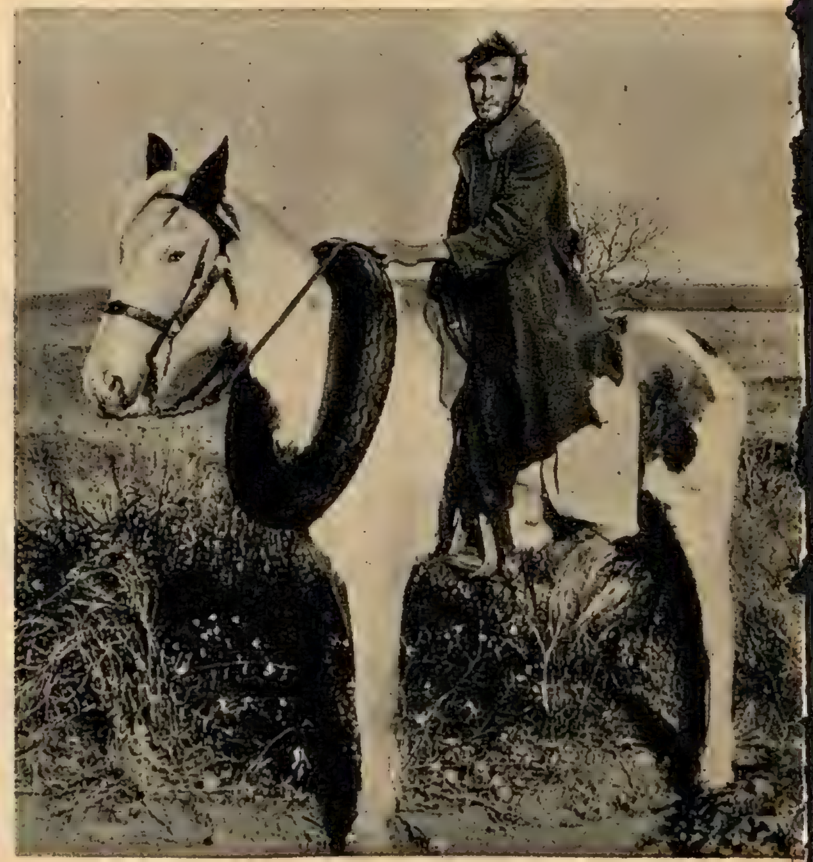
(*Continued on page 58*)

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



ALOHA, ALASKA!—Framed against the snowy landscape, Yanks who have served two years at this lonely outpost in the Aleutian Islands, board the troop transport that will take them back to the United States.



ESSENTIAL BUSINESS—Oscar McCartney, a farmer of Hennessey, Okla., needed a new tire for his car recently, brought it home in this ingenious fashion, on his horse.

QUICK, HENRY, THE FLIT!—At Boston, Massachusetts, a captured Nazi gets the standard welcome that is handed out to all prisoners of war arriving in the U. S.—fumigation.

BATTLEFIELD FIGURE EIGHTS—Pvt. John Esard of Lakeville, Conn., does a few fancy turns for his First Army buddies on a frozen lake near Malmédy, Belgium.

**NOTHER PHILIP-
E INVASION—**
ht on the heels
our victorious
mies on Leyte
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nt—and with it
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ices go on every-
ing, and shoppers
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ing it all in.

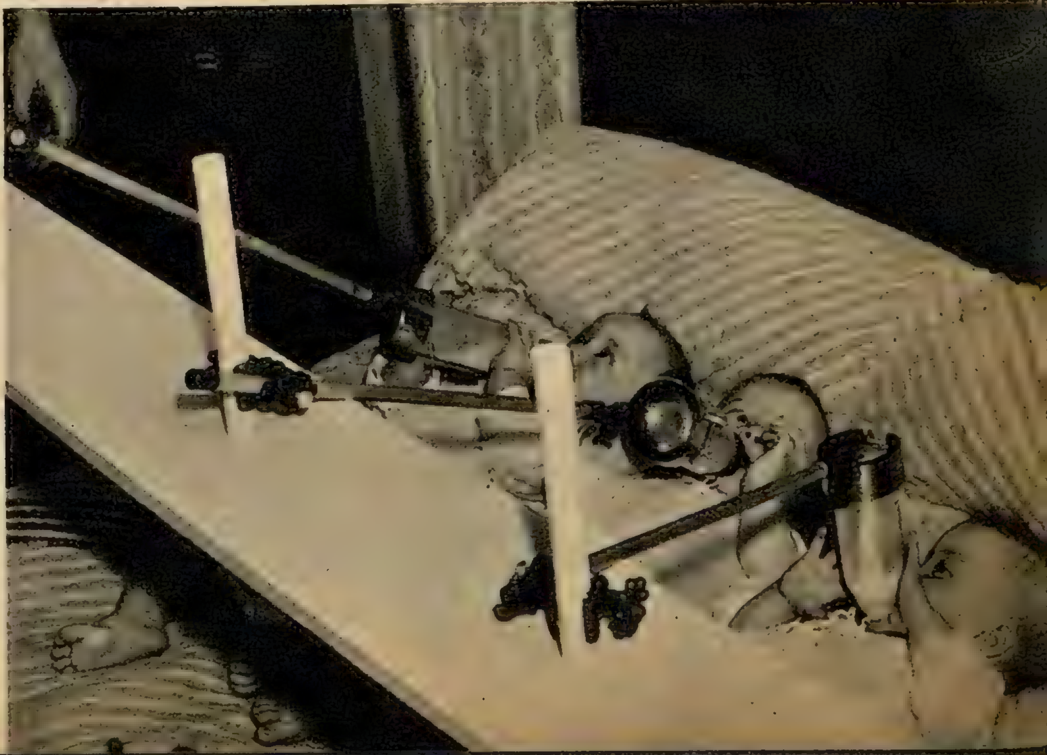
AUTY BETS—
ese seven chicks
re chosen as po-
ntial stars by Uni-
sal pictures. Left
right are Kerry
aughn, Karen
ndall, Dawn Ken-
dy, Kathleen
Malley, Barbara
tes, Gene Trent,
d Toni Adams.

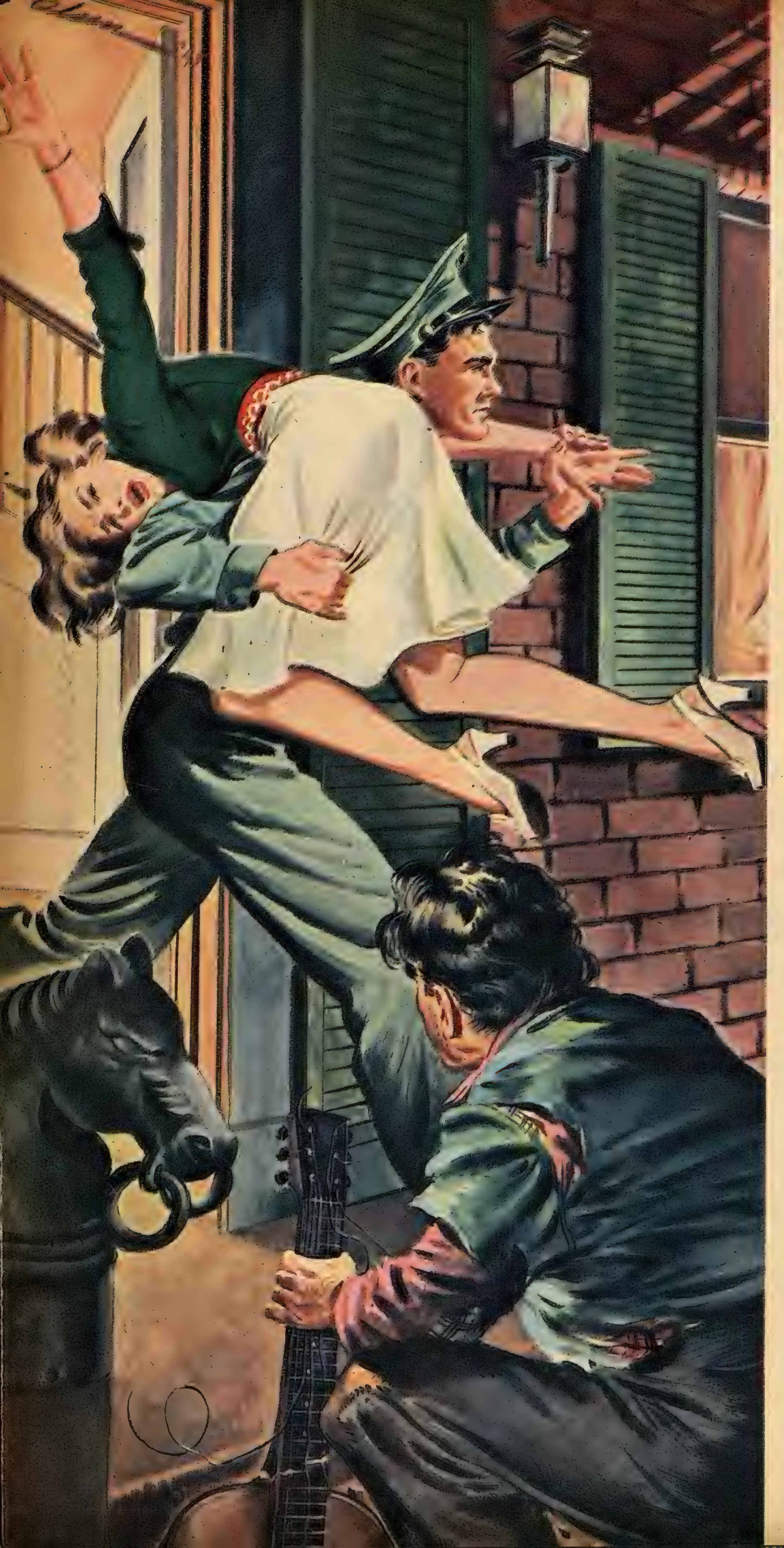
PRETTY BOOKMARK — This is the way Virginia Huston got in to see Frank Ross, who is producing The Robe. The stunt won her a screen test, it says here.

The Robe
LLOYD C. DOUGLAS
487

NO MOOCHERS ALLOWED— Our English cousins find cigarettes scarce, too, so these two Tommies carefully dry out canteen supplies drenched by torrential rain in New Britain.

TIPPLING TRIPLETS—Raymond McLeod of Weymouth, Mass., father of these year-old triplets, got so snarled up trying to feed them all at once, he devised the novel arrangement in use above.





Six Shirt had just picked up the guitar when Jim came running out of the house with Sally Ann, still kicking, over his shoulder.

Jim came home to get married, but found his fiancee too busy being the demon district attorney. Naturally he couldn't stand for that and, being a marine, he didn't!

SPRING had come to the Sierras. Down on the flats the roble oaks had put forth their pale new leaves. The chaparral on the lower slopes showed an interesting multiplicity of blooms, and the evergreens above were clean and bright in the sunlight. But Ambrose "Six Shirt" Shinehammer was still in jail. Worse, he was no longer a legitimate, free-boarding inmate. Yesterday Six Shirt had finished his usual winter's ninety-day sentence and for reasons of his own told Lem Helker he wanted to stay a while. Lem, the string-bean sheriff-jailer, had said he'd have to work for his keep.

Six Shirt didn't mind work that involved planning and contriving, but he hated hand labor. And the job Lem gave him was all hand labor. He was replacing the two flagstones in the floor of the jail foyer, which doubled as the sheriff's office—the stones right in front of the desk were so badly worn by successive generations of chair-shifting, boot-shuffling sheriffs that Lem's chair wouldn't set level.

So the sweat of uninspiring toil beaded Six Shirt's sloping brow, ran down his cheeks, and dripped off his chin. He got down on his hunkers and pried up the old stones, reluctant to leave the bed they'd lain in since back in the '50s. Sweat oozed out of every pore in his oversized, overstuffed carcass and dampened most of his six ragged shirts when he cut two new slabs of limestone to size.

ALL this when spring beckoned without; when he could have been as free as a jay bird—but for pigs and a woman.

"Pigs is my weakness," Six Shirt admitted. Come a full moon on a summer's night, and Six Shirt didn't dream of romance. He thought about young roast pork. On such a night there wasn't a pigpen that was safe. With the shuffling speed of a hunting bear, he'd seize a piglet—preferably weighing ten to eighteen pounds—disappear into the fastness of a canyon for a moonlight barbecue, and eat and sleep and sleep and eat until there were only a few well-picked bones left as evidence.

As for the woman, she was the new district attorney. She was only a kid, just out of law school, but she was the granddaughter of old Joel Peabody who had been the local D. A. for forty-six years. When he died, a month back, what with the manpower shortage and everything, the governor gave this Sally Ann an interim appointment. And of all the literal-minded, single-purposed prosecutors, Sally Ann Peabody topped the pile.

She dug up old cases out of her grandfather's files. She enforced laws that Sonora County had never heard of. She even made

The Mad, Mad Moon

By CHARLES LONGSTRETH McNICHOLS

ILLUSTRATED BY HERB OLSEN

the headlines in the city papers—"Blonde Co-ed Becomes Demon Prosecutor."

What scared Six Shirt into voluntary confinement was the fact that pig-stealing is technically a felony in California, regardless of the size or value of the pig. Conviction of felony meant a stretch in San Quentin—the Big House, huge, cold, and forbidding, away down on San Francisco Bay. That was Six Shirt's one great fear.

Old Peabody wouldn't send a man to San Quentin for a pig worth maybe six bits, local prewar price. He just dumped pig-stealing along with the rest of Six Shirt's misdemeanors in a blanket charge that put him in the county jail for his usual ninety days. But this Sally Ann—Six Shirt knew if she ever saw his disreputable person on the streets of Sonoraville she'd fly to the files to see what she had on him.

What she'd find would be four, maybe five pig-stealing complaints, each a one-way ticket to the Big House. So all afternoon Six Shirt worried. He didn't even realize it was past suppertime.

Suddenly from back in cell No. 2 came a jangle of guitar chords and two voices raised in raucous harmony.

"Oh, if I had the wings of an angel,
Over these prison walls I would fly."

"Shut up, you Johnny-come-lately amachures!" bellowed Six Shirt in anger and frustration. Like all experienced prisoners, he hated The Prisoner's Song.

"Nuts!" chorused the jubilant inmates of cell No. 2, and they went on singing.

"Dang that female. She's got me comin' and goin'," muttered Six Shirt. "Not only I can't leave the danged jail, but she keeps it cluttered up with a lot of short-timers who don't belong here at all. They ain't jail-broke. They're giving the joint a bad name!"

HE went back to rubbing stone with fury, trying to drown out the hated song; but he had hardly begun when he was distracted by someone pounding on the front door, the first of the evening visitors for the star boarders in No. 2.

Six Shirt got to his feet painfully and profanely, and shot back the big four-gang bolt. There, standing before him, was a tall young man in a Marine sergeant's uniform. He was bronzed and lean. He looked tired and maybe a little worried. He said, "Lem told me I'd find the Molino boys in here. And he said if you wanted supper, you'd have to come over to his house to get it."

This was another indignity. Six Shirt had worked hard. He considered he ought to have all the privileges of an inmate, including meals in his own cell. He opened his wide mouth to make bitter protest. Then closed it suddenly. The light of recognition came into his piglike eyes.

"Ain't you Jim Purdy?"

"Why, sure."

"Well, where in hell have you been! I ain't seen you since the night you graduated from the Union High School and I helped you boys to take down old man Jensen's Model T and reassemble it up on top the post office. Come on in! How long's that been, anyway?"

A slow grin spread across the marine's taut face. "Six years," he said. "Yeh, six years. We moved to Oakland right afterwards. I never got back. I went to college a while and joined up in '41. What're the Molinos in for?"

"Nothin'," said Six Shirt. "They got a little exuberant down at the Greek's the first night they come back. They paid the damages, and the Greek wouldn't file no charges, but this here demon prosecutor we got now, she said the Greek's black eye was prima facie evidence that an assault had been committed, and she practically blackjacked the judge into giving the boys ten dollars or five days. So they said they'd lay it out and get caught up on their sleep—on feather beds brought from home. Was you in the same outfit with them canaries?"

"Nope. They're Army. Paratroopers. They were in Africa, then Europe. I sweat mine out in the Pacific. I'm looking them up for old times' sake. I went to school with Big Molino."

"Well, do me a favor. Tell 'em the cell door ain't locked, so why don't they go home? Lem thought they'd take the hint the first night, but they don't budge."

JIM PURDY went back to No. 2 cell, walking very straight. Six Shirt turned his thoughts on supper.

Then he was distracted by yelling and backslapping from No. 2. Above it all he heard something that drove the thoughts of food out of his mind.

The Molinos were shouting, "Jim Purdy! Look what your girl did to us!"

"Holy cow, that's right," said Six Shirt aloud. "She did use to go round with him." He remembered the rumor that had come back after Sally Ann had gone down to Berkeley to college. She was going to marry the Purdy boy.

Six Shirt heard Jim say, "Well, don't go thinking I got any influence now. I came six thousand miles to see her, and she shook my hand and told me she was busy."

Then he said something that made Six Shirt shiver.

"With all the publicity Sally Ann's been getting, she thinks all she's got to do is to dig up one good spectacular case and she can get elected for a full term. After that, she says, nothing will stop her. Just a matter of time and she'll be governor."

"One good spectacular case," groaned Six Shirt. "That's me, with my champeenship and all—I'm the most spectacular ginzo in these parts." Six Shirt was the checker champion of Sonora County, as well as its one-man criminal element.

Fighting off his reborn fear, he wandered over to the barred window on the other side of the room. A big full moon had just shoved its upper edge over the top of the mountain in the middle distance. He felt a faint uneasy stirring in his midriff. "Why can't I leave pigs alone!" he agonized. Then he shut his eyes against the moonlight and began to think very hard indeed. He became aware that more singing was coming from cell No. 2. But it was different. Somebody was singing in a deep throaty baritone that touched a cord of sentiment buried down deep somewhere in the midst of the calloused gristle of Six Shirt's being. Somebody was caressing the guitar instead of trying to beat it to death.

"Geez," he said, "I forgot the Purdy boy could sing like that!"

He turned slowly around, his brow furrowed, his mouth pursed. Then his face relaxed and his eyes popped open. "I got it!" he cried and snapped his fingers.

THERE are those who claim that Six Shirt never washed. They're wrong. Six Shirt always washed up for all important occasions—like going on trial—when he thought it necessary to make friends and influence people. So now he shuffled back to the jail's washroom and put its antediluvian toilet accommodations—a sink, a water tap, a comb, and towel—to such vigorous use that in five minutes he was almost clean. Then he plastered his hair down to his Neanderthal-like skull, and reversed his shirts, so the cleanest of the six was on the outside. This didn't hide entirely any of the other five, but it at least rearranged the holes and made an interesting change in the over-all pattern.

He was giving himself an approving glance in the mirror behind the water pipe when he heard his pet pack rats squawking in the cage over in his cell, so he went in, opened their door, and gave them a pan of water and a handful of bread crumbs. "Papa can't let you out tonight," he crooned soothingly. "Them Molinos has got so much cake and fried chicken scattered around, I'm afraid you'd get a bellyache. So be good. I'm all slicked up. See? Tonight I'm a handy man for Cupid, and if I do a good job, we'll get the hell out of here by morning."

So saying, he went to make his formal call on cell No. 2, rapping on the bars with the bent horseshoe nail he wore for a ring, and shuffling in with dignity.

The boys were all singing softly. "Big" and "Little" Molino, both the same size since they had grown up—chunky, black-eyed, with round quizzical faces—sat side by side on one bunk and looked soulful for once, instead of mischievous. Jim's long steel-wire body was lolled out on the other bunk in the back of the cell, his agile fingers flitting across the strings of the guitar.

Six Shirt sat down on the stoutest of the three cracker boxes that were the rest of the cell's furniture and waited quietly. Anybody else might have speculated on what was going on in the minds of these three as they sang. All of them had seen three years of war. The Molinos—both had been wounded—were home for good. Purdy

(Continued on page 70)

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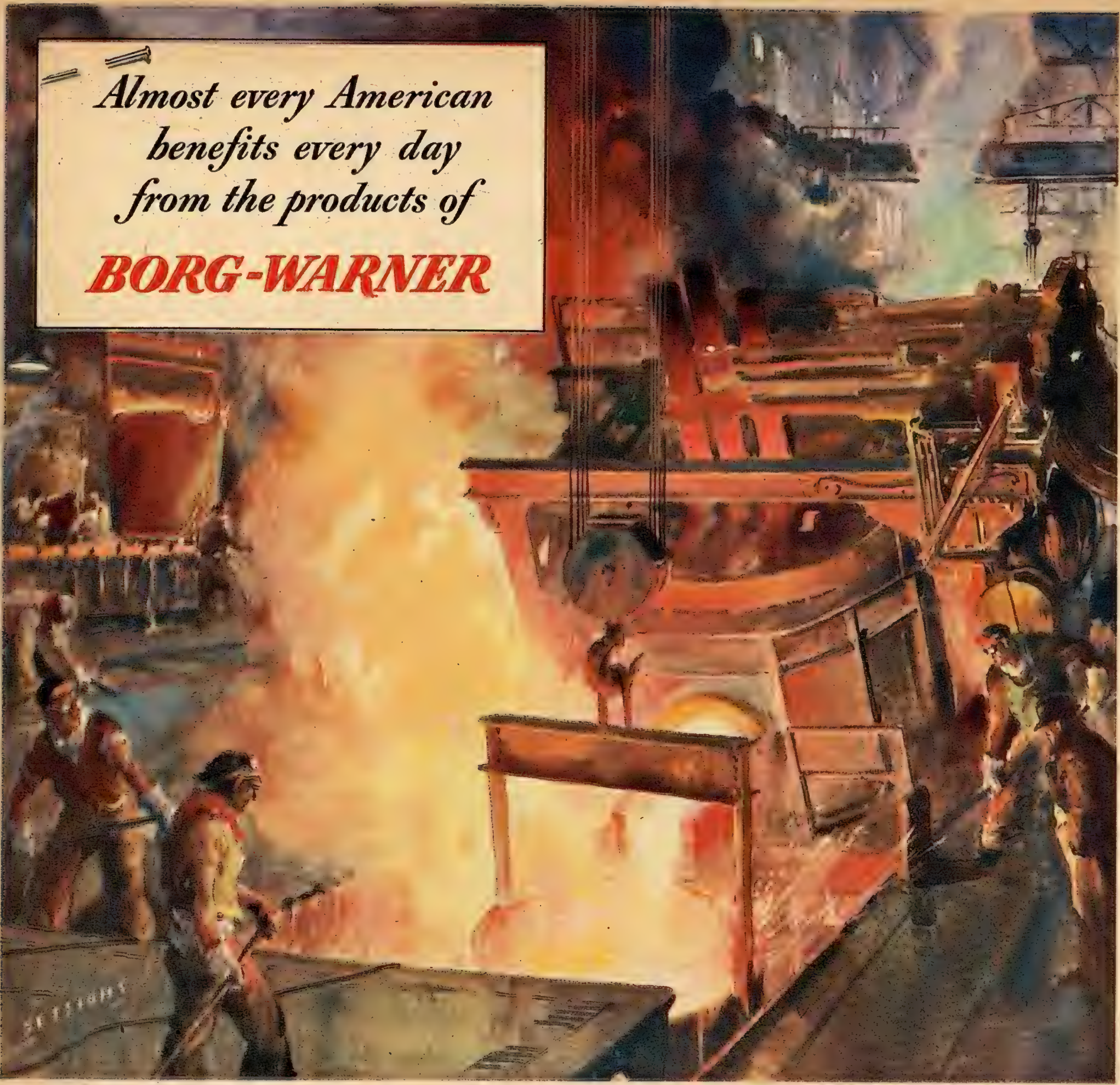

"THE WEDDING OF THE STEELS" *at the Ingersoll plant, New Castle, Indiana. James Sessions catches the tense moment when soft center steel is poured in the final step before it joins with stainless steel to form "IngAclad." A similar process is used in making soft center plow mold boards. Alloy steels for saws and for the chemical and food industries come from this great Borg-Warner mill.*

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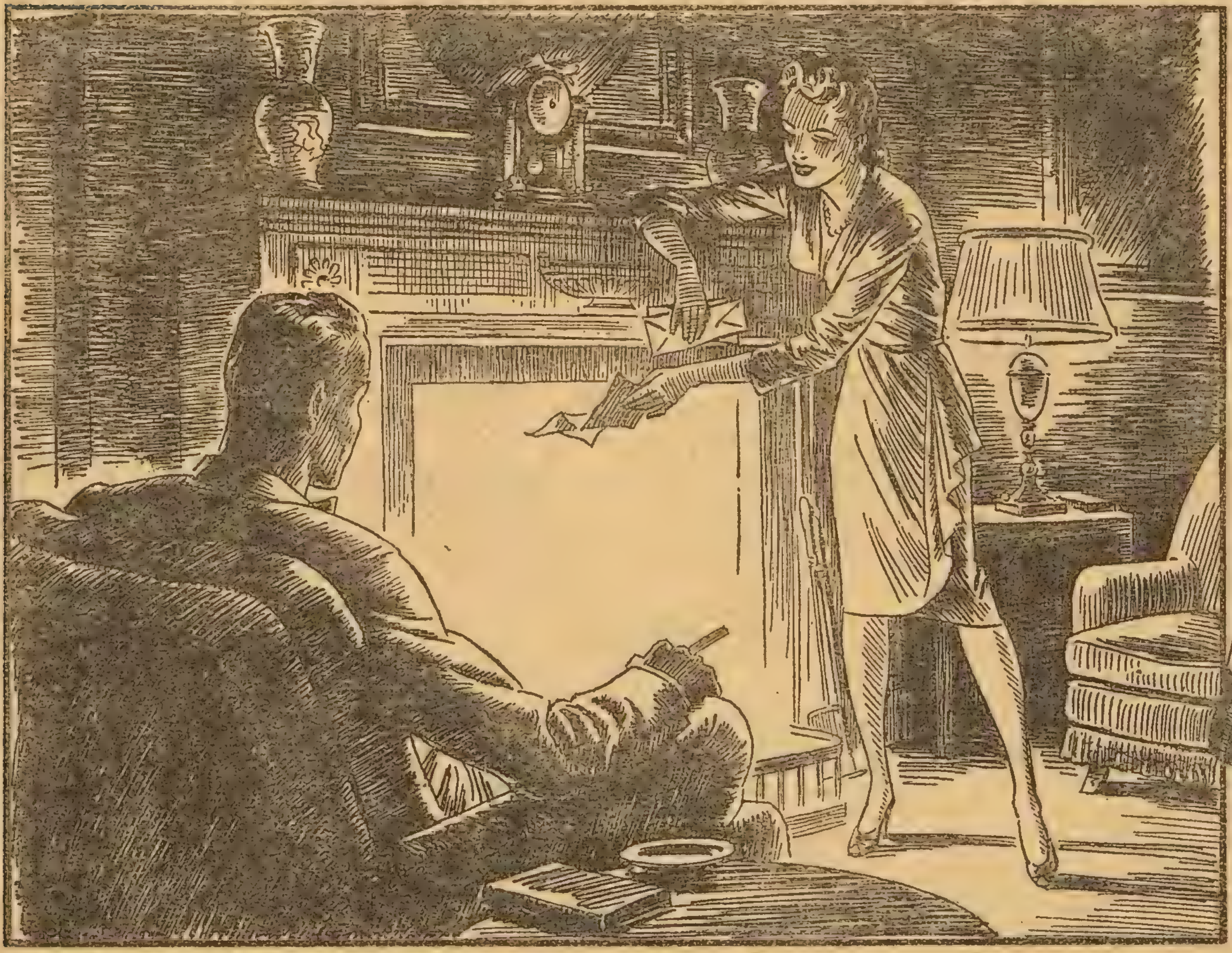
To Isabella Denham, her husband was merely a piece of property, to be managed shrewdly. But when Isabella broke the seal on a ten-year-old packet of love letters addressed to Charles, she was starting something that was hard to stop.

Where Helen Lies

BY MARGARET LANE



A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION

READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY REYNOLD POLLAK

LOOKING at his wife, Charles became aware that the legacy had not pleased her. She expected legacies to make a permanent difference to one's life, and this one was too small; consequently the pleasure he had expected the news to give her was canceled by disappointment, and she felt instead only a vague rancor which she expressed by pretending to believe that his grandmother was a rich woman who had treated him shabbily.

"But where has the rest of it gone?" she said, opening her eyes wide, as one might at a riddle. "Has she endowed a home for worn-out horses, or have the lawyers got it all?"

"I never expected it to be very much," he said lamely.

"Well, it'll be awfully useful. We must make a list of things we can do at once. We can finish paying off for the central heating, for instance." Her soothing tone revealed to a nicety her real motive, which was by briskly disposing of his grandmother's gift among tradesmen to belittle it still further.

"I don't want to fritter it away like that, with nothing to show."

"But, darling, it isn't a sum that fits anything very important, is it? If it were three times the amount, you could put it by for Philip's education."

"Or Miriam's," said Charles, closing his eyes so as not to intercept Isabella's brilliant glance, the quick look of a woman who has recognized a hostile move. Charles was so familiar with these searching glances that he had developed as a defense the mannerism of shutting his eyes whenever he said anything likely to provoke one.

"If you think," said Isabella after a pause, "that what would please your grandmother most would be to spend her money on a child for whom you've already done more than enough, and who isn't even your own, I should do that, of course. I should certainly do it."

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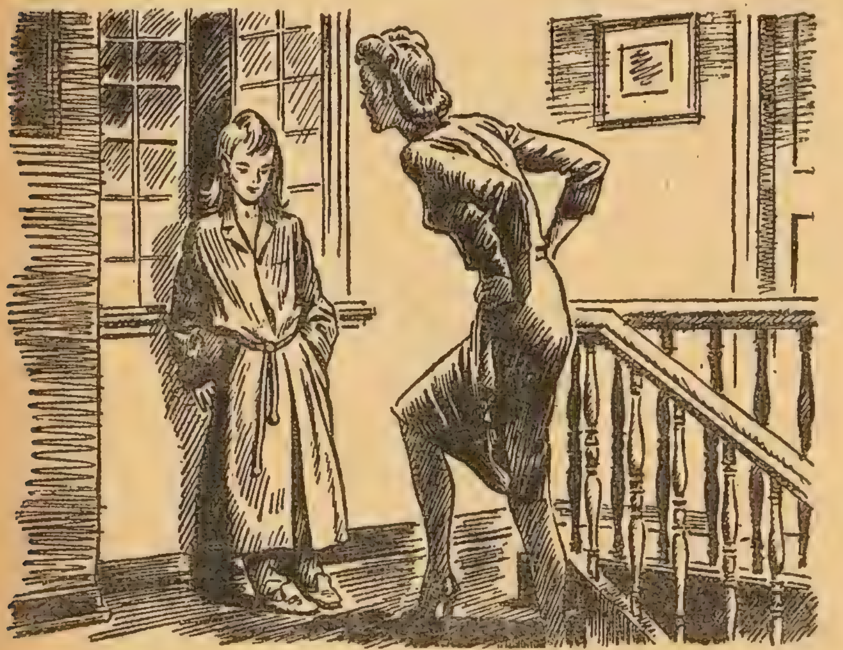
“It obviously can't please or displease her, since she can't know. But it might please *me.*”

Isabella was silent. To her, an expression of benevolence toward Miriam could imply nothing but a lack of it toward Philip, and she was saddened by Charles' unnatural tendency to take Miriam's part in any discussion or argument concerning the children. Philip was their own child and Miriam was not; she had been adopted eighteen months before the boy's birth, when Isabella believed herself incapable of having children and sensed that a child would be the best insurance against a possible failure of her marriage. Charles had agreed to the adoption, but without enthusiasm, since he too had been aware of dissatisfaction and had not been anxious for an additional tie.

To Isabella, Philip's birth had made Miriam unnecessary, and since the child had developed neither good looks nor any characteristic congenial to Isabella, she had first of all regretted her and then found her a nuisance. What Isabella would not recognize was that Miriam had genuinely taken her place in Charles' affections, whereas a period of emotional suffering through which he had been passing at the time of Philip's birth had in an obscure way divorced his natural feelings from the boy.



He opened his eyes cautiously and considered Isabella. There she sat, beautifully composed and still, her head bent, the lamp shining downward along a wing of her smooth hair and on one side of her short straight catlike nose. She was interesting to look at always, a charming blend of good looks and sophisticated taste; and yet this perfection had long since ceased to move him. It lacked spontaneity; it was too well thought out.

“You were your grandmother's favorite, though, weren't you?” said Isabella, suddenly looking up. “It's odd that she didn't leave you something special.”

“I think if she hadn't died so suddenly she meant me to have her writing desk and one or two other things that I was rather fond of.”

“I remember something about the desk. What was it like?”

“Early Victorian, mahogany, very attractive, with a sort of little brass balustrade round the top and lions' heads for drawer knobs.”

“It sounds charming. Can't you get it out of your aunts? They'd want you to have it if they knew. I'm sure she said something about it in a letter, ages ago. Couldn't you find the letter?”

“I dare say. I can't be bothered. It's probably in one of those tin boxes upstairs.”

“Well, let me go and look,” said Isabella, putting down her embroidery and looking pleased and animated. “I've got to go upstairs to the children anyhow.”

Charles smiled, amused in spite of himself by the childishness with which Isabella was prepared to be satisfied with an old-fashioned writing desk when she had been so obviously disappointed with the thousand pounds. “If you like,” he said; “but I don't promise to do anything about it even if you find it.”

Isabella got lightly to her feet and touched his cheek indulgently with her finger. “I want you to have your lion desk,” she said.

On the landing she stopped, and her pleased expression faded. Miriam was not in bed. She was hanging a long way out of the narrow casement window, a felt slipper dangling from one heel.

“Miriam! What on earth are you doing?”

The child drew herself in suddenly, banging her head as she did so, and stood nervously putting her straight hair behind her ear with a long hand. All the features which Isabella found so disappointing and therefore irritating, her plainness, her thinness, the straightness of her hair, were painfully apparent, and Isabella felt with a renewed pang the hopelessness of having undertaken this child forever. Nothing would make her sympathetic or attractive. And she was not even fond of one. Her smile had that false look of nervous propitiation which Isabella found particularly exasperating.

“I was just going to bed,” said Miriam, looking over Isabella's head and hiding her hands in the pockets of her dressing gown.

“But you ought to have been in bed an hour ago! What's that in your hand?”

“It's only my torch.” She brought out a small electric torch and showed it.

“And what were you doing hanging out of the window with a torch? Do you know what time it is?”

Miriam looked politely at her wrist watch. “It's a quarter past ten,” she said. “I was only looking at a spider.”

“Where?” said Isabella quickly, her face contracting with the nervous horror of a person to whom all insects are diabolical.

“It's outside the window, up in the corner. It's been there all summer.”

“How perfectly disgusting,” said Isabella. “Why didn't you tell someone to sweep it down? It'll come into the house.”

“It won't, honestly,” said Miriam. “It doesn't do any harm. It's quite useful. It catches a lot of flies.”

“How you *can!*” said Isabella distastefully, and went on upstairs. Miriam followed resignedly.

“YOU needn't be afraid of it, really,” she said as she got into bed, her desire to communicate the spider's interesting habits getting the better of her discretion. “It's ever so intelligent. When it catches more flies than it wants to eat it wraps them up like cellophane parcels and hangs them up in the corner.”

“Good heavens, do stop talking about that spider! I never heard of anything so disgusting.”

Miriam looked at her with large melancholy eyes over the eiderdown.

“It isn't disgusting, really. Philip likes it, too.”

“I won't have you teaching Philip nasty habits. Now go to sleep and let's have no more silly fuss about spiders.”

Miriam said nothing, and did not respond to the light kiss which Isabella forced herself to give before she turned out the light. Isabella always bestowed this kiss, but with increasing difficulty, for one of the results of Miriam's disappointingness, her superfluity, and the unavoidability of her permanent presence, was that the child was becoming even physically repulsive to her, and she was haunted by the fear that she was getting neurotic about it and that there was no escape. Isabella shuddered, and went into Philip's bedroom with a sense of relief.

Philip was asleep and looking wonderful, as he always did. The light did not wake him. Isabella could never look at him enough. She leaned over his bed, involuntarily smiling, and tenderly drew the blankets up to his shoulders. It was impossible, she thought, for even a stranger not to see the cruel contrast between the children. If only she had waited! Sighing, she turned out the light, and went softly up the little passage to the box room.

In the doorway she paused, not knowing where to begin. She and Charles used the room for different purposes, and the resulting confusion was considerable. To Isabella a box room was a box room, a place where one kept luggage in orderly stacks. To Charles, on the other hand, a box room had no limits. In it he concealed, and forgot, everything that he could not bring himself to part with, which was to say very nearly everything which passed through his possession.

She picked her way over several nameless bundles and opened a large black tin box which was reasonably near the door. It was full of old receipted bills and check stubs. A little farther in she located letters, packed into a grocer's box. She knelt down on a canvas fishing bag and began to go through them, until she found the regular sloping handwriting she was looking for and settled down to skim through the close pages of forgotten trivialities which Charles had so mysteriously thought worth preserving. She went on turning the pages and skipping, and at last her attention was riveted. "I have been thinking very pleasantly about your last visit, and I feel that this is the moment to say that if anything happens to me, as of course it must, I would like you to have some personal mementoes from among the things I know you used to like. The mahogany escritoire with the lions' head handles will of course be for you, and the bunch of seals, and, if you like it as much as you used to do, the hall clock. . . ."

WELL, that was it. There could be no argument now. Aunt Gertrude had probably got the desk, and of course Charles must have it. Isabella folded the letter triumphantly, and then, gathering up the unwanted ones to replace them, was arrested by seeing a large manila envelope at the bottom of the box. Slowly she picked up the envelope, turning it over thoughtfully in her hands. There was nothing written on it. It was heavily sealed and the outside was blank.

Isabella sat back on her heels, breathing lightly, and stared in front of her at a pile of old magazines. Then she brought her gaze back to the envelope and pinched it, making the thick paper crackle. Deliberate secrecy was written all over its blank face, and suddenly, without considering further, since she knew that no amount of consideration would justify the action and because she meant to open it in any case, Isabella broke the seal and drew out a compact bundle of folded letters.

She knew the writing at once, though she had not seen it for ten years, and a wave of alarm swept over her, blotting out the handwriting in a momentary blindness of shock, though in her bones she had known, from the first moment of seeing the sealed envelope, what it must contain. The wave subsided, leaving her slightly shaken, and the round childish writing took shape again and became clear. "My dear love," she saw, and frowned, telling herself that the pain of reading these letters would be greater than any satisfaction of curiosity. But it was no good, and she knew it. She was lost, drawn on by a wincing curiosity which she had thought long dead, but which had wakened at a touch and more ravenously than in the past. She crouched almost motionless in the same position, her knee pressing painfully against a buckle of the fishing bag, until she had read the letters from first to last.

When she had done, she was surprised to find herself elated as well as shaken. It had been alarming, that first plunge into those untidy pages, not knowing what blow they might deal her. But they had been like other love letters, meager and a little absurd, the sting taken out of them by that note of unreality, almost of insincerity, which makes love letters, after a lapse of time, so difficult to believe in. The last letter was dated more than ten years ago, and was obviously the tailpiece of the collection. It had been a bad spell, certainly, but it had been got under control without much loss of time. Suddenly she remembered with great distinctness her mother's expression when for the first time she had let her see that she was getting frightened; the ironical look in the blue, heavy-lidded eyes, the faintly mocking tone in which she had answered, "But, darling, if you *mind* . . . if it's getting out of hand, of course you're going entirely the wrong way about it." After that, mother had been wonderful, and if at times she had seemed to enjoy it a little too much, she had brought all her splendid talent to bear on the problem, so that it had been solved more quickly and finally than could have been possible without her.

It had been quite final, but the letters had so thoroughly wakened that part of her mind which could leave no situation alone until she had control of it, that she was incapable of going downstairs to Charles as though nothing had happened. She put them neatly together with his grandmother's letter and went down quickly, humming a tune to prove to herself that she was perfectly steady.

Charles glanced up with a look of inquiry but pleasant, placating; he too had had time to regret the slight wrangle, and was willing to be plotting about the desk if that was what she wanted.

"I've found it," said Isabella cheerfully.

"Wonderful. Let me see what she says."

Isabella gave him the letter and sat down on the hearthrug with the others in her lap, and began poking the fire.

"What else have you got there?" said Charles in a suspicious voice.

"Oh, darling, I believe a romantic discovery." She held the letters up, playfully, but out of his reach. "I was looking for your grandmother everywhere, and out popped this collection."

Charles looked first hostile, then defeated.

"Why did you bring them down?"

"I don't quite know," said Isabella candidly. "I think I wanted to ask you if I could look at them."

"Haven't you looked at them already," said Charles, "upstairs? Isn't that why you were such a long time?"

"Of *course* I haven't," said Isabella indignantly.

Charles roused himself and laid his newspaper aside. "I'm sorry," he said, "but I really don't want you to read them. What's the point of stirring up ancient quarrels?"

"Darling, it was never a quarrel."

"All the same, it really would be pointless to read them." He held out his hand for the letters, but Isabella was gazing into the fire.

"I wonder why you've kept them?" she said at last in a detached voice, carefully free from anxiety or reproach.

"I don't know. I haven't thought of them for years."

"Darling, I'm not blaming you. I think relics of that sort are terribly interesting."

She shuffled the bundle of letters in her lap. "Mayn't I read them, please? It's really and truly only interest, after all this time. I'm not a scrap jealous. It's just frightfully interesting psychologically."

"I'd rather you didn't. It seems a stupid and rather indelicate idea."

"All right," said Isabella. "How nice and old-fashioned you're being. You make me feel they must be terribly worth reading."

"I assure you they're not. I don't know why I kept them."

"Well, shall I burn them, then? If you won't let me read them, and if you don't want them yourself, what's the good of keeping them?"

There was a pause, during which Isabella gazed steadfastly into the fire.

"If you like," said Charles at last. "Yes, why not?"

ISABELLA put one of the letters into the fire, and Charles, suddenly unable to bear the slow ritualism with which she was settling down to enjoy herself, got up and pretended to look for a book on the other side of the room. When he was sure that the last of the letters was gone, he came back to the sofa.

Isabella was looking pleased but not altogether satisfied. "There," she said brightly, "that's the lot. Haven't you ever heard from her since?" She had reached the crux of her investigations, and sat very still, watching the curling tinder.

"No," said Charles, turning the pages of his book.

"Don't you ever hear of her from other people? Don't the Pillows know?"

"I've never asked them."

Isabella looked up and studied her husband's face. He looked calm, absorbed, perhaps faintly impatient at not being left to his book. The conversation was annoying him. Oh, well, she was willing to let it drop. Any further discussion would be useless and would betray, besides, a damaging anxiety.

"About the money," Isabella said in a coaxing, rewarding voice. "Why don't you take a really expensive holiday?"

"It's not a bad idea," said Charles. "I might take Miriam."

"No, you couldn't do that. She'd miss the beginning of term."

"Couldn't I? What makes you think I couldn't if I decided to?"

"Oh, well, if you put it like that. . . . I only meant that she wouldn't be the very jolliest company. I don't think you'd enjoy it."

"But *she* might," said Charles. "She doesn't have much fun, does she?"

Isabella consulted his expression. The obstinate look was there, defying her to make objections. Besides, her instincts told her that a solitary holiday was an idea always to be discouraged, the sort of thing one praised theoretically and never allowed to happen. But Miriam's presence would be a sort of guaranty of Charles' good behavior; nothing interesting could be contemplated with that dead weight for company.

"Well, *I* shouldn't find it amusing, but then it's not my holiday."

The china clock on the mantelpiece struck eleven, and she gathered her needlework together.

"Well, I'm for bed. You'd better come too. It's Monday tomorrow; you must start with the lark."

"Presently," said Charles, turning back comfortably to his book.

When she had gone and he heard the light creak of the top stair as she passed overhead, he stared at the dead fire. The burned letters were curled opaquely black and gray among the ashes: a fragment fell apart with a faint tinkle as he watched it, the curved sides opening like a pod, revealing the veining of handwriting on their inner surfaces. He bent slowly forward for the poker and with a gentle hand stirred the frail shapes to powder. Then suddenly, as though the action had been painful, he went across to the French windows and out into the garden.

Outside it was very dark and a soft rain was blowing in from the fields. He went down across the wet grass to the field gate and stood there, possessed at last by the pain which had touched him at the sight of the burning letters. Now he laid his hands on the top of the gate and let it flow through him, experiencing the sensations of anguish and relief which had been familiar in childhood when, longing to cry over some private rage or grief, he had struggled to suppress even the thought of it until he was alone, locked in the top-floor bathroom. Impossible even to admit such thoughts with Isabella there; the censorship of her presence was too far-reaching. But here in the dark, alone, the past could be allowed to rise and he could look at it in peace. "Eileen . . .?" he said aloud, and then waited, breathing deeply, while the sense of pain subsided a little.

HOW was it possible not to know what had become of her? How did two people who had passed through such anguish and certainty together continue to live in the same world without being aware of a single circumstance relating to each other? It was ten years ago. All the time her life had gone on, as his had, invisible and unknown. Would she have changed much? She was ten years older, thirty-four; and he was forty. By this time she would be married, she would have children with the same dark hair and loose-limbed grace of movement; she would be living somewhere in the country in the gay domestic disorder that she loved. That would be best, of course; that would be the happy ending. Otherwise . . . but no, he would not contemplate any other possibility. It would be vanity to suppose that in him she had lost something that could never be replaced; life would have begun to flow again for her, as his had—after a fashion. Yes, but how? It was unnatural and mysterious not to know. It was as if a child, a part of one's own body, had suddenly vanished and had gone on living in some other part of the world, independent and unknown.

Out in the field a bird cried suddenly in the darkness, a plaintive, wounded note, melancholy and surprised, and Charles became aware that he was getting wet. Isabella would be awake, listening for the sound of him on the stairs. He did not want to have to explain damp clothing, or even the fact that he had been standing brooding in the garden in the rain; such unnatural behavior would smell of drama and she would be on it in a flash. Sighing deeply, he went back into the house.

Lying open-eyed in the dark, beside Isabella, he tried to piece Eileen's face together, and was distressed to find he could not. What a *fool* he had been. He had dithered and hesitated, and let Eileen go, preserving instead this hollow façade. And Eileen? . . . If he could only *know*, thought Charles; if he could only see her, as through a window, and be reassured.

What happens to the people one has loved and then let go?

GEOFFREY and Iris Pillow lived where they did because it was inexpensive, and because they themselves maintained a fiction that the streets trailing off from the Cromwell Road were the most interesting and the most potentially fashionable in London. Walking slowly through South Kensington the following evening, Charles smiled to himself to think how completely their system of defenses hemmed them in, shielding them from the least breath of a suggestion that anything of theirs was not the best, the cleverest, the most successful imaginable.

He found Iris, after he had followed Geoffrey up three flights of stairs, cooking cheese in a saucepan.

"I'm making you a *fondue!"* she cried, waving her spoon at him eagerly. "It'll be ready in just a second. It smells *wonderful!"*

"Iris doesn't make a *fondue* for everybody," said Geoffrey, automatically taking up the patter which was to prove that a dish of cooked cheese (since cheese was what they had cooked) was the happiest possible inspiration for this particular evening.

"Go on into the studio and give Charles a drink," said Iris. "I'll bring in the delicatessen in a minute." She lifted her lively gnome's head with its coronet of smooth tight-plaited yellow hair and nodded at him vigorously. Obediently Charles followed Geoffrey's bulk into the next room.

Iris had once thought she was going to be a painter, and though she had not set brush to canvas for years, and the theory was generally accepted that a great talent had been devotionally laid down in the service of Geoffrey's genius, she still preserved the domestic conventions of the artist, so that she went everywhere without a hat and was careful to call the living room the studio.

"How's Isabella these days?" said Geoffrey, advancing with glass and bottle. "I haven't seen her for ages."

"She's down at the cottage; the children are on holiday. She's very well. I left her there this morning."

"You and Isabella!" said Iris coming in with a tray. "You make me laugh. Don't tell me she hasn't got a butler yet for the cottage."

"Naturally she has," said Charles, "to say nothing of two footmen and a hallboy."

"And a French maid for Charlie!" shouted Geoffrey, throwing himself backward with delight. "You are a joy, the two of you!"

Charles smiled, impervious to their pin pricks and familiar with the recipe. The argument ran like this: If we, Geoffrey and Iris, live in a so-so flat with only a part-time maid, the reason is that is the only possible background for the life of the intellect, and anybody aspiring to anything different is a poseur.

Iris supported this thesis with such absolute faith that Charles remembered her once saying, with tears of laughter in her eyes, of some newly-married friend, "My dear, she's engaged a *cook!"*—as who should say, "My dear, she keeps a pair of leopards in gold collars." It was a logical enough process if you thought of it. What we haven't got we'll decry. Gallant Iris. Spending her life in bolstering up Geoffrey against all comers, padding his life. It *was* enviable. The sense of pervading comfort was no illusion; like central heating, it filled every compartment of their lives with a blind warmth.

"What film are you working on now?" said Charles, accepting a finger of toast which Geoffrey amiably held in his direction.

"Oh, a very good one, about birds. It's finished now. They're cutting it. You ought to see it."

"It's *fascinating,"* said Iris. "I saw bits of it at the studio last week. The best he's done. Sea birds, gannets, cormorants—the whole lot of them. Of course I was paying most attention to the commentary, but the photography's lovely, too. You really should see it."

"I should like to. Oddly enough, I saw a very good short film about sea birds only a month or two ago. I suppose that wasn't one of yours?"

"At the Plaza?" said Geoffrey quickly. "That thing? Didn't the commentary make you *sweat?* I can't think why they pay Grogan for that sort of muck. It's that awful jocular touch that gets me down."

"I thought it was rather fun," said Charles. "Was that common of me?"

"You bet your boots it was," said Geoffrey. "It's the joke of the year at the studio, I can tell you. I think Grogan's a bit ashamed of it himself."

"I CAN understand *why* he does it," said Iris, "but not why he puts his name on it. If I were Grogan I'd rather gather in the gold in silence and creep away."

Strains of the old tune playing. Why can't they ever, thought Charles, admit that anyone else in the same line has done a good job—perhaps better, from some points of view, than Geoffrey's is likely to be? It was a good film, and to half-brains like me the commentary was *amusing.* But comparison plus explanation equals self-inflation. I can remember the feeling. I've just grown out of it; they haven't. The compelling inner necessity to find some reason for everyone else's success which somehow invalidates it. When one was eight years old and some other little boy came out top of the class, there was the inner reassuring formula, "Yes, but he's nine and a half." Then later:

"Yes, but he's nearly thirty; he ought to be doing well." And when that excuse looked silly, there were others. "Yes, but he's been in the same job ever since Oxford, while I've chopped and changed about. . . ." Until the day came—when was it? Not so long ago, perhaps only in the last year—when all the magic formulas lost their power, and one had to measure one's achievements and admit that they were nothing like the original design. By forty, one had established a pattern and had better get used to it. From that point, the platitudes of comfort began to open with the preface "After all." I don't make a big income, but, after all, Isabella has money. My marriage is—is—well, after all, most people's are much worse.

But are they? Look at Geoffrey and Iris. And Miriam is nobody's child, and Philip is his mother's. Oh, stop!

Yet here was Geoffrey, at thirty-eight, surely, or thirty-nine, and Iris, too, still saying, "You thought it a good film? When they got the commentary written by a buffoon instead of an ornithologist?" The implication being, of course, that everything of Geoffrey's . . .

"Where was the film made?" said Charles, pulling himself together. "Not in the studio, I take it?"

"Good Lord, no! They did some in St. Kilda, some in the west of Ireland. I went over for a fortnight while they were shooting. Amazing, those Cliffs of Clare. You ought to go there some time."

"I've always wanted to. Are they as good as they say?"

"Better. Absolutely beggar description. Johnny Boyd and I went on up the coast for a week, on hired bicycles. Extraordinary, you know; barren as hell." He glanced across at Iris and hesitated, then shook his head at her. "I must tell you who I ran into there," he said, speaking round the stem of his pipe. "Iris says not to, but, as they say in Ireland, what harm?" He took his pipe out of his mouth and looked with benevolent interest at Charles.

"Well, who?" said Charles with a quick thrill of apprehension. Was it possible they were going to . . .

"I ran into Eileen Oram," said Geoffrey, a glint of curiosity in his eye. "Most extraordinary coincidence. We were coming through some village—I forget the name, place with a harbor—and we stopped outside the post office to get a drink, when who should come out of it, licking a stamp, but Eileen. Wasn't it amazing? We hadn't set eyes on each other for ten years at least."

They both looked at Charles in silence, and he could feel his facial muscles stiffening.

"How was she?" he said at last, reaching into his pocket for a cigarette.

"She seemed very well. She's got an aunt with her—a Miss Bagnold—she gave us tea."

"Yes," said Charles, "I remember she had an aunt somewhere in Ireland. What did you say the name of the place was?"

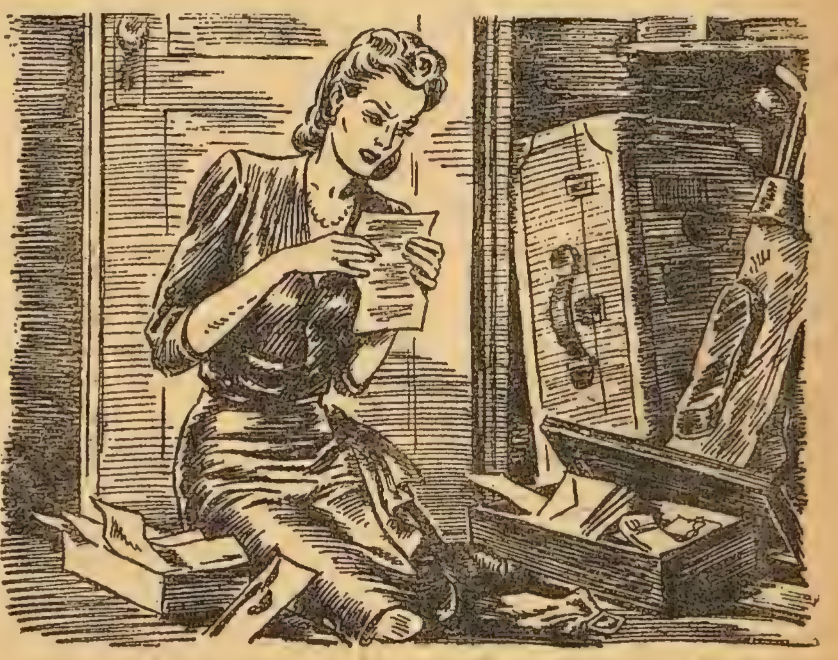
Geoffrey clasped his brow and then shook his head. "I'll think of it in a minute," he said. "It's on the tip of my tongue. We went through so many places."

"I suppose Eileen's married," said Charles, crossing his feet.

"No, she isn't. I rather sensed it was a touchy point with the aunt. Silence at the tea table, you know, and auntie suddenly circulating the scones."

"I'm surprised," said Charles, carefully keeping expression out of his face. "What else did you find out?"

"Not much, I'm afraid. If I'd realized you didn't know, I'd have asked a lot more. I did ask her if she was still on the stage, and she said 'On and off,' rather as if it was a joke. I gather *that* wasn't too popular with the aunt, either. We got a long speech about what a strain it was on the health, and how thankful she was to have her there for the fine weather."



"I wonder she doesn't give it up," said Iris. "It must be a dreary life if you aren't going to get any further. I wonder why she hasn't made a success of it? She wasn't without talent. I suppose she just hadn't got enough."

"I always thought she had the wrong temperament for it," said Charles. "You've got to *sell* yourself all the time in the theatrical world, perpetual pushing and shoving. She was a very unshoving sort of character."

"A bit lazy, too," said Geoffrey, "or not enough physical stamina perhaps. She had her bursts of energy, but she had a great gift for idleness, I remember."

"It was rather a shame, really, the kind of life she led, when all her tastes were so domestic," said Iris. "She ought to have married and had a family." She gazed mildly at Charles as she said this, and he knew that she was aware of his discomfort. He frowned as he knocked the ash from his cigarette.

"Wasn't she living with the aunt, then?" he said, feeling about for clues. "It all sounds so comfortable."

"It looked comfortable in a way," said Geoffrey, "but I should imagine money was always pretty short. There's a bit of farm at the back, and the aunt told me they sold everything out of the garden. She has an old cousin living with her. I suspect the two of them work like dogs all the time."

"Then Eileen was only there for a holiday?" said Charles, patiently pursuing.

"Oh, yes, I think so. Blackstone!" he exclaimed suddenly. "That's the name of the place. I knew I should think of it."

MIRIAM came up from the rocks, arms and legs gleaming, hair flapping as she hopped from point to point. She flung herself down on the sandy turf where Charles was lying and twisted her fingers into the dry stalks of withered sea pinks, crumbling their papery heads.

"Daddy, I've found the most wonderful pool. You *must* come. There's a sort of thing like a short cucumber—I think it's moving—and a lot of things I don't know. *Please* come? And may I have my glasses? I want to have a really good look."

Charles sat up leisurely and took her spectacle case out of his breast pocket.

"Don't drop them in the sea."

"Silly, of course I shan't. I never do."

She flung back her thick curtain of hair with both hands and put on her spectacles, tucking her hair behind her ears with quick fingers. "Have you got anything to tie back my hair with? It gets in the way."

"I don't think I have. We'll buy a ribbon this afternoon."

"Where is it we are going this afternoon?"

"Someone I used to know years ago has an aunt living near here. I thought if we ran her to earth she might ask us to tea."

"I'm not very tidy for going out to tea. I don't think mother would like me to go out in this frock, I've got it so wet."

"Oh, it'll be dry by then. Nobody'll notice."

"My hair's such a mess," said Miriam, her nervous, social, unsuccessful self beginning to assert itself. She felt her hair apprehensively with one hand and took off her spectacles.

"There's a comb in the car," said Charles, picking up the mackintoshes; "you can do yourself up in the driving mirror. Besides, don't forget I'm going to buy you a hair ribbon in Blackstone."

THE gates of Miss Bagnold's drive were broken and fastened together with rope. Foot traffic was clearly expected to pass through a gap in the wall.

Miriam and Charles advanced up the rutted drive between stretches of rough grass and furze. The house was hidden in trees. Behind their wind-stunted mass rose a dazzling mountain range of cloud, solid and unbearably white in the drenching sea-reflected sunlight peculiar to fine days in the west of Ireland.

"Who is it we're going to see?" asked Miriam, uneasy over the social encounter.

"Her name's Miss Bagnold. She's the aunt of somebody I used to know years ago, called Eileen Oram."

"Will she be there? Your friend, I mean."

"I don't suppose so. She doesn't live here."

"Where does she live?" Miriam looked preoccupied, not really interested. She was evidently trying to make conversation in order to gain confidence.

"I don't know where she lives now. I don't expect she'll be here."

Charles found it necessary to assure himself of this. The possibility that in a few minutes he might walk into Eileen's presence was too difficult to face. After weeks of anticipation he found himself unprepared. How should he greet her? What could he find to say?

The drive curved into the trees, and they passed into a tunnel of green shade. At the other end, framed like a sunlit view in the eye of a telescope, was a circular sweep of gravel, a bed of geraniums, and hydrangeas blooming in negligent pale masses against the glass porch of the house. They walked doubtfully up to the porch and looked inside.

"I suppose we'd better ring the bell," said Charles, and pulled an iron knob which creaked unwillingly but left the silence otherwise unbroken.

"Knock," said Miriam, after a long pause.

They knocked, and after another wait, in which they heard only each other's ominous breathing, went round the house and under an archway into the yard. As Charles and Miriam paused, looking about them, a tall woman in crumpled mauve linen came out of the house without seeing them, and with an expression of despair began to jab at the door of a meat safe with a screwdriver. They knew at once that this must be Miss Bagnold; aunthood was written clearly in the tall fleshless figure, the nestlike hair, the vague benevolent gentlewoman's face; and in something dauntless and spirited in her movements, despite their momentary absurdity, Charles thought he perceived a shadowy suggestion of Eileen's physical grace. But there was nothing of Eileen in the red amiable ineffectual countenance which was turned toward them as they advanced across the yard.

"Er, Miss Bagnold?" said Charles. "We couldn't make anybody hear at the front door. I came to see you in passing because I'm a friend of"—he was going to say, "of Eileen's," but something in Miss Bagnold's benevolent distracted gaze uttered innocent warning—"Geoffrey Pillow. He came to see you last May, and said he thought I might—"

"But, my *dear* young man," said Miss Bagnold, casting the screwdriver into the meat safe and holding out knobbled hands, "what must you think of me? The bell never gets mended, it's a disgrace to the neighborhood. I'm so ashamed. How *kind* of you to come!"

She beamed inquiringly at Miriam as she shook hands.

"This is my daughter Miriam."

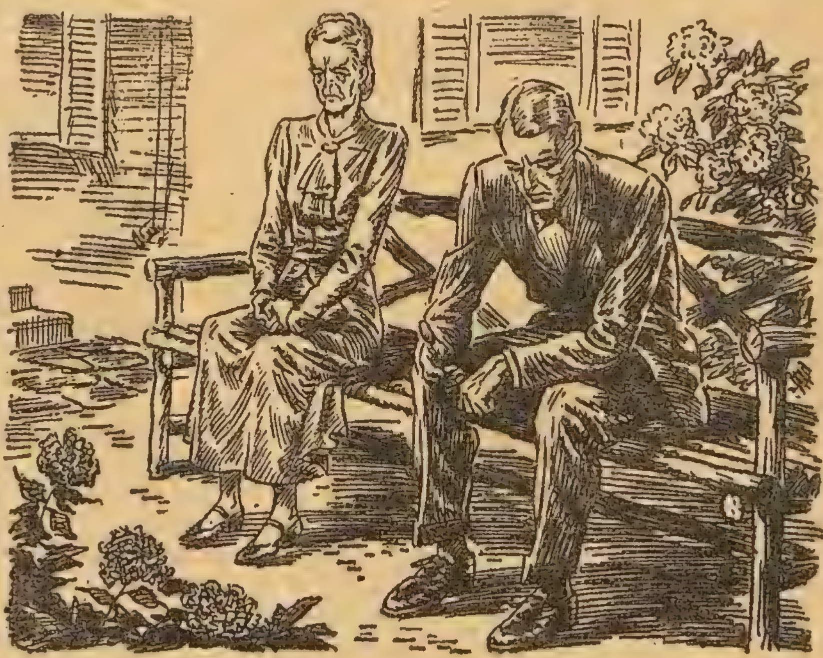
"Now you won't deny me the pleasure of staying to tea, Mr.— I believe I didn't hear your name."

"My name's Denham. Charles Denham." He trembled inwardly, waiting for reaction, but Miss Bagnold gazed at him with earnest unquestioning affection swimming in her blue eyes. (Then had Eileen never told her?)

"Now tell me," said Miss Bagnold, "how Mr. Pillow is now. He is a friend of my niece, you know; they met outside the post office by a most singular coincidence."

"Yes, he told me," said Charles, suddenly deciding to take the bull by the horns since they had been so harmlessly presented to him. "I used to know your niece too."

"You *did?*" Miss Bagnold gazed at him with almost tearful delight. "Well, what a pity, now, that she isn't here at this time! I shall write tomorrow and tell her all about it."



"Where is she now?" asked Charles.

"Why, she's in London," said Miss Bagnold. "At least that's where her last letter came from. She may be off on one of her tours by now."

"Would you give me Eileen's address? I should like to see her again when I go back to London, and tell her that I've seen you."

"Ah, I shall do that, never fear, when I write tomorrow. When we go into the house, now, I'll give you the address. She changes about so, the creature, that I'll not trust my poor memory until I look at her last letter."

At last, thought Charles. She had been in London all the time; I might have passed her in the street. In a few minutes her address will be put into my hand. How soon can I decently return? Will Isabella think it queer? Will it disappoint Miriam?

They passed through the garden gate on to the lawn, and Miriam, who had wandered away, came skipping toward them, holding something in her hands.

"Look," she said, opening them cautiously a little way, "a duckling! Isn't this a lovely place, daddy?"

"Yes, it's a lovely place for those with eyes, my darling," said Miss Bagnold, "and you've got those, bless you, and fine spectacles, too, so that you'll miss nothing." She turned and pointed gaily across the shrubbery to where a pale line of sea showed beyond the palm trees. "Do you know what lies over there, if only you could see it?"

"No, what?" said Miriam, holding the duckling tenderly against her cheek.

"Why, the coast of America," said Miss Bagnold.

"My grandmother lives in America," said Miriam. "She used to be called Lady Oxenwood, but now she's Mrs. Gentry. She has a house in California." Politeness done, she looked longingly over her shoulder. "We aren't going just yet, are we, daddy? I've still got to look at the other coops and the pig."

"Don't be long, then."

Miss Bagnold said nothing, but turned and walked uncertainly toward the house. Charles followed her, feeling in his coat pocket for a scrap of paper and a pencil.

HIS companion, however, did not go into the house, but went to a rustic seat among the porch hydrangeas and sat down slowly. He was astonished to see that her face was convulsed and that she avoided looking at him.

"Mr. Denby," she said, staring straight ahead as he sat down beside her, "I have had a great shock."

"Why, what is it?" said Charles, confidence suddenly draining out of him as he looked at her.

"That dear child," said Miss Bagnold, wiping her lips with her handkerchief, "just said that her grandmother's name was Lady Oxenwood." She turned and looked at him imploringly. "What did you say your name was, Mr.—?"

"Denham."

"God forgive me," she said. "I have a weak memory for names. What did you say your Christian name was?"

"Charles."

"I believe it was Charles. I believe it was, if ever that poor child definitely told me."

"I don't think I quite understand," said Charles miserably.

"Indeed, neither do I," said Miss Bagnold with sudden energy. "If you're the man I think you are—now—how do you have the effrontery to come here parading as a friend?"

"I came because I wanted to hear news of Eileen," said Charles, and felt a curious relief at having spoken the truth. "I simply want to know if she's happy."

Miss Bagnold made an impatient gesture with the hand holding the handkerchief.

"What is it to you whether she is happy or not? You destroyed her happiness ten years ago."

"I didn't know that I'd done that," said Charles. "I haven't known where she was, or what had become of her."

"I will certainly not give you my niece's address, and I shall write at once and warn her that you have been here."

Charles made a despairing movement with his hands, then sat forward with his elbows on his knees, staring at the gravel.

"You are a married man!" Miss Bagnold continued, deeply scandalized. "You must know that what you have in mind would bring nothing but cruelty and wickedness!"

"Listen," said Charles. "You're a kind person, I know. I want you to tell me if Eileen's really happy. If you can give me your sacred oath that she's happier as she is—all right; I'll go away again and not disturb her. But if I can make amends to her, I implore you not to let your resentment against me stand in the way."

Miss Bagnold got up abruptly. Charles saw with guilt that her cheeks were wet with tears. He stood beside her, miserably dumb.

"And you ask me to help you," said Miss Bagnold, "when it's not many years since that poor child recovered from her broken heart. What madness possessed you to think that I would put her in danger again? You've had your journey for nothing, and I'm sorry for it. But when I think how near I was to giving you what you came for, and how fate put it into that child's mouth to speak Lady Oxenwood's name so that I'd recognize it and remember her letter, I see I was meant to speak to you as I have done, though it isn't my right to hurt and punish you."

"What letter?" said Charles, following her to the door and making a last despairing effort to delay her. "What has any of this got to do with Lady Oxenwood?"

"Why, the letter she wrote," said Miss Bagnold, moving her hand from the doorpost for fear that he should touch her, 'Sybil Oxenwood'—such bold writing. I believe she's a hard woman, for all she wrote so friendly, and spoke for you when you'd never a word to say."

"She never spoke for me!" said Charles. "What do you mean? What did she say?"

"Ah, no, I can't stand and talk to you. We burned the letter. You must excuse me now."

She turned away with a stiffly courteous bend of the head and went into the house, leaving Charles standing alone and humiliated on the gravel. He turned abruptly and walked off in the direction in which Miriam had disappeared, intent on finding her and getting her away as unobtrusively as possible.

"We're going now, Miriam. Get your mackintosh."

"But I haven't said good-by to Miss Bagnold."

"Do as you're told and don't argue," said Charles harshly, turning aside so as not to see the wincing look that before had been evoked only by Isabella. He began to walk slowly away in the direction of the trees.

In a few minutes he heard flying steps behind him, and Miriam, speechless and out of breath, joined him in the shadow. They walked steadily and in silence until they emerged into the bright sunlight, and Miriam gathered courage to glance at his face.

"Have I done anything wrong, daddy?" she asked humbly.

"No. I'm sorry I spoke so sharply. Something had just upset me a little. We could go and find a beach now, if you like, and have a bathe."

Miriam looked troubled, and said nothing. Presently, as they came to the gap in the wall, she felt carefully in the pocket of her mackintosh.

"I did say good-by to Miss Bagnold after all," she said. "She came out into the yard when I went to get my mac. I thought at first she was crying, but then her eyes are very watery all the time, aren't they?"

"Very," said Charles, opening the door of the car.

"She gave me this," said Miriam. "Look, isn't it lovely?" —and held out her hand, the palm curved tenderly under a freckled turkey's egg.

FOUR days later, Charles and Miriam arrived back in London. He sent Miriam home in a cab while he stopped off at the art gallery in which he was a partner.

When he arrived home, he let himself in at the front door and laid his hat and umbrella on the hall table. He went upstairs quietly, listening for Isabella's voice. At the landing he caught his foot on the last stair and stumbled. There was a rustle of movement in the drawing room and the door was snatched hastily open by Isabella.

"Darling!" she said, and then again, with unnatural emphasis, "Darling, I thought you were never coming. See who's here." She took his hand, with the anxiety of a child who has rehearsed a certain effect and is determined to create it. Whoever it is, thought Charles, she's glad of my support. He followed her into the room and saw, sitting on the hearthrug with her back against an armchair and surrounded by scattered letters, Isabella's mother.

"Sybil! Good Lord! I hadn't the faintest idea that you were here."

Sybil Gentry threw back her head and looked at him intently, then threw away her cigarette and held out both hands, screwing up her eyes in an ecstatic yet somehow mocking smile which welcomed and laughed at him intimately with teeth and eyelashes.

"Of course you hadn't," she said, drawing him down and kissing him on both cheeks. Then she sank back against her chair, groping about on the rug for her cigarettes but still keeping her eyes on Charles. "Give the man a drink, Isabella," she said. "I fear—I fear it's been a shock."

"It certainly has," said Charles, sitting down on the sofa and smiling back at her. "We didn't think you'd be here for at least a month. How did you manage it?"

"Mother flew over in the Clipper," said Isabella importantly, handing Charles a cocktail with a slight frown; "she wants us to go back with her to California. I want to talk to you about it."

"Good heavens."

"Don't worry him yet," said Sybil, sticking a cigarette in her mouth with a vigorous straight-fingered gesture. "You're still looking very handsome, Charles."

"I never was that, Sybil, and you take the words out of my mouth. How wonderful *you're* looking, is what I was going to say. Even younger and handsomer than before you went to California."

"No, that's cruel," said Sybil, "because it can't be true. I'm an old woman, Charles; what you see is only the result of anxious art; I've got myself up specially for your sake."

Charles sat smilingly confronting her, his glass in his hand, making no effort to release himself from the warm amused possession of her gaze. He was aware of Isabella somewhere to the right, sitting mute and observant on the arm of her chair, tinkling fragments of ice against her glass but not daring to interrupt. It was extraordinary how quickly and completely she abdicated when her mother was present, maintaining, instead of her usual cool dominance of the domestic scene, an anxious and slightly irritated deference which at every turn betrayed a desire to compete. She's afraid of her mother, thought Charles, and with good reason. She would love to possess, herself, that subtly sinister blend of intimacy and authority. With Isabella it's the intimacy that's lacking; it's that that makes Sybil so fascinating and at the same time so dangerous. How old is she, I wonder? Sixty?

He secretly marveled. The marks of age were there in her face, there was no great effort to conceal them; her beautiful soft hair was gray, and there was a cobweb of mobile wrinkles round eyes and mouth. Yet she was still beautiful; and in the heavy-lidded eyes there was none of the painfully-learned diffidence so often seen in the eyes of once handsome women who have learned at last that they can never again appear desirable or young. No; Sybil's eyes, half closed, as he always remembered them, behind a thread of smoke, were as ironically intimate and compelling as ever in the past, and her air of inner amusement preserved her from absurdity. It is absurd, she seemed to say, that you, at your age, are still susceptible to me, at mine, but you are, and we are both aware of it. Charles dropped his eyes to the letters strewn around her.

"You're as great a letter writer as ever, I see," he said, and regretted having said it. Would she sense that his thoughts had immediately flown to Miss Bagnold?

"It isn't every day that one crosses the Atlantic in a Clipper; people might never know, if I didn't write and tell them about it."

"I think you're amazing," said Charles.

"Mother wants us to go back that way," said Isabella, giving him the particular confident smile which was usually the preliminary to persuasion.

"What is this, though?" said Charles. "I didn't know you were planning to go to America."

"IT'S all of us," said Isabella, glancing appealingly at her mother. "Mother thinks we ought to go over at once, before war breaks out."

"What a nice idea," said Charles ironically. "I've always wanted to play golf in white linen knickers."

"No, but seriously, darling," said Isabella, frowning, "isn't it worth considering? When war comes, it'll come suddenly, and then one mightn't be able to get away. The first thing we'll know about it'll be thousands of giant bombing planes over London. They won't give us any warning."

"Yes, but my dear girl, even if they don't, I can't leave London and go for an indefinite holiday in America. I don't mind your taking the children over, since Sybil's so kind as to suggest it, at least until we see what's going to happen. But for me it's out of the question."

Isabella put down her glass and stood up with a bright, controlled face. "I'm going to see Philip into bed," she said. She walked to the door without looking at her mother, but Charles, as he heard the gentle turning of the doorknob, saw Sybil intercept a silent signal. So I'm to be probed, he thought. About America or Ireland? I wonder which. The kitten handing the mouse over to the cat.

"I know you're longing to go and have your bath," said Sybil, "but I haven't seen you for so long, Charles, and I want to talk to you." Charles reluctantly made an effort to seem appreciative.

"Wouldn't I be nicer to talk to when I'm clean?"

"No. Well, now Isabella's not with us for a moment it's rather a chance. She's getting very jumpy about the war, Charles; that's what makes her rather irritable." She had dropped her amused expression now, and was gazing at him with a look of affectionate understanding, as though, now Isabella was gone, they could open their hearts frankly.

"YOU'RE very good, Sybil. It's a tremendous thing to offer to carry us away like that, and I don't want to stand in the way of Isabella and the children, but the thing Isabella doesn't realize is that—quite frankly—one doesn't *want* to throw away the work of years and decamp to another country. One has a feeling of attachment and responsibility."

"Yes, well, that's what I wanted to talk to you about. Isabella wants to go back with me very much, but I don't think she wants to leave you behind. It's very understandable. On the other hand, if you've any other reason for not wanting to go, if it's anything *real*, Charles, perhaps I could help to smooth things out between you."

"I've told you my real reason," said Charles, "but it would help if you could make Isabella understand my point of view."

"I *know*," said Sybil warmly. "I'll do what I can. But I'm not altogether certain that I understand it myself. I only know that the gallery can't be the only thing that's keeping you. I've often thought that in some ways I understood you better than Isabella."

Yes, thought Charles, but you won't get it out of me that way. He set down his glass and stood up, remembering with sudden anger the mysterious letter of which Miss Bagnold had spoken. "I'd better go and have my bath," he said, looking down with a frown at the letters scattered on the hearthrug. Sybil followed his gaze, then put up her hand gently to detain him and gave his unresponsive fingers a slight pressure.

"Don't go yet, Charles. You haven't told me yet about your holiday in Ireland. Did you meet anybody you knew? Didn't that old flame of yours have a home in Ireland, or something?"

Charles hesitated. "I don't know anybody in Ireland," he said, and then, seeing from her raised eyebrows that she was waiting for something further, recklessly took the plunge. "At least, I do now. I came across a Miss Bagnold, who appeared to have heard of you."

"Why, this is fame indeed," said Sybil, laughing. "May one ask in what connection?"

"One may," said Charles. "You wrote to her once, or to her niece, Eileen Oram. I'd give a lot to know, even now, what you made it your business to say."

"Charles, you're angry! Why, how preposterous! If ever you owed me gratitude for anything, dear Charles, it was for that. Of course I'll tell you what I said. You see, I was really doing something which *you* ought to have done. It was only common decency to let that poor girl know that you had no intention whatever of marrying her."

"So that was what you did," said Charles, looking down at his cigarette. There was a long silence. How Eileen must have despised him all this time, believing as she must have done that he had been too cowardly even to deliver the final blow himself, but had handed the weapon instead to Isabella's mother! "Well, it's a long time ago," he said at last, "but I must say I still find it hard to forgive you, Sybil."

"I know, my dear. That's unjust but understandable. She was never worth the unhappiness you went through."

Charles was still frowning at his cigarette.

"It was so apparent to everybody what she was after! She was on the make, Charles, a little nobody. And look at her subsequent history!"

"What do you mean?" said Charles, startled. "How do you come to know anything about her?"

"Well, I only found out by accident, in the way one does in this mysteriously small world. I'd hardly given the girl a thought for years, but it seems my husband knew the Rovedinos slightly; they came out to California three or four years ago. I got to know Alice Rovedino rather well, and one day she told me the story and mentioned the girl's name."

"And what was the story?" said Charles, feeling suddenly cold.

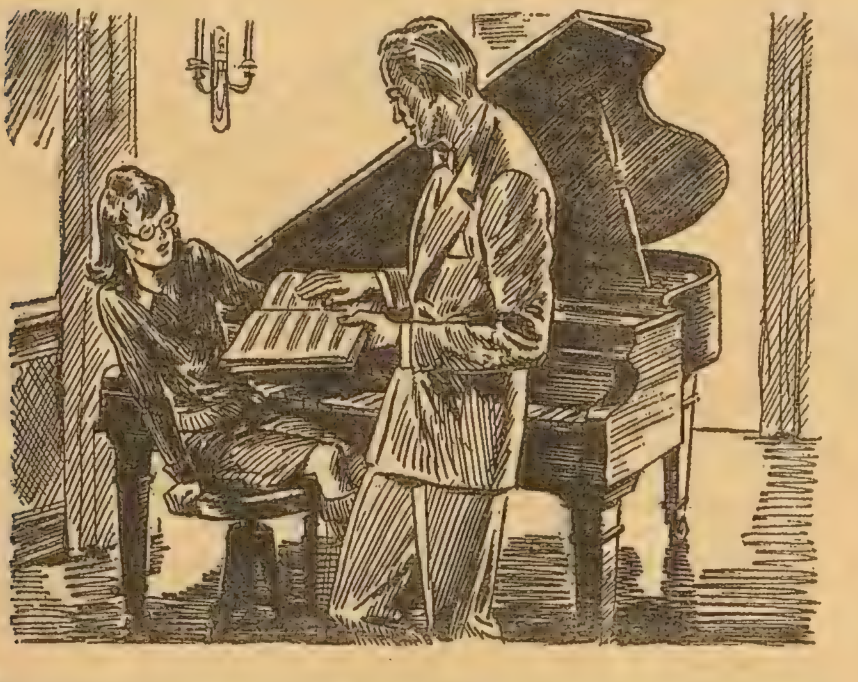
"Well, the story was," said Sybil, as though reluctantly, "that sometime after you broke off with her, this girl met Eddie Rovedino, and there was a long affair."

Trembling with rage, Charles got up and went upstairs.

He paused at the door of the morning room, listening to the soft breathy treble of Miriam's voice, singing an old ballad:

"O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, 'Haste, and come to me!'"

The notes followed the voice irregularly, with eager stumblings and corrections. Charles opened the door and Miriam swung round at once on the piano stool, her spectacles flashing.



"I like that song you were playing just now. What's it called?"

"Oh, Helen of Kirconnell. I like it one of the best."

"It's rather sad, though," said Charles, taking the book from the piano and looking at the ragged paper cover as though he expected it to tell him something. "How does it go?"

"It's rather long," said Miriam, taking the book out of his hands and searching through the pages. "That verse comes several times. And then there's another"—she cleared her throat and threw up her head, blushing faintly, in what was evidently an elocution-class manner—

"O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll mak a garland o' thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I dee!

"And then the chorus comes again. I'm afraid you've lost the place."

"Well, never mind," said Charles, touching her hair gently, "perhaps you'd better go to bed now."

Miriam closed the book and the piano and got up without speaking. She put the book on top of the piano and covered it carefully with several sheets of music, then stood quite still, partly turned away from him, her face hidden.

"Are we really going to America?" she said, taking her hands slowly from the pile of music.

"I don't think your mother's decided yet."

"Are you going, daddy?"

"No, I'm not going. I can't."

"I don't want to go without you," said Miriam in a whisper.

Charles looked at her with a sudden pang of compunction; he put out his hand to comfort her and slipped it through the crook of her arm.

"Well, nothing's decided, darling. I shouldn't worry. I promise not to agree to anything without telling you first."

"Thank you," said Miriam in a guarded voice. She turned round to him doubtfully, then gave him a quick hug with her long arms and kissed his cheek. "Well, perhaps I'd better go to bed now. Good night."

"Good night," said Charles, feeling somehow inadequate. Would he ever be able to make it up to Miriam in any way?

When she had gone, he pulled a leather-bound telephone directory slowly toward him. Rovedino . . . preposterous, foreign-sounding name. He rejected Sybil's story completely, but Sybil, for the first time in his knowledge of her, had inadvertently played into his hands. He had at last found a clue that would lead him to Eileen.

The next day Charles visited the Rovedinos. He learned, as he had suspected from the first, that Sybil had merely attached a real name to a fictitious story. And from Mrs. Rovedino, a good friend of Eileen, he learned that Eileen was now with a traveling repertory company in the south of Ireland.

CHARLES arrived at Ennistymon in the early evening. The thought that Eileen was in that whitewashed town filled him with a mixture of elation and deep anxiety. She would be angry that he had come. Or, when he spoke her name, he would have the horror of realizing that what he had been pursuing existed now only in imagination. With a guilty feeling of cowardice he had decided not to try and find her before the performance, but to go to the play, and receive the impact of first impressions in the shelter of the audience.

Leon MacLeonard's company was giving Othello that night and Charles had not seen a performance of the play since his schooldays. MacLeonard's portrayal of the title role was so masterful that for a time Charles lost all sense of his surroundings, and even forgot what he was waiting for and why he had come; so that when Desdemona was brought before the Duke he looked at her abstractedly until he saw that she was Eileen.

He started inwardly, and for a time was uncertain. If it were she, she was changed, almost beyond recognition, and it was a moment before he realized what was disguising her. The hair under her gold fillet was smooth and yellow, hiding her neck and giving her an air of meekness totally foreign to her. He let his breath go in a faint sigh, and sat very still, feeling his heart beating. Desdemona was going to speak; she was lifting up her absurdly golden head.

"My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty . . ."

He sat forward, involuntarily smiling, unconscious of his sudden movement and his fatuous expression, aware only of the echoes which her voice awoke and the buoyant sense of joy with which it filled him. Seeing her now, confirming the clear inflections of her voice and the forgotten familiar gentleness of her movements, he was dismayed to realize how imperfectly he had remembered her. She had not changed; or if she had, it was simply that the structure of her features had emerged more clearly and was seen in essence.

When the final curtain closed Charles sat among the empty chairs with beating heart.

Presently, when nearly everybody was gone, he got up and went to the door of the dressing room and knocked. It was opened by one of the actors, who was wiping his face with a towel.

"I wondered if I could see Miss Oram," said Charles, not daring to look beyond him into the room.

"Sure," said the young man.

Charles stepped into the cheerful noise and confusion of the dressing room. MacLeonard, seeing him in the mirror as he stood awkwardly in the crowded room, not knowing what to do next, laid down his cigarette among the sticks of grease paint and turned round with a benevolent expression.

"Eileen darling," he called in a rich voice, "here's a friend to see you."

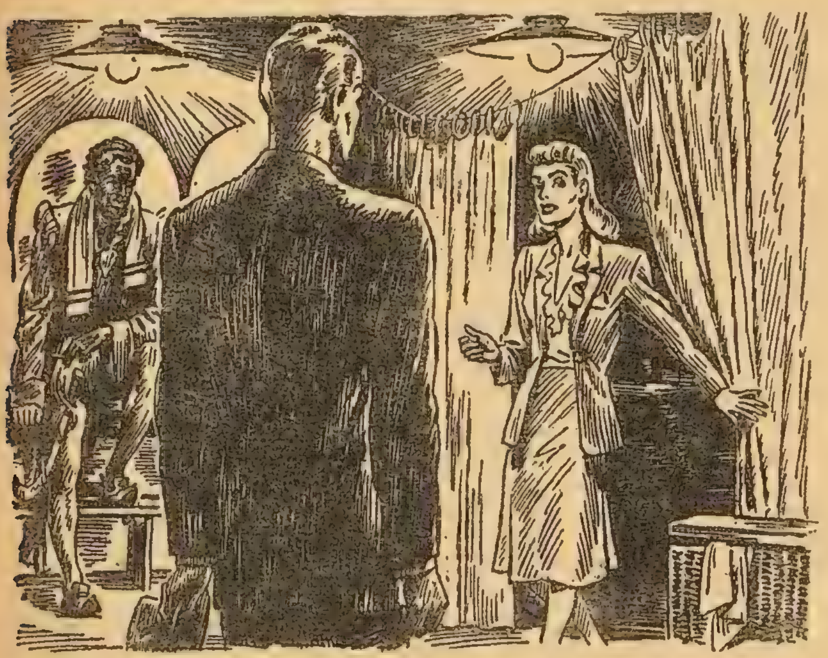
"For me? Who is it?" said Eileen's voice behind a sheet hung on a string across one part of the room.

"Come out and see," said MacLeonard.

"Coming!" called Eileen cheerfully, and bustled about audibly behind her curtain.

Charles tried to seem at ease, but his heart was beating painfully. Suddenly he was aware, without looking, that Eileen had come out, and with an eager anxious face he turned to meet her.

She was edging slowly between the chairs and hampers, tying a green scarf round her neck in an absorbed way and looking down at the knot. She looked up as she finished tying the knot, and hesitated, staring at him with a half-smile of greeting arrested on her face. The expression of her eyes was quite blank for a moment, and then looked frightened.



"Hello," said Charles in a croaking voice, and cleared his throat.

"Charles," she said.

They stared at each other in incredulous silence, and then both began to smile. Charles felt his smile spreading idiotically, and he could see that Eileen, too, was shaken with joy and unable to control her face. They went on smiling and smiling in a trance of mutual recognition and delight, and then Eileen shook her head and laughed uncertainly and put her hand up to her cheek.

MacLeonard had been watching them with benevolent intentness.

"Darling, I want to get dressed," he said. "Take your friend outside and persuade him to come back to the digs and have a drink with us."

Eileen glanced quickly at Charles and smiled. They went out of the dressing room together and into the empty theater. She sat down casually in the front row, and leaned her elbow on the back of her chair.

Charles looked at her questioningly as he sat down, but there was no intimacy of response in the wide-open thickly fringed gray eyes; only a pleasant friendliness; not even curiosity.

"I can't tell you how wonderful it is to see you again," he said, and gently took the hand which was lying in her lap.

"Yes, isn't it?" she agreed, with unmistakably the wrong sort of warmth in her voice. She did not withdraw her hand, but let it stay where it was, lying lightly in his with an air of impartial politeness.

Charles looked down at the slender hand and stroked the back of it gently with his thumb, but her lack of response was too obvious to be ignored, and presently he loosed it with a faint sigh.

"How long are you staying here?" she asked.

Charles looked at her miserably.

"Do we have to talk like this?"

"Like what?"

Her eyes smiled, but he thought he detected a shadow of nervousness in them.

"Well, like strangers. I've been trying to find you for so long, and now I have, and you talk to me as though we'd only just met."

Eileen glanced down at her hands, considering, and then looked at him with a faint smile, in which he clearly saw determination not to be drawn into any admission of intimacy.

"Well, my dear—I don't know what to say. I'm honestly very pleased to see you. Did I seem unfriendly? It's the surprise, I expect. I haven't recovered my breath."

"Look here," said Charles, "can't we talk somewhere? There's so much I want to say to you."

"Yes, of course. We'll be going over to Mac's in a minute." She glanced over her shoulder at the door.

"But there'll be other people there."

"Oh, yes. But they're awfully nice. I'm very fond of them."

Then the dressing-room door opened and MacLeonard came out, dressed for the street. He was followed by a small fair woman, whom he introduced as his wife, and by a tall woman who had played Emilia.

On the dark street Charles found himself walking between MacLeonard and his wife, while Eileen and the other girl followed at a little distance. He was so acutely conscious of Eileen's presence, so distracted by his own anxiety and the strain of trying to hear what she was saying, that he found MacLeonard's conversation difficult to follow, and made several random and confused replies during the short walk between the theater and the lodgings.

In MacLeonard's rooms Charles gave Eileen an urgent look, begging her to come to him, but she sat on the arm of a chair near the table, and began eating an egg with calm absorbed attention. He sat down gloomily on the sofa, and MacLeonard, who had poured out tea, came and joined him.

Presently, when he noticed one of the girls surreptitiously yawning, Charles got up and pointedly looked at his watch.

"Well, I mustn't keep you up any later," he said. "It's been delightful." He looked with significant inquiry at Eileen, and saw that she was watching him intently, her gray eyes curiously brilliant and her face very pale and still. (It isn't possible, he thought, that she's just going to let me walk out of here, without making a sign?) She did not move, and he could not interpret her expression. "Where are you staying, Eileen?" he said. "Let me take you home."

She roused herself and gave him a friendly smile.

"Oh, I'm staying here," she said.

THERE was an awkward little silence, and MacLeonard carefully looked at neither of them.

"Eileen darling," he said, "you'll have to guide Mr. Denham down those dangerous stairs." He turned blandly to Charles. "They turn all the downstairs lights off as soon as we get in."

She got up with apparent cheerfulness and Charles closed the door behind him and stumbled after her down the shadowy stairs. A bit of candle was burning in a saucer in the passage below, casting huge shadows upward through the banisters and making a monstrous wavering pattern on the ceiling. She went down quickly without speaking, but Charles leaned down and caught her hand on the stair rail and brought her to an abrupt standstill. She turned unwillingly, her lips parted and her shadowed face full of a strange dread.

"No," she said almost inaudibly, "no, please. . . ."

"Eileen," he whispered imploringly, "you know why I've come. You *must* listen."

He was holding both her arms now, and had clumsily thrust her back against the banisters, as though he still feared she would try to escape. Her whole body was rigid with unwillingness, and they stood for a moment in silence, facing each other, and so close that he felt her light breath on his cheek.

"I can't let you go," he said, and put his arms round her and drew her closer still and laid his cheek against hers. She did not resist, but stood still, as though in a trance, breathing quickly. Her cheek was warm, and the soft touch of her hair against his face filled him with unbearable tenderness. He bent his head and kissed her neck, very gently, imploring her without words. He could feel the wild beating of her heart, although she stood so still and made no sign, and suddenly, with a slight movement no more than a shudder or a sigh, she stirred in his arms and kissed him on the forehead with tremulous sadness, and raised a gentle remembering hand to his face.

They kissed again, now in deep earnest, with shaken breath, each silently pleading with the other, feeling time and resistance ebb away from them like slow pain, until nothing remained but the peaceful certainty that they were together again and in each other's arms.

Presently he drew back a little to see her face, slipping his hand upward to the curve of her head, stroking and supporting it with the gesture he had longed for. She opened her eyes slowly, and he saw that they were full of tears.

He drew her head against his shoulder and held it there, stroking the soft curls for comfort and resting his cheek against them.

"I was right to come, wasn't I?" said Charles in a low voice. "You knew I should find you?"

"Darling . . . no, I didn't think you would. But I hoped."

"Lovely Eileen." He lifted one of her hands and kissed the palm, smiling at her with his eyes. "How long have you known that I was looking for you?"

"Oh— I suppose I only knew from Aunt Edith's letter. But I thought, after that, that you'd given it up."

"But you hoped I hadn't?"

"I don't know. I think I mostly hoped you had, but it unsettled me."

He held her at arm's length, suspiciously. "Tell me why you behaved so queerly, after the first moment? Until just now, I thought you were angry at seeing me."

"I was frightened."

"My darling, what at?"

"Oh—everything. You've been in my mind so, and yet it was such a shock. I'd been thinking of nothing else for weeks, and making resolutions."

"What kind of resolutions?"

"Not to behave like this, if you did come," said Eileen, smiling. "Darling, we'll talk in the morning. We'll go out all day if you like. But I *must* go now, I'm so tired tonight. I should like to cry as it is."

"I'm frightened to leave you, in case you've disappeared by morning. Will you promise not to?"

"I will indeed."

"You disappeared once before, you know." He took her chin in his hand and looked at her gravely.

"That was a long time ago. I shan't again."

He took her by the shoulders and kissed her, then looked into her eyes, strangely large and brilliant in the exhausted face.

"You do love me, Eileen? I want to get it clear."

"I do. I always have."

"That's a promise, then," he said. "My dear, dear love. Good night."

AT TEN o'clock next morning Charles drove over the bridge and past the post office, looking for the house. He stopped the car outside a chemist's shop and got out, scanning the upstairs windows and wondering how he could have been such a fool, the night before, as to walk away without noticing the number.

In a moment, however, a door opened a little farther down the street and Eileen waved her hand and was coming quickly, her scarf fluttering and her head bent stiffly against the rain. He hurried to meet her, smiling with relief, and took her hands.

"Darling, I'm late. They took so long putting up the lunch. And *then* I didn't know the number of the house. I was just getting in a panic."

"I could see you were," said Eileen, laughing. "I was watching from a window."

They got into the car, hurrying to escape the rain, and Eileen brushed her hand upward over her hair, in which the fine drops were caught as in a cobweb, and rubbed her wet hand on her stocking.

"How nice our tweeds smell," she said, and sat smiling at him.

"Let me look at you," said Charles, taking both her hands again. "Do you realize I haven't seen you in daylight for ten years?"

"Oh, dear. I suppose it's a shock."

He kissed her, tasting the cold rain on her cheek.

"You've changed a bit, you know; you're even nicer than I remembered. I can't quite think what the difference is, but I like it."

"You haven't changed," she said, looking him over with fond appreciation. He gazed at her eyes, noticing the yellow flecks in the gray iris, iridescent as a butterfly's wing, and then found that they were laughing at him, very wide awake and delighted and just a shade embarrassed.

"Sorry, I can't help staring at you. It's all so incredible. Where are we going?"

"We start off this way. I'll tell you the turnings as we come to them."

FEELING absurdly happy and confident, Charles started the car, and drove off down the empty rain-blotched street. As they came to a crossing, Eileen silently indicated the way.

Presently he glanced sideways at her face, and received a faint shock from its serious expression. She was gazing straight ahead, unsmiling, the austere lines of her forehead and slender neck held steadily in profile and uncommunicative: something was troubling her. He took one hand from the wheel and felt for hers, lying passive and still damp on her tweed lap.

"Darling, is anything the matter?"

"No! Why?"

Her eyes were themselves again, candid and friendly, the thick lashes raying out around them in wide-awake inquiry.

"I thought you seemed rather subdued all of a sudden."

"I was trying to remember the road."

"But there's still something not quite right," he said. "Darling, tell me what it is."

"I wasn't really thinking about anything." She seemed nervous, unwilling to broach the question that lay between them, and sad, too, in some hidden way that threatened him.

I don't care what it is, he thought stubbornly, stifling apprehension. Nothing can be allowed to prevent us now —nothing's big enough. There mustn't be anything.

"Here we are," said Eileen suddenly in a cheerful voice. She was smiling now. Her face was gay and serene, as he had remembered it. Perhaps it was going to be all right, after all.

They got out of the car and looked about them. The rain had stopped, and the gray morning sky was beginning to dissolve and soften from within with a diffused steady warmth. The grass was gray with moisture, and the air, flowing in giddy waves of changing weather, was strong as brine with the blown breath of the sea. Soon the sun would come out and everything would be steaming.

"Where's the lunch?" said Eileen, looking pleased and excited.

"Here, in this basket. Are you going to make me walk far?"

"Just over the top of the hill. I'll help you carry it if it's heavy."

"I'm not quite decrepit yet."

It was all right. The adventurous picnic atmosphere had reasserted itself, and soon they would be alone together in some place that she knew, with the basket sitting importantly in the grass, and the day before them. The old perfect intimacy had returned mysteriously, so that they found themselves smiling at each other for no reason, as though a forgotten tune had begun to play for both of them, carelessly driving before it all discords and anxieties.

They set off together up the turfy slope, walking quickly with long steps and dreamlike ease, the smell of warm grass and thyme rising all about them. Eileen went over a rounded bluff and disappeared, and when he came in sight of her again she was sitting in a sheltered hollow facing the sea, the mackintosh spread out beneath her.

She looked round at him with a smile and waved her hand.

"This is the place," she called, and watched him as he came down the steep slope in a clumsy rush and dropped breathlessly beside her.

"The reason that basket's so heavy," he said, "is that there are two bottles of wine in it. I shall open one now."

"Oh, don't! We shall lose this lovely early morning feeling."

"That's partly my aim. I want you to sit still and be happy, and let me talk."

She shook her head faintly and looked away from him at the sea with the same sudden melancholy which had disturbed him in the car.

Charles patiently undid the basket, refusing to admit that he was again losing ground, and peeled the gold paper off the bottle of champagne. He began to untwist the wire, and she turned with a little sigh and laid her hand on it.

"Darling, no, please. I—it's too much like our old celebrations." She seemed worried and sad, afraid of hurting him.

He looked down at her hand, stricken, the elation gone out of him like a breath.

He laid the bottle gently in the basket.

"Tell me what it is," he said. "I thought it *was* a celebration. I thought you knew why I'd come."

"I'm not sure."

"But last night, when I left you, you knew." He lifted doubtful, appealing eyes to her face. "I've been trying to find you because I still love you, and I wanted—that is if you feel the same, I thought last night you did—I wanted us to do what we ought to have done ten years ago and make a life together."

SHE looked at him doubtfully, a flicker of surprise widening her eyes for a moment, then turned her head away and stared at the sea.

"Has Isabella left you, then?" Her voice was remote.

"Not yet. She will when she knows."

Eileen was silent for a long time, staring at the sea. Then she frowned and drew up her knees, and clasped her arms round them.

"But it's been such a long time," she said. "I don't see how it's happened."

"It happened quite suddenly and simply, a few weeks ago. Isabella found some of your letters and burned them; and something happened to me. . . . I can't explain it. But I suddenly knew that I'd wanted you all the time—that I couldn't bear not knowing what had happened to you. And the thing grew and grew, until I made up my mind to try again. I hadn't much hope. I thought you were certain to be married, or at least—not interested any more. But I was determined to find out, and ask you. And last night everything seemed so perfect suddenly. I thought you were sure, too. I couldn't sleep for joy."

"I didn't sleep either," said Eileen with the ghost of a smile. "And I don't suppose I shall tonight." She sighed.

Charles sat up suddenly, making the basket creak.

"Darling, what *is* it? Did you say what you said last night out of politeness? Or what?"

Eileen rubbed her eyes with her knuckles, and sat blinking.

"It was so tremendous seeing you," she said. "I don't think I really knew what I was saying. I think the only thing I really knew was that I was frightened. I still am."

"Of what?"

"Of being made to go through the whole damned hoop again," she said in a small voice, and laid her head on her arms.

Charles put his arm round her shoulders and drew her gently down until she was lying beside him.

"Haven't you ever forgiven me?" he said, his mouth against her hair. "I don't deserve to be forgiven, perhaps, but it wasn't all my fault. If you hadn't disappeared like that, it might still have been all right—given time."

She shook her head.

"But don't you see that that was just what I couldn't give it? I knew how it was going to be, and I couldn't bear it any longer. And I suppose there was pride, too, in those days, and I saw so clearly how they were managing it. . . ." She looked blankly beyond his ear, not seeing him, remembering. "It seemed the only thing that could save me, somehow. And of course I regretted it. When I got to Ireland I thought I wasn't going to be able to bear that, either. But when I was just beginning to hesitate, there was that letter. . . . And you never wrote."

"I never knew anything about Sybil's letter until a few weeks ago. You didn't think she wrote it with my knowledge?"

"What else could I think?" she said, lying back against his arm and looking up at him. "You never wrote yourself."

"Darling, how could I? I didn't know where you were."

"Isabella's mother found out where I was. You've found me now. It would have been easier then."

Charles put his face down to hers and kissed her remorsefully.

"I know. I didn't try. I felt defeated." He kissed her again, coaxing dumbly to be forgiven, and when at last her arm crept round his neck he sighed, and lay for a long time with his cheek against her forehead, listening to her breathing.

Presently he said, without moving, "Tell me what it's been like for you all this time."

"It was like a long illness, dragging on in secret. I nearly died of it."

He felt a pang of pity and ached inwardly.

She turned her head and looked at him consideringly, without reserve.

"I don't see why I shouldn't tell you," she said, plucking a long stalk and tying a knot in it. "I want to know about you, too. Because you must have changed. One becomes a different person in ten years. I know I have."

"How, different? You seem the same person to me. There's everything there that I love."

Eileen smiled faintly and tied another knot.

"It's quite an effort to remember what I was like. I'm much nastier now, I think. If I were to live that time over again I should behave quite differently. Rather like Isabella, in fact. I should hang on and make scenes. I might even have got you away from her at last."

"I wish you had."

"Yes, but you see, one's so different at twenty-four. One has the feeling that life goes on forever, and it produces the most infernal pride. One thinks in terms of clean breaks and starting afresh. . . . It's just ignorance, of course. You don't realize how everything's changing you all the time, and that according to how you act now, you're deciding the sort of person you're going to be." She threw her knotted grass away and plucked another. "Acting nobly, for instance, doesn't necessarily make one a noble person, because one often regrets it afterward, and then the most awful disintegrating processes set in. You know—when I went off like that, I felt absolutely buoyed up by despair and pride. It felt at the time as though it would carry me through. And I remember really believing it was a comfort to know that it was me you loved, not Isabella. I thought I'd only got to remember that, and it would brace me up for life." She laughed, and moved her fingers about in the grass. "Whereas, of course, a belief like that just corrodes you after a time. And then you stop believing it. And then you begin to realize how damnably slow these emotional processes are—how they damage you in the course of years, like an illness."

SHE frowned, intent on plaiting some growing grasses together. Charles watched her fingers with painful attention, his face constricted.

"How has it damaged you?" he said quietly, not daring to look at her.

"Oh, it isn't tragic. It is, of course, for an impossibly long time, but one can't go on feeling at that pitch forever, and after a while the thing recedes a bit, leaving everything quite empty, you know, but you find you're going on pretty much as usual. And then, when you're getting wonderfully smug and thinking you're over it, there's a relapse. It's then that the really bad period begins. All the details—all the pride and resentment and clean breaks and all the other nonsense—have faded by then, and this time you're face to face, so to speak, with the bare rock.

I turned madly secretive. I'm sure it would have been more wholesome if I could have brought myself to a bit of open suffering and confided in Aunt Edith."

"And couldn't you?"

"Oh, no—*quite* impossible. I've never been able to tell her anything important ever since I was a child. Somehow she always gets hold of the wrong end of the stick. Of course she had to know something about it, because of the letter, and naturally she jumped to the conclusion that you were a criminal."

"Why did you show her the letter?" said Charles, frowning.

"But I didn't! It was Aunt Edith she wrote to. Making certain, I suppose, that I shouldn't conceal my defeat even there, or get away with anything."

Charles grunted, his hatred of Sybil coming into his mouth like a bad taste.

Eileen glanced at him out of the corners of her eyes, faintly smiling. "I thought, we'll have just one day. That can't do any harm. But *oh, can't it!* Something happened to me when you took that bottle out of the basket. It was all so—so pleasant and facile."

She turned to face him with an impulsive movement, as though shaking off her thoughts, and confronted his puzzled frown with a smile from which the strangeness had suddenly vanished. She put her hand on his arm.

"I *can't* believe you're here," she said. "I *must* touch you." Her eyes dwelt incredulously on his face. "I haven't realized it yet, you know. That's what's the matter. And yet there you are, looking and even feeling just the same."

He threw his cigarette away and caught her hand before she could withdraw it.

"Darling? Why don't you try again? This is all nonsense. We're both the same really."

"Yes, I know," she said quickly. "Too much the same, perhaps. It frightens me."

"But we won't be caught again. We're older and warier. It's a thing that can't happen to the same people twice."

Eileen shook her head, looking down at their tightly-clasped hands.

"I had an uncle once," she said. "He used to live at Blackstone with Aunt Edith when I was a little girl—" She glanced at him nervously and dropped her eyes again. "He started to go blind, a double cataract, and he had an operation. It was unspeakably painful, and he couldn't have an anesthetic. And after he'd gone through it all, bearing everything with the most dreadful fortitude, it turned out it was a failure. So then," she went on hurriedly, clasping and unclasping his hand, "the specialist said he must have the operation again, and it would probably succeed. Everybody said he ought to. But he preferred to go blind. I feel exactly like that. I think he was right."

CHARLES sat up, still holding her hand.

"You mean," he said slowly, "that you think I'd let the same thing happen again."

"Darling, they were too much for you before. Why shouldn't they be again?"

"Listen," he said, gathering anger and obstinacy. "I know I'm a weak character. I know I failed you before. I've had ten years to find out my mistake. Darling, it *can't* happen again! Don't you *see* it can't? They triumphed over us once, but why should we be superstitious about them? They're not supernatural. You don't really think any of the things you've been saying," he told her sternly. "You *know* it'll be all right." He glanced sharply at her stricken face, and felt suddenly exhausted, drained of all strength and effort, longing only to drop his head on her breast in silence and be at peace. The struggle was over and he knew it, but he felt no elation.

There was a long silence.

Presently he said, "Isabella's already in a stew about going to California with the children, to be out of the war. Sybil's over here, laying plans for us all. We're all to go to America and live under her wing until the danger's past." He heard his voice trailing on and on mechanically, when there was no need. If only she would give some sign. . . .

Eileen turned her head slightly on her arm and he saw one bright eye looking up at him with—no, impossible . . . but it *was*—the sidelong-glancing eye was brimming with laughter.

"Poor boy," she said in a muffled voice, her mouth hidden against the sleeve of her jersey. "You only just got to me in time, didn't you? What a narrow squeak."

He found himself surprised in a strained attitude, sitting bolt upright on his mackintosh, pompous, on the defensive, gazing warily down at her.

She was *laughing*. . .

Oh, then it was really over. Relax.

What on earth had this difficult struggle been about?

He collapsed with a grunt of relief, rolling over so that his head was against hers and her sleeve tickled his face. He flung an arm across her shoulders and lay still, inhaling the smell of the grass and the sun-warmed mackintosh.

WHEN Charles opened the door of the house in London, Miriam pounced on him with a silent rush which suggested anxious vigilance. She drew him at once, without a word, into the drawing room. Observing the discreet, mature way in which she gently closed the door before throwing her arms around him, he was struck by the old pervading caution and suspicion which the house breathed.

"I was so afraid you wouldn't come in time," she whispered, hanging round his neck. "You did say I needn't go, didn't you? Didn't you, daddy?"

He held her off at arm's length and looked at her. She was without her spectacles, and her hair, newly washed and curled at the ends, fell softly backward from her neck in a way that arrested him. Taking it all in, her parted lips, her pale flawless skin, her large luminous short-sighted eyes, he perceived at once, disturbingly, that this was his first authentic glimpse of the possible Miriam in whom he had dimly believed, but who always till now had lain so blightingly concealed—suspected, hoped for, but without much faith—under rats'-tails and spectacles. He now saw for a certainty the lines she would follow, and the discovery startled him and made him feel suddenly at a loss, in the same moment that it charmed him.

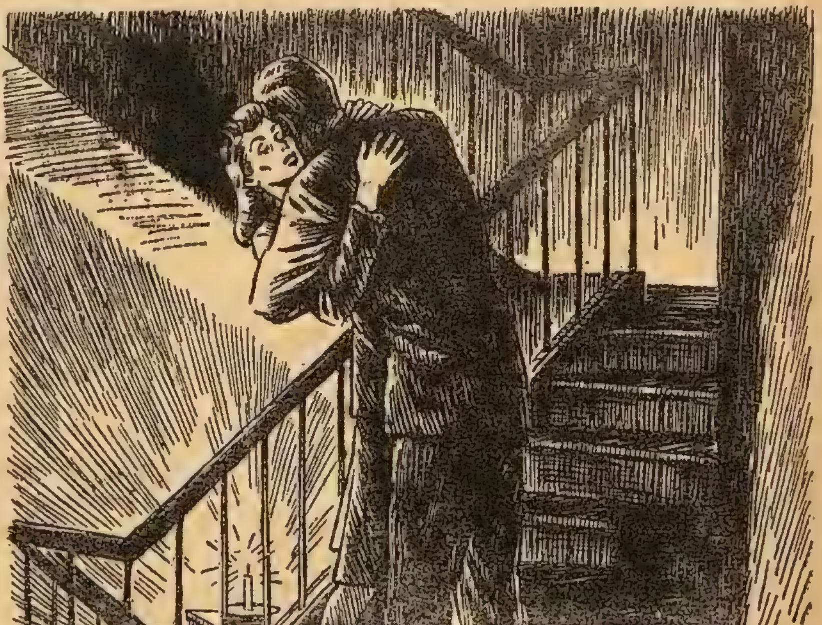
"What do you mean?" he said, staring at her.

"You *did* say I could stay with you! Mother won't hear of it. I'm packed for, and everything. We're to go at three o'clock."

"Where to?"

"To Liverpool. Grandma's got us all cabins on an American boat. It's leaving for New York tonight."

She looked at him with desperate appeal, holding his arms, then swept her hair back from her ears with the old nervous gesture, shaking off the romantic illusion of promise and becoming a child again, lanky and oddly pathetic without her spectacles.



He considered quickly.

"But what should I do with you then, if you stayed behind?"

"Oh, anything! It doesn't matter," she said. "I can go back to school on the twentieth. *I* don't mind."

"But if your ticket's bought, and you're packed for and everything?" He was beginning to waver. Miriam, as a part of his recklessness? How did she fit in? Could she be made to?

"But you *promised,*" said Miriam, aghast. "I *told* them so, and they wouldn't believe it, but I knew that as soon as you got back. . . . " He saw her waiting for him, waking early and watching the square from her high window, submitting to packing and preparations, and all the time only fearing that he would be too late and by sheer unintentional accident betray her trust, never dreaming that he hadn't given her a thought, hadn't once remembered to glance at her predicament.

He attempted a last evasion.

"Won't you mind being separated from Philip?"

She shook her head and the soft unfamiliar locks came curling forward again, putting him once more in the presence of a promised person.

"I don't mind anything, really," she said, "except leaving you." And at that he found his mind made up, and knew that whatever he might be driven to by circumstances, he would never incur the guilt of that particular betrayal.

"Don't worry," he said. "I'll see about it," and patted her on the shoulder and went upstairs.

Isabella's bedroom was in mild disorder, the floor built up with boxes and a huge open cabin trunk and foaming with tissue paper. She got up abruptly as Charles came in, and stood with her back to the fire, holding her cup of coffee, and he felt the atmosphere at once crackling with hostility.

"So you're really off this afternoon?" he said, glancing at the trunk. "You managed to get bookings?"

"Who told you that?" said Isabella, looking very hard at him.

"I met Miriam on the stairs. She told me."

Isabella turned up her eyes in exasperation.

"That child! She's been the *last* straw. We've had nothing but rows and scenes these last two days. I'm thoroughly sick of her."

"Then why take her?" said Charles boldly, snatching at this possible approach to his own matter. "She doesn't want to go, I know. It seems silly to force her."

Isabella stared at him with a controlled face, but he noticed that the hand which held her cup was trembling.

"What do you imagine I'm going for?" she said in a sharp voice. "My own amusement? Doesn't it occur to you that I'm *doing* it for the sake of the children?"

"Yes, I know. But I think you're doing it more for Philip's sake than Miriam's, and as she really seems to dread it, I think she's old enough to be allowed some preference."

"Preference? At *her* age? How can she possibly have any judgment? Besides, it's all settled. Mother's done miracles of wire-pulling and got us all four passages. The boat train goes at three."

"But I promised Miriam," he persisted, "that she shouldn't go if she didn't want to. She's relying on that. I don't see any point in moving her to America against her will. After all, *I'm* not going. I can look after her."

ISABELLA stared at him for a long moment with queer intensity. Meeting her eyes at last under the discomfort of her silence, he was dismayed to see them suddenly fill with tears. She turned round from him abruptly and leaned her elbow on the mantelpiece, dropping her head on her hand.

"I *don't* understand you," she said. "I simply don't.

"Charles," she added, "won't you come with us? I mean, if Miriam does want to stay behind."

"And let Miriam stay by herself in London, while I use her ticket?"

Isabella flushed.

"Don't answer me like that! Of course she wouldn't be alone anywhere. She'd be at school."

"What she wants," said Charles slowly, "is, oddly enough, I think, to stay with me."

Isabella stared at him for a moment with what looked like hatred, and then put her hands up to her head, as though to steady it.

"Oh—do what you damned well please," she said.

She stood quite still, and Charles became aware of the quiet ticking of the little bedside clock, inexorably marking the moments as they fell, and as he failed to make use of them.

"I don't think," said Isabella presently in a strained voice, not looking at him, "that I can go on packing while you stand in the room like that. I can't concentrate."

"All right," he said quietly, "there's plenty of time. We can discuss details later."

He made his way unobtrusively to the door, which opened silently as he put out his hand to it. It was Sybil, on padded slippers and in a satin dressing gown, moving in her own cloud of exhaled tobacco.

"Isabella thought you were certain to be too late," she said, holding her opulent satin draperies with one hand and putting her half-smoked cigarette in her mouth with the other, "but I said no, if I know my Charles, he won't fail us, and I booked you a seat on the train with us, in spite of everything."

"But I'm not coming!" said Charles, with a startled sense of having been, after all, mistaken.

"Oh, only to Liverpool," she laughed at him.

"I want to talk to you," she added, and moved confidently away to the door of her own room across the landing. Charles closed Isabella's door behind him and followed warily.

Sybil swept up a heap of letters from the armchair at the foot of her bed and settled herself on the small sofa opposite.

She was waiting for him to begin, leisurely expectant, not pressing him.

"I'm afraid," he said, taking the line which seemed comparatively the easiest, "that Isabella's still very much upset over my not coming with you."

"I knew from the first that you wouldn't come. It's taken Isabella longer to realize it, you see. And she's correspondingly, as a result, rather more exhausted."

"How much does she mind?" said Charles abruptly.

"She minds, I should judge, much less at the moment than she will presently. It won't be until the war is started, with the Atlantic Ocean between you, that she'll realize it may be for years and it may be forever."

Their eyes met, and again Charles had the uncanny feeling that she knew precisely what he intended to do, and was waiting for him to tell her. To gain time he slowly took out his case and lit a cigarette, listening as he did so to a second prompting which warned him, whatever he did, on no account to hand himself over to Sybil.

"And what attitude do *you* take?" he asked her, with the faintest possible smile. "I won't promise to be guided by it, but I should like to know what it is."

"My attitude, now," she said, after a long pause, looking down at her hands. "I'm a realist, Charles. I think I see what the situation is, and my attitude—my attitude, I believe, is that the time's come for Isabella to paddle her own canoe."

She paused, seeming incredibly to have some difficulty in finding words, and after an uneasy interval, got up without looking at him and went to the dressing table.

"It's a thing," she said, opening a drawer and methodically beginning to sort out some small possessions, "that Isabella's never been very good at, has she? Perhaps in some ways, Charles, you aren't the right man for her. With all her wonderful qualities, she hasn't the necessary stamina." She looked at him in the mirror with a crooked smile, the turned-down ironical corners of her mouth preparing an atmosphere of protective mockery for what she was going to say. "In that respect, you know, it's really me you ought to have married—not Isabella."

She laughed and continued:

"I think that there's no longer, my dear Charles, much good to be got out of you. At least by Isabella. And though I'm fond of you, as you know, I'm bound to look at the question from her side."

"Have you discussed it, then?" said Charles, hardly daring to breathe.

"Oh, no," said Sybil lightly. "Isabella's not happy at present, but she's at least preoccupied. There's nothing to be gained, at this moment, by disturbing that preoccupation."

CHARLES gazed at her blankly, with a sense of the ground growing hollow under his feet.

"I'm not prejudiced, I think," she went on. "I see Isabella as she is, and I see that she has very much to recommend her. She's an exceedingly attractive woman, Charles. And she's not penniless. In fact," she wound up confidingly, "there might be a school of thought taking a view that she'd been rather thrown away up to the present."

"I see what you mean," said Charles.

"So you see," said Sybil, quite as if it had been satisfactorily arranged between them, "that's why I don't want her upset at this particular juncture. I think it's essential you should come to Liverpool and see us off. Not to do so might easily cause a hitch, and there's nothing to be gained by being caught in England, where I fear everything's likely to be very boring for a long, long time."

"I see," said Charles again. He was seized by so many surprising thoughts at once that he hardly knew what to consider first. What it amounted to, then, was that he was being—well, *dropped,* and Sybil thought she was doing it all herself and had not told Isabella. He should be glad, he told himself, for here was an unexpected aid to escape, and of course he would profit by it; but at the same time he was absurdly disconcerted to learn that it was not he who was escaping at all, but Isabella—though without knowing it as yet; hidden in blind unconsciousness under her mother's wing. He saw it, that course, in sudden illumination. Isabella was to marry again, in America, and do far better. It was all quite obvious and easy. Sybil had the example of her own good fortune to give her confidence: at forty-five or thereabouts she had married her millionaire; and Isabella at thirty-eight, good-looking, would be a comparatively simple proposition. He assented, not without chagrin, to the surprising scene, identifying his own part in it as something which had to be gently brushed aside—a pity, a likable person, but a failure.

"Then there's the question of Miriam," said Sybil, taking another cigarette out of a blue paper packet and lighting it from her old one. She puffed a cloud of smoke. "We've had a lot of trouble these last few days from that quarter."

"I know she's set her heart on not going, and I think she ought to be allowed to stay behind. I said as much to Isabella, but she seemed quite determined."

"Well, you see," said Sybil, drooping her eyelids with a trace of irony, "if Isabella's going to America for the children's sake, she thinks they ought to go too. It's only logical."

"Yes, but Miriam's old enough to have feelings about it, and they happen to be very strong. Also—let's admit it, Sybil—Isabella isn't really at all fond of the child. So she's evidently insisting on taking her for some other reason."

"Oh, I dare say she has another reason."

"And you know quite well she'll regret it when she gets her there. She'll wish she'd left her with me."

"There's something in that." Sybil looked at him musingly, feeling her way, and he sensed that on this point she was absolutely at one with him—that the presence of Miriam in California, for whatever punitive motive Isabella had carried her there, would be nothing but a dreary blot on the smiling landscape.

"Well," said Charles, feeling that here at least he could safely hand himself over, "suggest something, Sybil. I'm sure you can manage it."

"Oh, I can manage it, Charles, if you don't mind, just for once, being the least little bit ruthless."

They actually smiled at each other on this, but Sybil was immediately grave again and perfectly decorous.

"Well—I should cancel her passage by telephone. And then after lunch, you can tell Miriam to make herself scarce—send her to the Natural History Museum or something. We'll bring Isabella round on the train."

Her last words struck on his memory like a gong, and he got up, visibly startled.

"I can't come to Liverpool with you, Sybil. I'm awfully sorry."

"My dear Charles, you must! There's really a limit to how badly you can behave."

They exchanged a long look, in which something was said on both sides which was never uttered. Charles' look said, quite plainly enough for Sybil, "Can't you see that everything depends on my not leaving London?" And hers, sternly and deeply bent on him with all the force of her will, "Unless you keep it up till the last minute, Isabella will suspect something and refuse to go—and my plan will be ruined. . . . Yours, too," she added presently, still without speaking, but allowing herself the beginning of a smile, the dawning triumph of a chess player in the last second before his adversary realizes the completeness of the mate.

"When does the boat sail?" said Charles at last, now gloomily reduced to calculations.

"Midnight. You'll get plenty of trains back to London."

"There's only the eight fifteen tomorrow morning."

"Well, what time does it get to Euston?"

"Twelve fifty-eight."

"Well?" said Sybil again, on a note of impatience.

There was nothing to be said to this, unless he told her everything, and his old experience of her warned him in a most positive voice that this would still be dangerous. . . . She knew, of course, really, everything; and it flashed on him with ironical surprise that his superstitious dread of her perception, his old sense of her penetrating watchfulness, had been well founded. She had seen him, after an interval of years, as still held to Isabella by the lightest and most insecure of threads. And after sounding him at every point and allowing the atmosphere of his married life to act on her intuitions, she had decided to lift Isabella clean away while there was still time and set her down for a fresh start in new and rich, splendidly auspicious American surroundings.

HE pressed out his cigarette in the ash tray and gave a wan smile. He became aware for the first time that he was tired, but everything was falling most deservedly into place, and he had only to gather himself now for a last endurance, for a few hours of Isabella's speech and eyes—and the thing was done. And it was Sybil—greatest miracle of all—who had smoothed his path.

He smiled at her almost cheerfully.

"Thank you for—so very characteristically—solving the difficulty about Miriam. And—for other things as well," he added, with sudden embarrassment. He met her look quite frankly for the first and last time. "I must say I even admire you."

She pushed him to the door, laughing.

"Oh, admire me always, of course," she said thrusting him forth with good humor.

THE END.

Puzzle 307 B 3/10/45

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

THE anonymous heroes of the Polish resistance movement, matching their courage and ingenuity against the Nazi steam roller, developed some very neat methods, says **Jan Karski** in **Story of a Secret State.**

On one occasion, Lieutenant Karski and his friends were having trouble with informers—"collaborators"—who were beginning to gather an uncomfortable amount of information about the make-up of the local underground organization. The underground workers put their heads together, and soon the spies had disappeared. The method by which this was accomplished was a beautifully simple one—the patriots obtained samples of the informers' handwriting, and sent forged letters to Berlin applying for service in the German Army. . . . These applications, says Lieutenant Karski, were accepted with admirable speed and efficiency—and it would have been distinctly unwise for the "volunteers" to say that the exemplary Nazi sentiments expressed in the letters were a hoax.

Jan Karski

Fighting fire with fire, the group dealt with another traitor more drastically. They waylaid him in the woods, hanged him, and left an efficiently forged suicide note. The resultant blow to the prestige of the Gestapo was a major victory.

Gently-bred women, says Lieutenant Karski, were among those who took an active part in this grim work. To survive, they needed two factors on their side—a great deal of ingenuity and good luck.

Not all of them had the good luck.

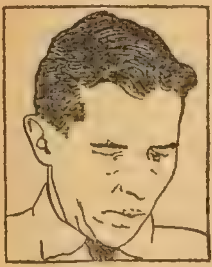
Story of a Secret State, like Maurice Kessel's Army of Shadows, which gave the history of the French underground movement, is derived from firsthand sources.

These stories of the fight against Nazi beastliness stagger the imagination. But it's our times that are out of joint, not our historians.

Published by the Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. Price $3.

AMONG the high-powered executives of Hollywood there are two schools of thought concerning writers. Some of the producers regard screen playwrights as a necessary evil; others are inclined to omit the word necessary.

If you'd like to know how most Hollywood writers feel about their bosses, particularly in sad moments when they're crying into their champagne, you can find most of the answers in **Miss Dilly Says No,** by **Theodore Pratt.**



Theodore Pratt

Miss Dilly is a forty-seven-year-old Cinderella, employed as a stenographer at one of the studios. She writes a diary which becomes an overnight best seller. What follows is a part of the wish-fulfillment dream of all workers in the industry. Every picture company in town—including the one for which she is working at $37.50 a week—puts in a bid for the movie rights of her book. And Miss Dilly accepts none of the offers. . . . Why? "I don't feel like it," she explains magnificently.

The author has found a suitable Prince Charming for Miss Dilly in Mr. Horatio, the shy capitalist. One of his pronouncements has a classic ring to it. "Anybody can be a financier," says Mr. Horatio. "All you need is the money."

Published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, New York. Price $2.50.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 A Gildersleeve
9 You've got to be strong at both ends to win this game
14 Oin a particle
15 N. G. man
16 You can fence this in
17 The Bulge
19 Vegetable sugar daddy
21 He feared God and took his own part
22 This kind of yellow thing runs
23 A twist of the wrist followed by a flip on the hip
24 Big Ears Itch (abbr.)
25 Opposite of the offs
26 One of the crookedest things in Italy
27 Every man is good to the last one
28 Servant (rare); member of the over-privileged class
30 Person who tries to drink it up faster than they make it
31 Its theme song: Dig, Dig, Dig
33 Come a long way
34 Husbands discover lovers hidden in closets—bang, bang!
36 G. I.'s favorite hot spot
38 Pertinent little thing
39 Prairie crooner, whose voice attracts thousands of fat little followers
41 Old-fashioned glamor
42 Italian city, English translation: Do you know of a?
44 Pointy-chin Dick, the paper Hawkshaw
45 Backward sap
46 This New Yorker's stuff is sure a sketch!
48 Female frontispiece
49 What Pointy-chin Dick is always smellin' out
50 Naughty part of the church
52 The future of the horse
54 I love thee, Bull! (Basic Bovine)
55 Get in the hair of
56 Inspirational glamorag
57 Gal's name: Lame pa, anagrammatically
60 You'll get a laff out of it
61 Suitcases, with nai's
62 Medieval hep chick (arch.)
63 Hole up
65 One-eyed bivalve
67 It produces the greatest current crop in America
68 Ruses (anagram)
69 Royal Tommy Manville

VERTICAL

1 Shortage butt ends
2 Eerie croon
3 Barometer
4 Behind this, the devil a monk would be
5 Cause to see stars during a blackout
6 A little Yank
7 Eggheaded Sissies (abbr.)
8 Only bus that isn't crowded these days—puzzling, too!
9 She made her Mark (or vice versa)
10 Broadway gold strike
11 Kind of royal press
12 Big building hold-ups
13 Lucky the man who marries her, she wears so little! (2 words)
18 Rip 'em up, tear 'em up
20 Xworder's favorite cheese
23 There's no ceiling on this dancer
24 The "nude" ex-champ
26 Washington has even put one on cow horns
27 Sugarpussed
28 World's biggest collection agent
29 Bing Crosby married one (2 words)
30 To indulge in the Jack & Jill sport
32 Jerkville Long-hair Jive (vul.)
34 A fire hose on a duck's chassis
35 Divvy up
37 Famous seller out
39 Went horseback riding the day before
40 Elephants Caress Apes (abbr.)
43 Ours leads in the Tokyo regatta
45 Oil wells that ended well for the Allies
47 Wolf with the eyes
49 Italian lake
51 They're always a few sheets in the wind
53 There's a catch to this
54 The cry of Jolson
56 Difficult dental extractions
57 Couple always seen together
58 Vile anagram
59 Turkish regiment
61 Permanent White House fixture
62 Mama Tobin's boy
64 Explanation to follow (abbr.)
66 Kind of lawful gal

G	R	O	U	S	E	■	M	U	S	I	C	■
L	I	T	T	E	R	■	A	R	C	T	I	C
A	V	I	A	T	O	R	S	■	A	C	N	E
M	E	S	H	■	I	O	O	■	R	H	E	A
O	R	■	■	S	C	E	N	T	■	■	M	S
R	A	M	O	N	A	■	S	U	N	D	A	E
■	■	E	R	A	■	■	■	R	O	E	■	■
P	A	N	T	I	E	■	A	N	D	R	E	W
A	L	■	■	L	A	M	P	S	■	■	R	A
R	A	F	T	■	G	O	A	■	B	E	A	N
I	B	I	S	■	L	A	C	R	O	S	S	E
S	A	V	A	G	E	■	H	U	N	T	E	R
■	M	E	R	I	T	■	E	G	G	E	R	S

Last week's answer

1	2	3		4	5	6	7	8	■	9	10	11	12	13
14			■	15					■	16				
17			18				■	19	20			■	21	
22						■	23				■	24		
■	■	25			■	26				■	27			
28	29			■	30			■	31	32			■	
33			■	34				35	■	36			37	
38		■	39						40			■	41	
42		43			■	44					■	45		
	■	46			47	■	48			■	49			
50	51			■	52	53			■	54			■	■
55			■	56				■	57				58	59
60		■	61				■	62						
63		64			■	65	66				■	67		
68					■	69								

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

A good detective might "see" a man this way

He's about five feet nine (because those trousers in his trunk have an inseam of 30 inches)

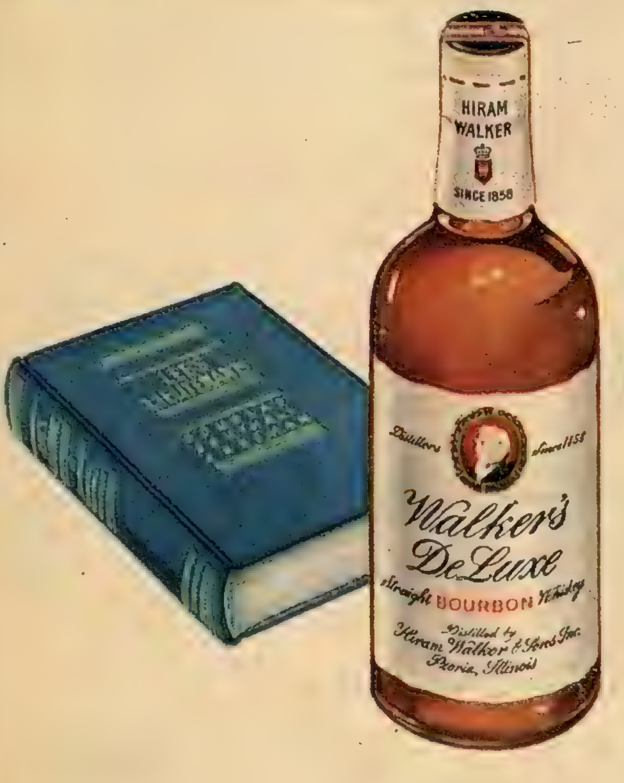
He weighs about 155 pounds (because the waist-band of those trousers measures 32 inches)

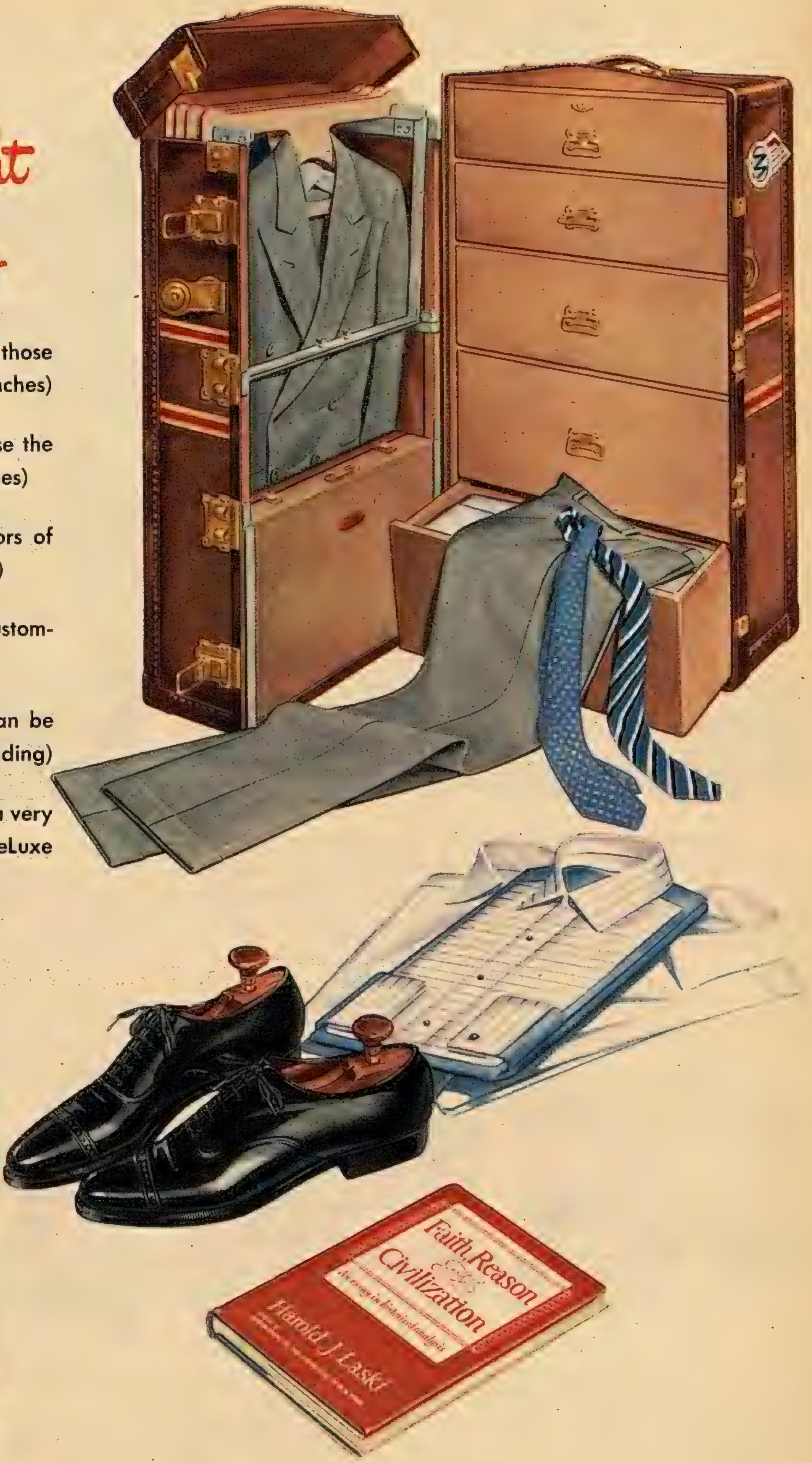
He's light-haired, blue-eyed (the colors of his shirts and ties make that a pretty safe bet)

He's suave, well mannered (his fine, custom-made shoes would indicate that)

He's cultured, well educated (you can be sure of that by glancing at the books he's reading)

He's a keen judge of good whiskey (a very simple deduction. That bottle of Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon is a complete giveaway)


HIRAM WALKER
SINCE 1858
Distillers
Since 1858
Walker's DeLuxe
Straight BOURBON Whiskey
Distilled by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc. Peoria, Illinois


Faith, Reason and Civilization
An essay in historical analysis
Harold J. Laski

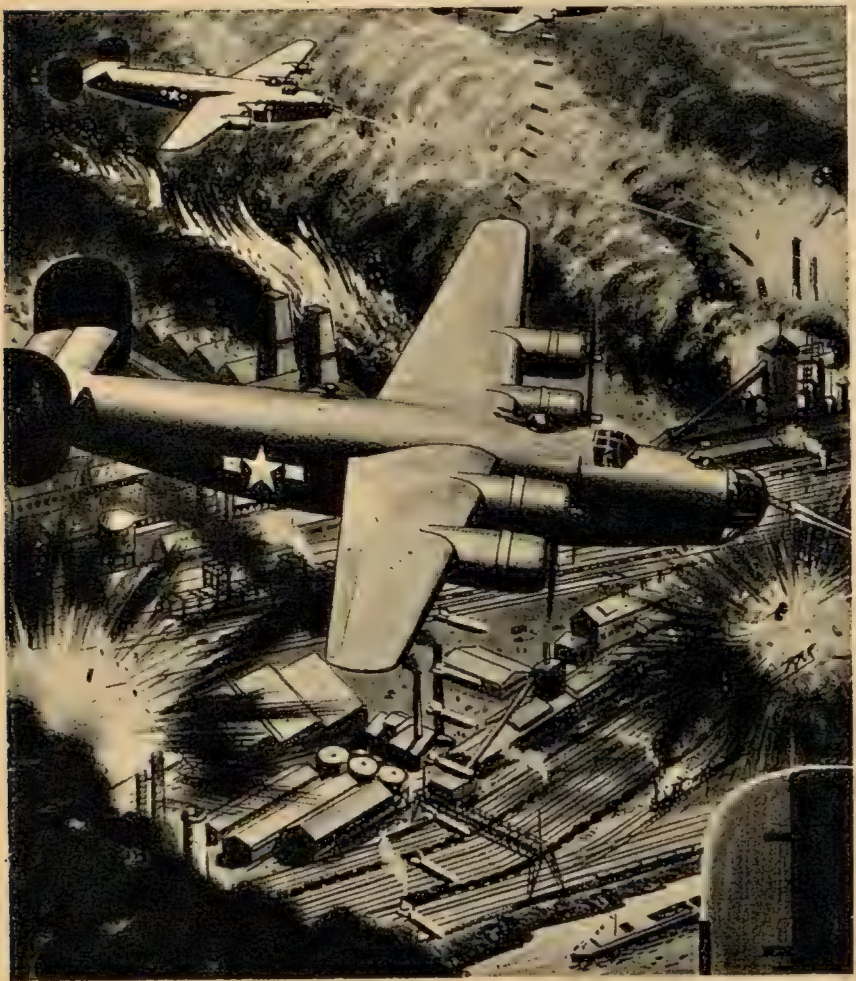
Walker's DeLuxe

These two words mean a great straight bourbon

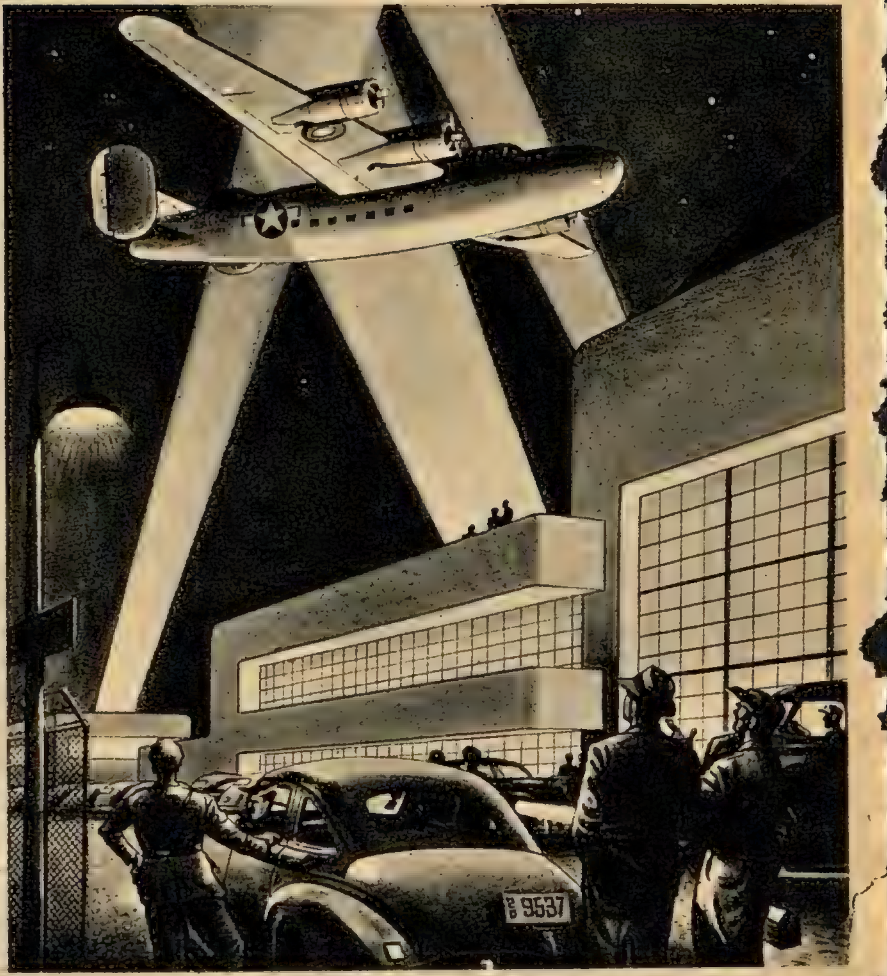
Straight bourbon whiskey. 86 proof. This whiskey is 4 years old. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

This Liberator shut down a factory

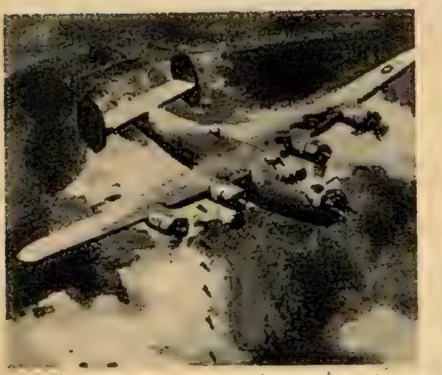
This Liberator kept one running



1. These explosions mark the site of an Axis armament factory deep inside Germany. The plant was operating full blast, until the Liberators came over and dropped their tons of demolition bombs. Now this factory won't be doing business at the old stand for a long time to come, if ever. This story could be repeated over and over again.

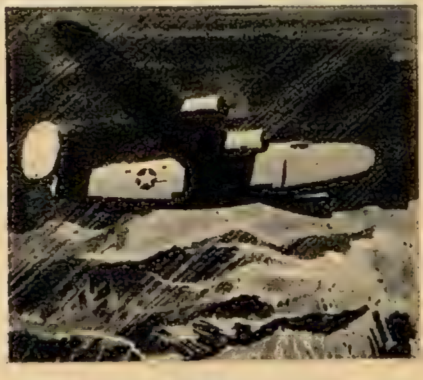


2. Here you see a U. S. radar equipment factory. Lacking a certain rare mineral, obtainable today only in India, this plant faced a temporary shutdown. But the threat never materialized. Several tons of the precious ore were loaded into a Liberator Express, which flew its high-priority cargo direct to the factory from India in just 60 hours.



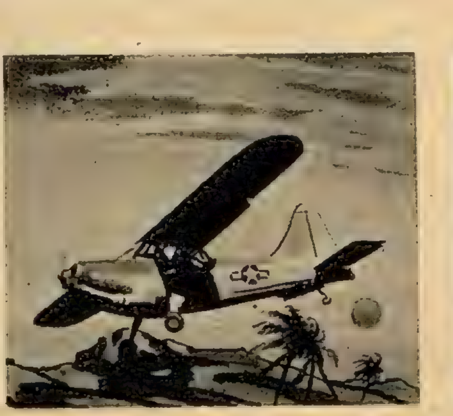
LIBERATOR . . . ***4-engine bomber***

The giant Consolidated Vultee Liberator bomber, with over 3000 miles flying range, tremendous firepower, speed, and multi-ton bomb load, has been blasting the Axis with devastating effect from Berlin to the South Pacific.



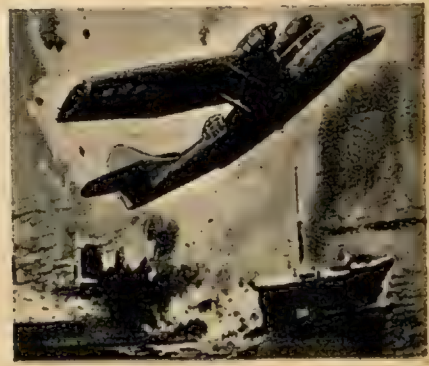
LIBERATOR EXPRESS . . . ***transport***

This cargo-passenger version of the famed Liberator bomber can carry many tons of military equipment for thousands of miles, non-stop. It is daily shuttling personnel and supplies across both the Atlantic and the Pacific.



SENTINEL . . . ***"Flying Jeep"***

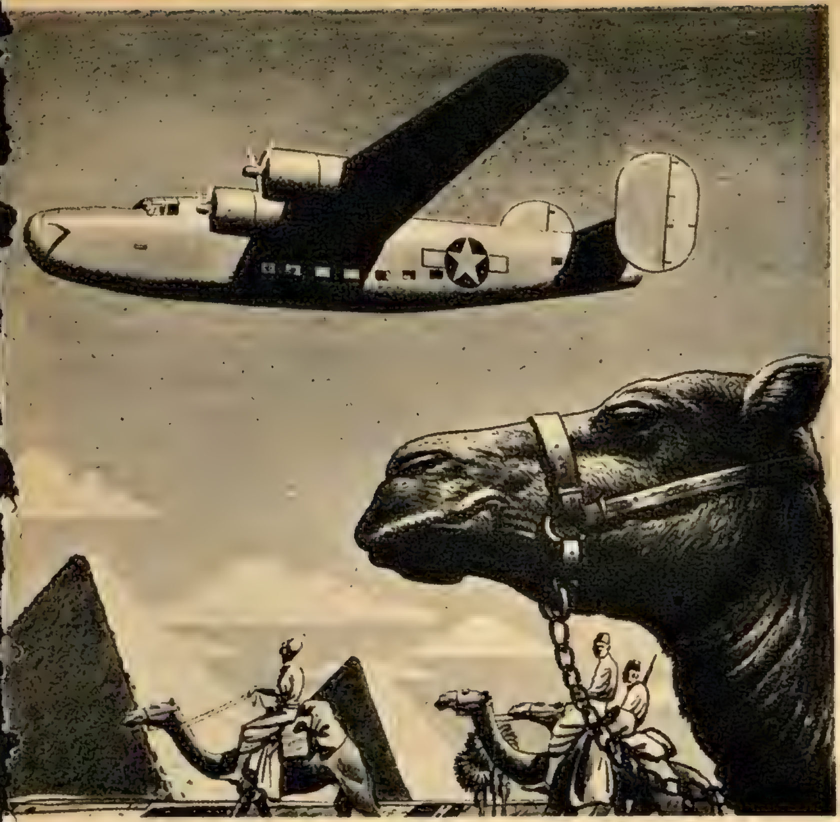
The Consolidated Vultee "Flying Jeep" is a glowing example of how a peacetime plane went to war. Modified to perform a hundred-and-one combat tasks, it has proven to be one of the AAF's most versatile light planes.



CATALINA . . . ***patrol bomber***

The twin-engine "Cat" is the Navy's most famous patrol bomber. It has turned in a glorious performance record, not only as "Eyes of the Fleet," but as a torpedo plane, long-range bomber, rescue plane, and transport.

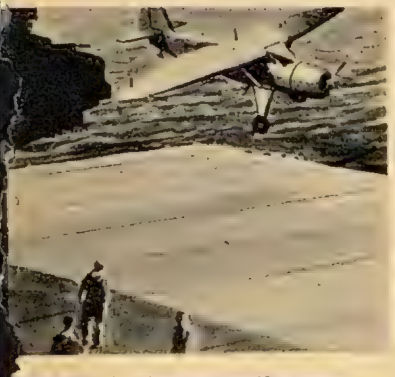
CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT



3. Air Express has come of age. Today, such vital cargoes as tin, mica, tantalite, beryllium, mercury, drugs, nd industrial diamonds are being imported by air at the ate of 40,000,000 pounds a year.

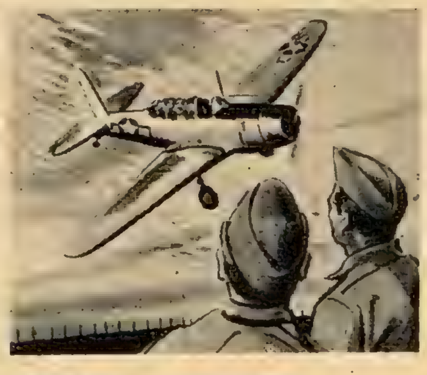
After the war, still bigger transport planes, developed from uch Leviathans of the Air as the multi-ton Consolidated Vultee *Liberator Express*, will fly the global skyways, linking once-distant nations together in peacetime trade and nutual understanding.

No spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport.



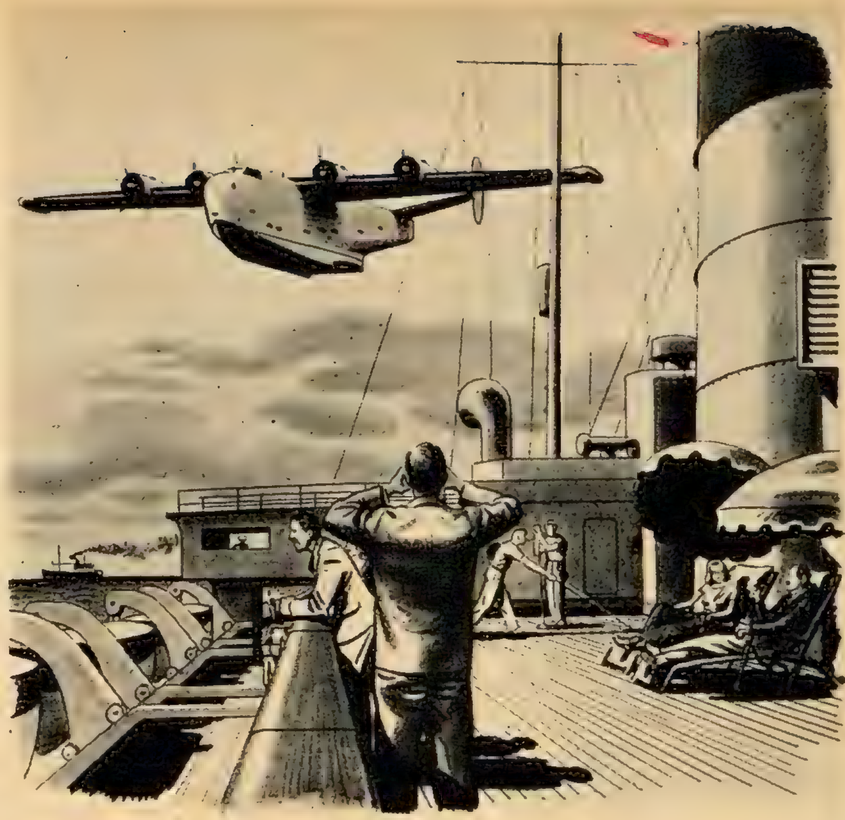
LIANT . . . ***navigational trainer***

favorite plane of many private yers in peacetime, the wartime ersion of the Reliant is now idely used, especially by Royal avy pilots, for all-important nstrument-flight instruction and avigational training.



VALIANT . . . ***basic trainer***

The Valiant is a swift, rugged two-place basic trainer, in which practically all of the Army and Navy pilots in this war received their basic training. This dependable trainer has a service ceiling of 21,000 feet.



4. Still another job awaits the airplane when the war is over . . .

As a nation, we know now that the desire for peace is not enough. Peace which we are not strong enough to defend is not peace at all.

We know, too, that Air Power is a force the aggressor nations understand and respect.

If America maintains an invincible postwar Air Force—and a healthy, progressive aircraft industry to keep that Air Force at peak efficiency—we shall have in the airplane a potent, ever-vigilant guardian of the peace.

Don't miss it! The screen version of Moss Hart's great stage hit—presented by 20th Century-Fox, in association with the Army Air Forces.

"Winged Victory" is the name of the Consolidated Vultee Liberator bomber used in the picture.

MOSS HART'S

Winged Victory

PRODUCED BY DARRYL F. ZANUCK . . . DIRECTED BY GEORGE CUKOR

(All the planes shown here were designed and developed by Consolidated Vultee)

CORPORATION

San Diego, Calif.
Vultee Field, Calif.
Fairfield, Calif.
Tucson, Ariz.
Fort Worth, Texas
New Orleans, La.
Nashville, Tenn.
Louisville, Ky.
Wayne, Mich.
Dearborn, Mich.
Allentown, Pa.
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GENUINE 100% ROUND WIRE "SPEED" STAPLES

UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED these are the finest staples ever produced . . . Perfected by SPEED's Engineering Staff after years of development . . . They're *precision-made —uniform in quality and in count* . . . Every staple on a strip is in *accurate alignment* . . . GENUINE "SPEED" STAPLES achieve *better, smoother penetration* . . . And, being round wire, they are *free from the film of excess glue* that collects on ordinary staples and which is a common cause of clogging.

GENUINE "SPEED" STAPLES are the best you can use in *any* standard stapling machine. But when used in SPEED Swingline STAPLERS — you have the smoothest stapling team in the world working for you!

Speed Products Co. • Long Island City 1, N. Y.

DARK ANGELS OF DOOM

Continued from Page 13

loosely-gathered group—largely experimental—the Red Tails have been welded into a self-contained, smoothly-running organization which includes all technical equipment and personnel necessary to keep planes in the air.

Pilots, as in every flying outfit, are the stars, but it takes from seven to ten men to keep one pilot going. These men work in the departments, headed by Negro commissioned officers, which include mess, morale, sanitation, hospitalization, supply, communications, ordnance, armament, engineering, maintenance, inspection, and administration. A Negro chaplain, Captain Cyrus W. Perry, acts as religious adviser and holds services regularly.

By and large the men represent a cross section of Negro life, except that the level of education is above average. Almost 30 per cent of the combined air and ground crews have attended college. Nearly all the pilots are college graduates, a number of them having left well-paid professional work to join the Air Force. Some were formerly nationally-known athletes like Lieutenant Bernie Jefferson, All-America football player from Northwestern University.

Three quarters of the commissioned officers, numbering more than 200, were born and reared in the North. The great bulk of the enlisted men, however, comes from below the Mason-Dixon line. Some stepped straight into the Air Force from tobacco and cotton fields. Few had ever been out of their rural home towns.

But they are trying to make the most of their new opportunities. The majority of them now hope to make aviation a lifetime career. They are showing initiative and inventiveness. More than two dozen devices to improve the performance of combat planes have come from their efforts. These range from a complicated gun switch to a simple spark-plug cleaner. The Air Force as a whole has benefited.

I talked with Sergeant Percy Corbin, a Southern-born, short, heavy-set young man with a thick mustache. He was group electrical specialist. In collaboration with Sergeant Alexander Crawford, he had perfected a device to test an engine's actuator—a gadget controlling the cooling shutter which regulates the temperature of plane engines.

I asked him about his device. Promptly he produced a blueprint and explained: "The problem we faced was how to test the actuator without waiting three or four hours for the engine to cool. In war, you know, time is important.

"We found a way to make a device which enables us to remove and test the actuator in the shop. This ends the need for a test hop, saves time and gas." He added modestly, "We've set a schedule for ourselves. We try to put out somethin' at least once a month."

TALKS with the men revealed that the organization's high morale was not based on the broad objectives of the war, though in a sense each man was acting out his faith in democracy. Actually it was a unit morale, somehow bound up with ambition for the race. They performed well out of loyalty to one another.

When I asked one pilot who had distinguished himself in action against the enemy how he felt in moments of extreme peril, I received a typical answer: "Say, man, I don't know. There's too much to keep us busy. We don't have time to think. Most of us are as scared as hell till we start throwin' stuff at Jerry."

"It's surprising how few men have trie to get out of the Negro Fighter Group, Major V. H. Marchbanks, chunky Negr flight surgeon, observed. "Perhaps two o three, not more. None of these wante to leave because of the poor morale. Ther were other causes. And we've never ha a pilot flatly refuse to go on a comba mission—no matter how dangerous.

"However, I have had to send home five or six men because they had reached the limit of their efficiency. They were showing signs of flight fatigue, which made them dangerous to themselves and the other fellows. All of them, though, had already flown more than fifty combat missions."

One morning early I attended a briefing It was held in a stable that had bee converted into an assembly hall. The pilots sat on stools facing a platform behind which were spread huge maps of Europe and Asia. A sign on one wall said:

WANTED FOR MURDER—YOU! IF YOU ARE THE ONE WHO BLABS ABOUT TARGETS . . . ROUTES . . . SCRUBBED MISSIONS

"GENTLEMEN, the flight today is a low-level strafing mission. The target is Vienna," was the first crisp announcement. The officer speaking lifted a long pointer and traced red markings on the map t indicate the route to the objective. The effect of the announcement was immediate, for low-level strafing is one of th most hazardous air operations, and everyone knew it.

I watched the pilots to see how they were reacting. A long-legged fellow with his cap pushed back on his head, who might have been a dancer in a different time and place, smiled slightly. A very light-skinned chap wet his lips and nudged his neighbor. The gesture was full of meaning. A big bruiser of a boy only knitted his brows. I recognized cold purpose in his phlegmatic manner.

"Tough stuff," one pilot remarked.

I turned back toward the platform. The operations officer, a tall well-built Negro from Spokane, was instructing the pilots on the altitude to fly, the direction to take, the tactics to employ when approaching the target, and the formation to assume. When finished, he looked around quizzically to see whether it had all sunk in. It had apparently.

Next, the intelligence officer, a Texan with a coffee-and-cream complexion and a precise manner, told of the probable amount of flak to be faced and estimated the enemy's fighter strength. Then he evaluated the progress of the Allies on al fighting fronts, finally emphasizing th mission's part in this larger picture.

From here the weather officer took over. He was greeted with audible comments and smiles, for he is the constant butt of jokes about his predictions. A graduate of the Harvard School of Meteorology, he had a broad good-natured face and a very dark skin. Without delay, he detailed th type of weather they were to expect, lev of cloud layers, direction and velocity o the wind, icing level, and cloud formations to be avoided.

After approximately an hour of such careful briefing, Major George S. "Spanky" Roberts, commander of the group in th absence of Colonel Davis, rose to re emphasize a few of the more important points. Major Roberts, a veteran of th North African campaign, was a very cle speaker who wound up on a jocular not

"Now, like they say in the movies, 'Goo luck and happy hunting!' "

The pilots laughed. In a few minutes these Dark Angels of Doom would be airborne, heading toward the enemy.

THE END

FOR BETTER SAUCE ...

FOR BETTER SOUP

HEINZ
Condensed
CREAM OF
TOMATO
SOUP
57 VARIETIES
MADE BY
H.J. HEINZ COMPANY
57

FOR BETTER SOUP sit down to a bowl of Heinz Cream of Tomato! melike as a fire in the grate, this soup is bright with the glow of Heinz ristocrat" tomatoes, thick with heavy cream, delectably seasoned! w condensed—Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup is better than ever. Best all—you should have no trouble getting it at your grocery store.

FOR BETTER SAUCE—The rich, full cream and racy flavor of Heinz am of Tomato Soup give special zest to sauces—a tang to hashes, ws, casseroles, spaghetti. Try these two recipes—and be convinced.

ARBECUE MEAT LOAF SAUCE

'll never know how good meat loaf taste till you've dressed it up like this:

mbine 1 can Heinz Condensed Cream Tomato Soup, undiluted, with ½ cup z India Relish, ¼ cup finely chopped . 1 tbs. Heinz Worchestershire Sauce, s. flour. Heat thoroughly.

find this makes a smooth, enticing e that's simply grand over hamburgers, hot dogs or any kind of grilled fish!

FRICATELLI

How you can make plain boiled rice and sausage win the family's plaudits:

Arrange in layers in a greased casserole, 3 cups cooked rice and 1 lb. browned, drained country sausage. Sprinkle each layer with chopped onion (use 1 onion). Pour on Heinz Condensed Cream of Tomato Soup, undiluted. Sprinkle with 2 tbs. grated cheese. Bake in a moderately hot oven (375°F) for 30 min.

sk your grocer for your free copy of "57 Ways To Use Heinz Condensed Soups"

HEINZ

CREAM OF TOMATO

SOUP

COMING UP: THE ONE-WOMAN KITCHEN

Continued from Page 21

popular-priced automobile." Some manufacturers have indicated that a complete but modest kitchen can be had for as low as 10 per cent of the building cost of a new home. Inasmuch as kitchens have been designed for houses costing $5,000 to $6,000, the assumption would be that an entire kitchen could be had for $500 or $600. This may be a sound basic estimate, but of course it does not include all the smaller appliances, such as toasters, steri-lamps, pressure saucepans, and garbage grinders. It is safe to say, however, that modern kitchens will be as inexpensive as the manufacturers can possibly make them, and will operate, as a unit, at lower cost than a collection of the present appliances.

FEW people realize that housekeeping is the biggest industry in the country, bigger than steel, textile, and railroad industries combined. Housewives spend more than thirty billion dollars a year, and on the 36,500,000 homes and farms in the country more work is done by women than is done by all of the iron and steel workers in America.

Today four or five million women are working in war plants. They have become power-conscious; they have seen and experienced the many utilitarian devices long accepted by industry. In the postwar world, women will want to apply the principles used in industry to their own work at home. They know that electric power can shift the load from their hands, where it is a burden, to the powerhouse, where it belongs.

THE END

EUROPE EXPECTS TO DO IT ALONE

Continued from Page 23

longer puts his money chiefly on one horse. Britain cultivates Russia and France for close alliance as assiduously as she cultivates America. And that British doubts about America's permanent conversion to internationalism continue is shown by these words of William L. Shirer, writing in the New York Herald Tribune from London last fall:

"Toward the United States, the British continue to entertain doubts of such magnitude as to almost shock a newly arrived American visitor. They have nothing but praise for our armies, for what our armed forces have done in France and in the Pacific, but they are surprisingly skeptical about our role in the postwar world."

Why is there all this uncertainty in Europe? Do not the liberated nations realize that they would still be under the German heel if it were not for the physical might of America?

Certainly Europe realizes that. Talk to a veteran of the British desert army of Africa, or to a cockney whose home was blown up in the London blitz, or to a Greek just returning to Athens after three hungry years of exile, and they will fill your ears full of the most profuse thanks you've ever heard. The whole world, outside the Axis, is pro-American.

Yet, after all—or so the Europeans think—Corporal Jones and Private Smith of Uncle Sam's Army are returning to Ohio and Iowa, once victory is won, to take up business at the same old stand. No European fails to notice the vast homesickness of American troops. Once the corporal and the private doff their uniforms, their main worries will be things like finding a j and the state of the corn crop, and getti enough money ahead to buy shoes for t baby and eventually to send Junior off college. Corporal Jones and Private Sm in civilian life will go back to plenty everyday American domestic problems.

When some new Hitler pokes up h head ten or twenty years from now, w Corporal Jones and Private Smith ha the time or the wish to consider sending new army the long distance overseas put down the new threat, and to do immediately and unequivocally?

THIS is the question Europe asks, ar she gives herself the toughest answe possible. She expects that ten or fifty yea from now she will face the job of mai taining peace all alone—not from choic but from sheer necessity. She thinks i going to be completely up to her to ric herd on seventy million hostile German full of all the pathological hatreds whic Germanism seems to create. I repeat th this is the European man-in-the-street private opinion, not the publicly-state expression of his political leaders.

Maybe Jean Dupont in France and Ja Barker in England and Jan Svoboda Czechoslovakia have judged us all wron But for better or for worse, the Europea figure that it's up to them, unaided, to handy with a perpetual big stick. They' ready to play the game the hard way. A the quickest way for any European to himself lynched today would be to sta up and suggest that there may be so good Germans hanging around waiti for the chance to turn Naziland into working democracy.

Jean Dupont and Jack Barker and Ja Svoboda think the only good German a dead one.

THE END

You ease off beard in jigtime, men,
With Thin Gillettes—four blades for ten—
They save you dough and treat you well—
And your face sure looks and feels swell!

Outlast ordinary blades two to one

Produced by the Maker of the Famous Gillette Blue Blade
THIN
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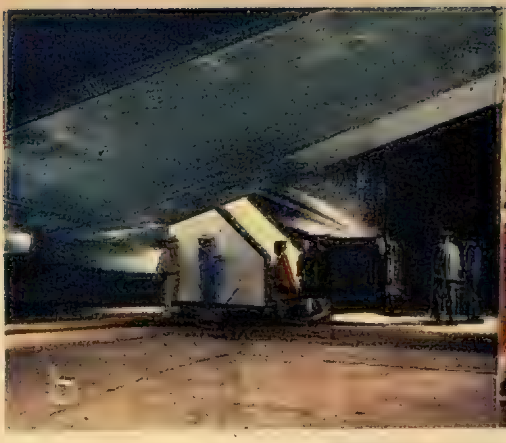
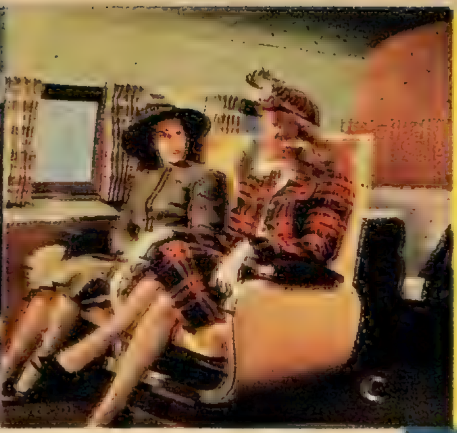
BLADES
Gillette
4 BLADES 10¢
4 for 10¢





a Your world, laid out before you. It is laced with 140,000 miles of air routes.

b Combination passenger-cargo airplanes will carry an expected 9-fold increase in air freight.

c Interior of the new passenger version of the Curtiss Commando, typical of the skyliners that will carry 85% of U.S. airline traffic.

d A Curtiss Commando flying "the hump" on the aerial Burma Road.

"Big Time Driver"

WHAT A 10,000-HOUR PILOT CAN TELL YOU ABOUT THE WORLD OF THE AIR THAT AWAITS YOU

"WE WERE on Christmas Island on Wednesday. On Thursday, we set the wheels down on a New Guinea mud-flat with a load of horses and four-inch guns. The fuzzy-tops had carried in some wounded flyers of ours, across the Owen Stanley Range. We had our wounded at the base hospital in an hour's flying time, and on Friday we took off for the States again, for a steak and a change of shirts."

Sure that's traveling, says this veteran of the ATC. But traveling is his business, and to him the world's just so many whistle stops. As he puts it, "I'm strictly a big-time driver."

What does this all mean to you? "Plenty," he says emphatically. "American equipment has been so proved and improved in the brutal laboratory of war that air transport has achieved a reliability almost beyond belief."

He'll tell you, for instance, how reassuring it is to be able to fly over those Owen Stanley Mountains in a twin-engine transport with a big part of the total engine power in reserve. And how those engines can normally travel four times around the world between major overhauls.

The best estimates are that 20 million Americans will travel by air within three years after the war! Yes, travel *and ship* by air, for today business is basing its plans upon planes, and the reason is truly amazing: Against a cost of 88¢ per ton mile for air cargo in 1939, such equipment as the new Curtiss Commando—powered by two 18-cylinder Wright Cyclone engines harnessed to automatic Curtiss Electric propellers—can operate today at a fraction of that cost.

A new world of the air awaits you. It offers the greatest opportunity our people have ever had to insure our national security, to promote trade, and to provide a richer life for all.

FOR TRADE AND FOR SECURITY . . . LOOK TO THE SKY, AMERICA!

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DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
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ACCORDING TO THE FORMULA OF TANQUERAY, GORDON & CO. LTD.
LONDON, ENGLAND.
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

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BECAUSE OF LIQUEUR QUALITY and HIGH PROOF (94.4)

DRINKS NEVER TASTE THIN WITH . . .

Gordon's Gin

100% Neutral Spirits Distilled from Grain

*Temporarily, due to war conditions, GORDON'S GIN is now being shipped in the Victory round bottle

GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

WHERE'S JULIE?

Continued from Page 29

frou she was a nice girl, a little out of h depth, and I began to like her a lot. began to want to do things for her ow good which, as any man knows, is strict stupid.

But when we were alone, she droppe all the movie-star business and was warm and exciting listener. Maybe tha was why she got to me so. A girl can' have a better quality than the ability t listen to a man talk about himself.

I even told Julie about my early dreams how I had come out of Stanford, in 193 certain that I was going to be the F. Sco Fitzgerald of my time. In preparation fo this career of letters, I had worked o Los Angeles and San Francisco papers. was inadequately prepared for both writing and soldiering by March 18, 1942, wh Mr. Roosevelt notified me I had bee selected for military service.

There were plenty of others in the sam fix, for I wound up as a sergeant, a ta gunner; then a discharged casual with knee that will never let me walk much and, eventually, a unit publicity man fo Apex's publicity big shot, Harry Bradley

Harry is one of the smartest press agen in picture business. He has pulled many star out of a jam by knowing where oth more important bodies are buried. T newspapers hate him, despise his tactics but print the stuff he gives them. The j he tossed me was no bone for a limping useless war vet. Lame or whole, I am good newspaperman. The salary that Ape was paying acknowledged that.

"WASN'T it lucky Harry Bradley assigned you to my picture?" Julie sai happily one afternoon, after we had spen two hours with a Roy Rogers Western an a bag of popcorn.

I sat up as if she had sneaked a liv snake into my bosom.

"Stop calling it *your* picture! If Harr Bradley heard you say that, you'd neve see your name in newspapers."

Deep underneath, Julie knew darne well that she was still in kindergarten s far as movies were concerned. Maybe because she knew it, she still had to put o an act, even with me. I saw the tapped-for-stardom look come over her face an she told me haughtily, "Even Mr. Harna referred to it as the Munro picture th other day."

"Good Lord, darling, stop up your ear with sealing wax. Wear blinders. Don you realize that if it hadn't been for T your face would be lying right now o the cutting-room floor? Sure, Simon picke you; sure, he trained you. But if Te hadn't helped you, Julie Munro would b a dead pigeon. Don't you forget that it's Tex's picture, ever."

We were alone in the little apartmen where Julie lived with her faint-witte Auntie Grace. Auntie was probably rig then rampant in the office of Julie's agen asking him why the Munro salary shou not be tripled at once; she usually was.

Julie got up and walked to the window

"George," she said, and her low, fla voice was just as fascinating as it wa over the sound track, but the script wa decidedly below Apex standards, "you have no faith in me. I started that picture wit a small part. Now I am on the screen a most as much as Tex, if not more. M Simon as much as promised me a lead i the next Tex Warner picture. You sai yourself in that story you showed me yesterday that I was the most sensationa discovery in years."

I could have throttled her. "The kid's

(Continued on page 60)

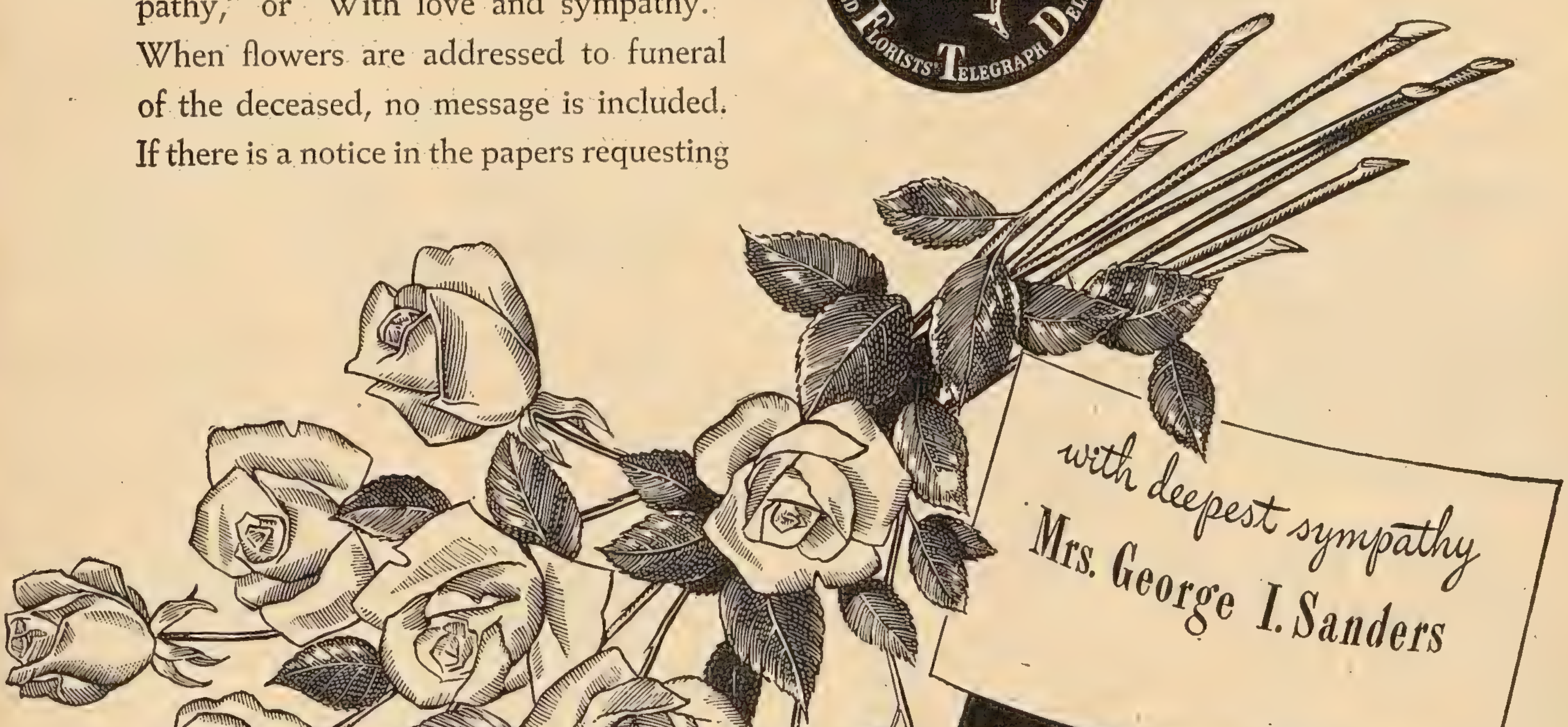
Emily Post says:

Upon the death of a friend you should go at once to the house, write "With sympathy" on your card and leave it at the door. Or, you write a letter to the family. In either case you send flowers, addressed either to the funeral of (name of the deceased) or to the nearest relative. The latter method is preferable, if the relative is a friend. But the former method is followed if the deceased alone was known to you.

On the card accompanying the flowers, and addressed to one of the family, you write "With sympathy," or "With deepest sympathy," or "With heartfelt sympathy," or "With love and sympathy." When flowers are addressed to funeral of the deceased, no message is included. If there is a notice in the papers requesting that no flowers be sent, you disregard it only if you are a very intimate friend.

A very natural impulse of kindness is to send a few flowers with a note either immediately or a few days or weeks after the funeral to any bereaved person who is particularly in your thoughts. A few flowers sent from time to time—possibly for long afterward — are especially comforting in their assurance of continued sympathy.

FLOWERS - BY - WIRE
AUTHORIZED FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY SHOP



FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION

LEADS the WORLD in Smoking Pleasure

PUR-O-MATIC BIT

Exclusive with Royal Duke

SCIENTIFICALLY DESIGNED TO TRAP IMPURITIES

Over 2 Million Men Rely on its Protection

Royal Duke

The shape illustrated above can be had at

$1.50 $2.50 $3.50

CONTINENTAL BRIAR PIPE CO., Inc.
608 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York

(Continued from page 58)

beginning to believe in her own publicity!"

With that I stood up, and my bad knee buckled. Julie walked slowly toward me as Simon had taught her to do in front of the camera. She said nothing, but her blue eyes gave off heat lightning. When she was so close that I could feel her rapid breath, she drew her right arm back and belted me hard with the palm of her hand. The knee buckled again and I almost toppled. Involuntarily I felt of my cheek, and a little blood smeared on my index finger. Julie's ring had left a tiny cut.

I grabbed both of her arms and didn't care whether I hurt her.

"That's part of the act, too. I'm your press agent, remember? I saw you rehearse that yesterday. Well, my name isn't Tex Warner, but I know what to do."

I pushed her back on the davenport and forced a long, violent kiss on her wide mouth. Then we put on a scene which would have sold tickets to anybody's movie, if you could have slipped it through the Hays office.

Before it was over, Julie had wept and wiped her tears. She had kissed the infinitesimal cut at least twenty-seven times, had said she was sorry at least seventeen times, and was lovingly wrapped in papa's arms when Auntie Grace opened the door and screamed.

"Hush, auntie," I said calmly. "Your little girl has had a bad shock and I'm comforting her. Why don't you mix everybody a nice drink?"

Auntie had no sense of humor. She ordered me out of the house. Julie began to cry again. I started to go, then I started to stay, but Aunt Grace settled the matter by opening the door and throwing my hat down the stairs.

The next day, auntie told me I was a viper never again to be permitted the pleasure of Miss Munro's company—except in a business way. Auntie Grace never underestimated the value of publicity.

Miss Munro and I had other ideas. We went on making love. We held hands in restaurants, in spite of Emily Post. We managed to make a few trips, in spite of gas rationing, by night to the hills overlooking Hollywood. There, in spite of Aunt Grace, we clung to each other.

The day after Storm over Cuba was finished, I took Julie to Liz Malloy's cocktail party. It was a two-way celebration. Cuba was done, Julie's career was launched with four stars blazing. And, although Bradley had been cagily keeping Munro under wraps so far as newspapers and magazi
were concerned, that afternoon he h
given me the go-ahead to start trickli
out some publicity on her.

Liz was one of the top press agents
Hollywood. Her big house in Beverly H
included a bar with a stock as varied
that of the Brown Derby. Her parties w
famous.

Like a fool I decided to unveil the ama
ing Miss Munro at Liz's cocktail party. I
didn't even flicker-register when I intr
duced Julie, so I left Apex's future mete
parked by a window with a view, a
made the mistake of trying to tell L
about her. There is no harm in Liz, but
diplomacy either. The next time she ca
around the room with a handful of
guests she nodded at me brightly, th
said to Julie, "So you're George's you
star? What's your name, dear?"

Liz didn't notice that I had to answer f
Julie; but I was glad that the group pass
on quickly. All of Julie's caged frighte
devils were out again. She walked aw
from me and sidled up to the bar. I sa
her pause, then back deliberately and p
vocatively into a man in a gray suit, j
as Simon had taught her to do in Cuba.
was well rehearsed. Only the man was
Tex Warner, and he had a glass in h
hand. He spilled part of it and looked co
fused. It might have been funny, but
to me. I got mad. I stalked over.

"The lady's a little drunk. Please
cuse." I grabbed her elbow tight
shoved her away.

"Drunk?" Julie drew herself up. "May
that's an idea." She turned back to t
bar and ordered—I mean ordered—straig
bourbon.

I HAD always been the drinker of o
duet. It made me sick to see her kno
the glass off in one gulp, then turn arou
to notice the effect.

There wasn't any. It takes more tha
girl with straight gold hair drinki
straight bourbon to panic a Hollywo
crowd. But it aroused me plenty. I stee
her back to the view.

"Julie, I've talked until I'm fed up. Y
don't have to act with me, you don't ha
to act with anybody else. The big tim
don't do it. Only phonies and dumb da
like you. You'll nauseate people."

I was nauseating her. I could see th
"Darling," she said after a second. "I do
know why you should stand here and t
me how to influence people. You are su
posed to be my press agent. Yet nobo

Eric Peters

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

SCENTSATION: Perfume that's outta this world.

PHENOME NAH!: Nothing especially wonderful.

SHARC: He swims in circles.

HIGHBRID: Cross between a giraffe and an elk.

PURSSE: Pocketbook of catskin.

RESPONSIEVE: A strainer that really strains.

CANEW: Yesterday it was just birch bark on a tree.

NEIGHTURE: A horse's temperament.

CLOCKTAIL: A drink that makes you tock too much.

CLIPTOMANIAC: He always swipes paper fasteners.

ws who I am, and cares less. I guess have to hire a new one.”

hat burned. “Toots,” I growled, “go ad. Hire yourself three press agents. Go ell in a gilded basket with a swimming ol. I don't care. I'm through with you, d for good.”

he gave me one long look, and walked of the place.

t wasn't much of a quarrel as lovers' arrels go, but it left me sick and empty. ile I was deciding it was all for the st and making a date to call Liz next ek, I was trying to guess where Julie uld go.

inally I went down to Musso and nks', where we had eaten often, and for a long time over a drink, hoping might turn up. When she did not, I gan my telephone act. I tried the apart- nt; nobody, not even Auntie Grace, an- ered. I tried the hot spots, places where were familiar. Nobody had seen her. I ought of calling Bradley, decided against but finally did try Tex. He wasn't home her.

Around eleven, I called Julie again and nt Grace answered. She graciously al- ved she didn't know where Julie was d didn't care, so long as she wasn't with

he next morning I dialed Julie's num- r. I got Aunt Grace again, but not such alm, snippy old lady this time. Julie had come home last night. Besides, the idio was calling her for retakes. It was ficult to decide which upset auntie more, lie's disappearance or her missing a ance to parade in front of a movie mera.

I sat with my feet on the desk while the ice spun around me. Every few minutes ne Simon fledgling would shove a nose and ask if we had news of Julie. Brad- was upset, too, because he was hunting for a couple of hot magazine inter- ws. Even Jack Harnan called about her couple of times. I tried to think, but my ains weren't up to it.

FTER lunch, which revived me only a little, I found a note on my desk that adley was hunting for me.

found him at the water cooler.

eorge,” he said, “I've got it! Throw away the guff you've done on Munro. I dn't plan this disappearance but, by lly, I wish I had thought of it. We're go- g to blast it all over the country. Get ose last stills we shot on Munro, the es with the leg art. Get the chart of tal statistics. I'll have a press conference four, have the papers and wire services e. I'm going to do this straight; no pub- ity releases, just appeal to them to help . We gotta keep the least bit of fishiness t of this. If you should know where she , don't even tell me. If she should turn up o soon, we will have to sneak her out of wn for a few more days. Meanwhile, e'll make hay.”

What if she shouldn't turn up at all?” sked.

Don't be an ass. She's an actress, ain't e? Besides, we're going to skip the re- kes, to hell with Simon. I'm rushing ints for New York previews right now, d we're going to shove it into the Music all on the date we had reserved for Song the Autumn. With this kind of public- Cuba will gross eight millions. George, everything goes right, I might even get ice little raise out of it for you.”

I just looked at him. Maybe I looked the y I felt, because he put his hand on my oulder.

“Now, sarge, don't take that little tramp o hard. I know she was making a play r you, but she promoted something with ex, too. She's probably off with some guy ht now.”

With that I twisted around and grabbed Mr. Harry Bradley by the lapels of his one-hundred-fifty-dollar imported English sports jacket. I shook him until his gold fillings rattled. They made a pretty noise.

“That's my resignation celebration. You can take me off the payroll as of two minutes ago.” And I left him.

On the way out of the building I met Tex coming in. He wasn't wearing his toupee, but he looked fine and very pleased with himself.

“I was just hunting for you,” he said. “Where's Julie?”

There was no reason why I should take anything out on Tex, but I was feeling very sore indeed. “I was going to ask you that. As a private question, of course. I've just finished throwing my job in Harry Bradley's face. He has some very nasty ideas about Julie.”

Tex's eyebrows shot up. “Now, George, don't do anything foolish. I know Bradley is a little difficult at times, but he's genuinely fond of you. Besides, with the rest of the dopes around here being what they are, you'll go up fast.”

“Not interested,” I informed him curtly. “I am going back to my hotel and call a pal of mine who is city editor of a paper in Portland. He's been after me for a couple of months; now he's got me.”

With that, I tried to stalk away. But Tex strode along with me, arguing.

Finally I shook him off and went back to the hotel. I had two Martinis in five minutes at the hotel bar, and went upstairs and called Portland. The operator got it through fast, and the effect of the Martinis still lingered enough to make my voice fairly brisk.

“Jim,” I said, “I'll take that job now if you can find anything besides peanuts to pay me.”

The salary he mentioned was better than anything I had heard of outside New York. He offered me rewrite, too, although I didn't figure he thought my leg was that bad. But I knew darned well it wasn't sympathy. Jim always thought I was O. K.

“I'll be there next Monday,” I promised. “I want to stop in San Francisco and let my Uncle George open a bottle of champagne over me when he finds out I've escaped from Hollywood.”

That was Tuesday. I had six days left. During the next two, I went mechanically through the motions of packing my Hollywood sports-shirt wardrobe and buying a few sober additions. I wired Uncle George and he night-lettered back, promising a party Saturday night, complete with San Francisco debs. I persuaded the Southern Pacific News Bureau boys to get me reservations on the Lark. But I was lower emotionally than Harry Bradley was ethically.

The L. A. papers were all carrying stories about Julie's disappearance. The columnists, having been burned with Bradley publicity gags, were handling the whole thing gingerly, but they weren't certain enough to duck the yarn completely.

THE one angle I couldn't get was Tex Warner. He called me at least once a day, offered to lend me money and, when he found out I was going to San Francisco on Friday night, asked if he could buy me dinner and drive me to the train. I didn't understand, but nobody else had dished up anything in the way of farewell parties so I accepted.

We ate at Ciro's and had too many drinks at the bar before we sat down at the table. I felt terrible. I couldn't think about anything but Julie, so I talked about her. Tex was sympathetic. But he made one crack after the redcap had taken my bags and we were standing at the gate.

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"Don't worry, old boy. Julie's all ri
No harm has come to her."
I didn't think about it, in the rush
signing in and of hurrying to my ber
But, once the train started, I sat up as
somebody had tucked a ramrod down
spine. Tex knew where Julie was! Sh
wanted to get me out of town and off h
conscience. If Julie wanted Tex, I could
do very much about it. I undressed an
didn't sleep.
I went in the diner and tried to eat t
next morning, but it was no go. When t
Lark pulled in, I was still wondering ho
you went about patching up a broke
heart. I was waiting for my suitcase
the baggage station, feeling lonelier th
I had ever been in my life, when I fel
hand on my arm.
It was Julie.
She was wearing something with whi
fur around the throat, and a little whi
hat with a red rose on it. Her gold ha
was caught in a knot at the back of h
head. She didn't look like a movie star. Sh
looked like a candy angel. "Aren't yo
going to kiss me?" she asked.
I kissed her mouth, her eyes, her thro
When I finally straightened up, I realiz
people were looking at us. "You have li
stick all over your face," she said tenderl
and dabbed at it with her white handke
chief.

IT wasn't until we were installed in
taxi, holding hands among my bags, t
I remembered she had given me four
the worst days in my life.
"I'm staying with Uncle George. Whe
can I drop you off?" I said politely.
"The — the Fairmont." She sound
plenty surprised.
"Incognito?"
"George," she spat fiercely between h
teeth so that the cab driver couldn't hea
"I've been missing for four days and yo
don't even ask why or what I've be
doing! Why, Tex said . . ."
"I thought so. I don't know what th
is all about, but Tex knows more than
do, and I don't like it."
She began to cry, not softly and swee
like a lady, but with great shaking how
I put an arm around her, more to mu
the noise than for purposes of affecti
Finally the driver asked if he should d
the little lady at the Fairmont hotel. I sa
yes, and then remembered Tony's, a qui
little restaurant. I asked if it was still ope
The cab driver said yes, but turned arou
to find out how Julie felt about it.
She lifted her tear-streaked face fro
my shoulder and nodded and then put
right back again. Her hat was on one si
of her head. Gently, I took it off. She di
look like a candy angel any more. S
looked like my girl.
Tony greeted us without surprise a
put us in the back room alone. Then
brought us coffee before he disappeared
cook pancakes. Julie fumbled for her co
pact, but I put my hand over hers. "T
me while your nose is red."
"Well . . ." She hung on to my hand h
"It was all Tex's idea. That night after
cocktail party, when you said you we
through with me, I was so miserable
didn't know what to do. I couldn't go ho
and face Aunt Grace. I guess then I rea
ized how lonesome I was in Hollywood.
I called Tex. He had always been ki
and he knew about us."
"He *what?*"
"Of course. He used to tease me ab
you. So he drove over and told me a lot
things that night, about what a tough bu
ness the movies was. He also told m
was a terrible actress."
I looked at her, amazed, and she laugh
"I didn't mind really, darling, after t
first shock wore off. It was the exciteme

of being a movie star I liked, not the acting itself. And the excitement was no fun without you. So Tex decided I had better marry you. And, to make you realize that you did care about me after all, Tex decided I had better disappear. It was like that movie, Trinidad, he played in. The man never knew how much the girl meant until she was kidnaped by natives."

"You poor, darling, dumb bunny."

"Why? Well, Tex loaned me money and a suitcase and sent me up to San Francisco. We didn't expect Mr. Bradley to make such a business of it, but nobody recognized me from the newspaper pictures. You scared us quite a bit when you quit . . ."

"That was why Tex followed me around and put me on the train!"

"Of course. He phoned me every day. Did it . . . work, George?"

Tony was still in the kitchen. I got up and walked around the table and lifted her to her feet. "You and Tex don't know what you are doing, baby. You are a couple of sweet guys, but you live in a fairy-tale world. If everything turned out the way it does in the movies, I would go back and get Harry Bradley's job so you could have a couple of mink coats a season, and Tex would be godfather to our babies and give them airplanes. Honey, I'm sorry, but I'm still going up to Portland. The salary is one hundred twenty-five dollars a week. Even if you could manage to live on it, you couldn't take the business of being a movie sensation buried in a kitchen apron. Pretty soon you'd be speaking at women's clubs, and then the reporters would arrive and you'd be back in Apex's lap. No, kid, I'll take my medicine now, not after I've found out how it would feel to be married to you."

She buried her nose in my neck and laughed. "I've decided about that, too. You always thought I was stupid. I guess I was. But I'm smart now, George. I've done a lot of deciding in four days, George. Since Harry Bradley made me disappear, I think I'll just stay vanished. Aunt Grace has enough money in our bank account to take her back to New York and have a few steak dinners; Tex promised he would make her go. Nobody else will remember me after a few weeks. I'll turn up in Portland as your wife. You see? I—I've already been living at the Fairmont as Mrs. George Sievers, anyway. That's the disguise I picked, that's the way I would like it to be. Isn't—couldn't everything be simple?"

I kissed her hard. Everything could be, and was, wonderful.

POP listened until the end. Then he grinned. "Please, George, can I tell that to the city editor so I can go back to work?"

"We-ll," I said, "if you bring him over beside the cat; make him promise he won't print a word."

"He's O. K.," Pop assured me. "There's just one more thing. A favor for me. Where's Julie?"

"On top of the Mark Hopkins hotel right now. I'm forty-five minutes late for my date with her because I've wasted so much time talking to you."

THE END

THE COLD SHOULDER

An open fireplace makes me grunt
  And squirm, this time of year.
What comfort is a toasted front
  When goose flesh grips the rear?
—WILLIAM W. PRATT.

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CHARLESTON

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

JOBS FOR THE DISABLE

Continued from Page 27

to place the disabled on when the bo
come home.

In Chicago, where the company mak
household products, jobs as timekeepe
stencilers, parcel wrappers, etc., alrea
are earmarked for disabled veterans. Th
plant has tried out deaf-mutes, too, an
has found them particularly adept
operating sewing machines.

AS the job-for-every-disabled-vetera
movement gains throughout the natio
industry has been learning something
the new techniques and new responsib
ities called for. The War Manpower Com
mission—in the person of K. Vernon Bant
principal employment specialist of th
WMC Bureau of Placement—has pointe
out that it isn't enough merely to hi
a disabled veteran. The business or indus
try must be prepared to follow throug
to see that he is employed to the be
advantage.

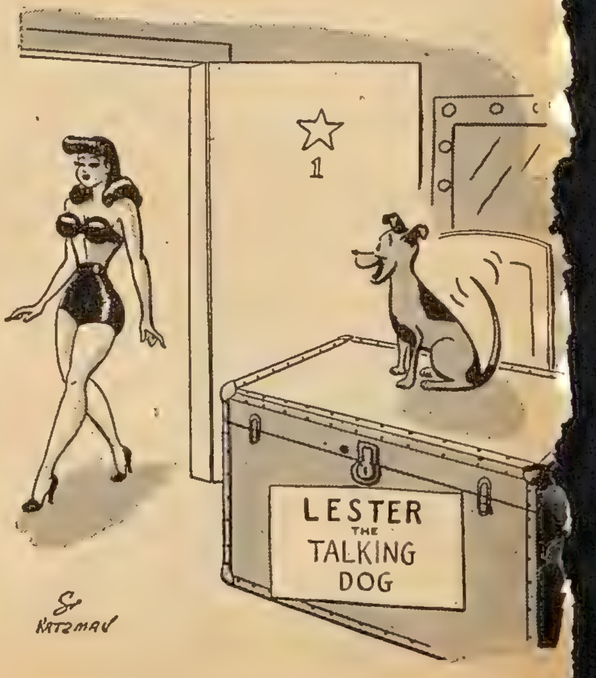
"When an individual with physical lim
tations has been safely and suitab
placed," Banta says, "supervisory em
ployees will need to be instructed con
cerning the assignment of other duties,
ensure that the new assignments sha
likewise be appropriate. Thus, in develo
ing a plant program for handicapp
workers, it is of the greatest importan
that the supervisory staff in the pla
participate in as much of the planning
possible."

American Home Products Corporatio
has set up a conference plan by which th
people who train the company's super
visors and foremen also will give the
special training in the matter of handli
the blind and disabled.

"Perhaps we have overlooked a gre
untapped source of potential manpowe
the thousands of our fighting men maime
by battle wounds," says Ide. "Our initi
tests prove that in light industry ma
of these men can soon be trained up
full efficiency. The results of these tes
are available to industry generally, whe
ever one of our plants has examined
job field in terms of disabled worker
Hiring the disabled isn't just our patrio
and humane duty. It's good business
well."

And it's good medicine, too, as Arm
doctors will tell you. The cure of a battle
scarred veteran begins with a job th
makes him feel he's just a plain norm
American again, a man who earns his ow
way in the workaday world.

THE END


1
LESTER
THE
TALKING
DOG
Sy
Katzman

"Wow!"

T IN THE CARDS

tinued from Page 19

ob said to—" The Old Man stood up. utenant Cheever," he said to Cheep, I to understand that my direct orders nothing? Am I to understand that dience depends entirely upon the ms of this—this—this *soothsayer?*"

ir," Cheep said, "I understood you to at officers' meeting today that we ld run the company in the customary ."

e Old Man turned to Sahib. "And why ou tell the convoy to wait, Sob?"

don't know," Sahib said. "Except that as in the cards."

nderstand this," the Old Man said. m now on I will accept full respon- ity for running this company. It will be run by a deck of cards." He put is helmet. "Sergeant, get me a jeep. lead that convoy personally. I'll be y in three minutes." He left.

eep shrugged. "It's going to be rough while." He went out glumly.

said, "Sahib, what's them papers you ted him to sign?"

ne makes me a buck private and the r makes you first sergeant."

began protesting. Then it soaked into thick skull. Sahib had made out those rs before there had been any argu- . He knew.

'd better call that jeep," I said.

o."

t'll cause trouble."

on't call that jeep. He hadn't ought o."

went outside. I didn't want to see it. convoy was lined up just off the road, tractors with cargo vans. Our big t vans were dispersed about in an apple orchard, and covered with camouflage nets. There was a row of trucks from the maintenance companies; we supplied all repair parts for everything that rolled or shot, for two divisions. Our runners were dashing from van to van filling requisitions. We were a crack company. That is, we had been.

The Old Man came striding from the officers' tent and went into the C. P. Presently a jeep pulled out of the motor pool and took its place in front of the convoy. The Old Man came out of the C. P. and strode toward the jeep.

"You are now first sergeant," he said as he passed me. "Have Private Sob—Private Jackson—assigned to the labor platoon."

"Yes, sir."

The convoy pulled out. Sahib walked past me without saying anything. I went inside the C. P. and sat, feeling lonely. I felt sorry for Sahib. But I felt sorry for the Old Man, too. He was the eagerest beaver we'd ever had.

THE jeep got back at noon. It was piled high with mud-soaked men. A German patrol had mined a road crossing and set a machine gun up behind a hedge. When our lead tractor hit a mine and the convoy stopped, the machine gun opened up. The jeep piled into a ditch and threw the Old Man through the hedge on the other side. He didn't beat the other boys through that hedge by very much. One of our Cubs spotted the play from the air and pretty soon a pair of P-47 Thunderbolts roared out of the sky and put the machine gun out of action. An engineering outfit came along and lifted the mines. But our four tractors and vans were on fire from incendiaries.

Everybody got back except two men who were left at a field hospital. The Old Man should have stayed at the hospital, because his right arm was twisted pretty badly. He came back with it taped up and in a sling. Next morning he had a hell of a time signing the morning report.

"Uncanny," he murmured. "But we won't run this company with a pack of cards."

FROM that time on, Sahib was just a buck private like any other buck private. He put his cards away and he wouldn't talk. His professional pride was injured. By the time we got replacements for those four tractors and cargo vans, we were in the hole. And the big shove was on and we couldn't catch up.

You can't run an Ordnance Depot company by the Standard Nomenclature Lists. Not in battle. The neat little columns of estimated requirements for maintaining a thousand Sherman tanks or seventy-fives or TDs or six-by-six trucks don't mean a thing. Our depot crew had never sent in a requisition without Sahib first glancing it over and in his uncanny way cutting some items in half and multiplying others by twenty. Maybe that wasn't the Army way, but it sure got results. Then suddenly there was the big shove, we got in the hole, and there was no Sahib.

Brass began visiting the outfit. Big brass. We weren't clicking like we had been. What was wrong?

"It's not like the old days," Cheep said to me one day. We'd moved during the night, and I was going around with Cheep, giving the camouflage and dispersal a once-over before the Old Man did a formal inspection. We were in a valley, and the vans were spread about under trees close to a high wooded hill, very near the front. We could hear the guns, and occasionally one of the big Kraut guns would send over an exploratory shot.

"No, it isn't, lieutenant," I said.

What's HE got
that gets 'em?

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KREML hair tonic

Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy
Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes

"I talked with the Old Man about Sahib," Cheep said, "and he says that we've got to do it the Army way. He says it's not healthy for one man to mean so much to any company. What if he got sick or was killed? And he's right. But I've got a sneaking hunch he wishes he hadn't had to bust Sahib. He could use Sahib now."

"We all could," I agreed.

We stopped to watch the boys draping a camouflage net over the fire-control van. To the south the valley opened up and bisected a main road. Trucks from a fifth-echelon maintenance outfit already had our new location and were coming up the valley with requisitions.

"Of course we've got our orders." Cheep looked at me out of the corner of his eye. "I'd hate to catch anybody trying to get next to Sahib. We've got our orders."

I wandered over to Sahib. "It would sure help the boys out to get a tip from you now and then," I said. "But we've got orders. I wouldn't want to catch you."

Sahib put one end of the crowbar in the mud and leaned on the other end. He didn't look so good. The labor platoon was no snap—hard work day after day.

"When the Old Man asks for me," he said, "I'll be glad to help him out."

I wandered through the area. The boys weren't getting much rest. They had whiskers and red eyes. We all had tempers hung on a trigger so fine a man was afraid to say hello to his best friend. We never got warm or dry and we never got caught up. But the Old Man was running things the Army way. He was right; but we sure could have used Sahib.

And then came the counter-shove. The German shove. Remember?

ONE morning the truck drivers coming in began telling of traffic on the main road moving the wrong way. The front had been a stalemate for a couple of weeks, and now we were moving back. But our company didn't get orders to move. And that night no trucks came for parts. All of a sudden we weren't in business.

The Old Man tried to phone headquarters, but couldn't get through. Phone snafu. I went with him for a jeep ride. Headquarters had moved back, along with the rest. We couldn't find headquarters. When we got back, the Kraut guns were laying down a barrage. They were close.

The Old Man and I sat in the C. P. He looked terrible, with a week's beard and a week's dirt on his face.

"If I retreat without orders, I'll be sticking my neck out," he said. "But if it's just some snafu, it's the necks of the whole company if I don't. I can't sacrifice my company to a mistake."

He put his face in his hands. One of the Kraut shells whistled close and exploded on the hill right behind us. He didn't even flinch. Our artillery, wherever it might be, was silent. All the stuff was coming one way. I was dead tired, but the idea of sleep was impossible. I went outside. All the boys were in little groups, near their foxholes. Nobody was sleeping. It was nearly dawn.

> "A cynic is a man who, when he smells flowers, looks around for the coffin."
>
> —H. L. Mencken.

By the time I'd made a tour of the area, the big wooded hill was outlined against the sky in deep purple.

The Kraut guns stopped. They all quit, at a signal. It was unearthly quiet.

I went back to the C. P. The Old Man was still at his field table, face in his hands. He pulled his hands far enough apart to reveal his red-rimmed eyes.

"Get Sob," he said.

I brought Sahib in. He saluted smartly.

"For God's sake," the Old Man
wearily, "cut it out."

"Yes, sir."

"What do your cards say?"

Sahib said, "Is that an order, sir?"

The Old Man winced. "You understa
I have to do things the Army way.
now I'm up against it. I'm asking you."

"Thank you, sir. I'll get my cards."

"Here's a deck," I said.

Sahib started to lay out the ca

"They're not the same," he said sa
"I'm not friends with them any more."

"Do the best you can," the Old M
said.

Sahib gathered up the cards, laid th
out, and turned them over one by one

"What do you—what do they say?"
Old Man asked.

"It's been a long time," Sahib said.
better check again to make sure."

His face was very, very sad. He
the cards out a third time. Everything
utterly quiet, too quiet. The sharp sna
the cards was loud inside the tent.

Sahib gathered his cards up.

"It's the same three times," he sai

"What? What is it? Stay, or pull out

"Demolition," Sahib said.

According to dry runs, we could d
in ten minutes. It took longer, actua
Nearer fifteen. There was something a
it that didn't seem real. It couldn't be
fixing blocks of TNT to our vans
trucks, setting incendiaries, crimping
to fuses. All the boys must have fe

To the north, from the head of the va
we began hearing it. It was just a f
humming growl, getting louder and lou
by degrees. That would be a Panzer
force on the prowl.

The Old Man took a long breath
said, "All right, sergeant."

I blew the whistle.

There was a *whoom*. A Panther
crawled into view around the bend
let fling again. The shell went short
ran for the cover of the wooded hill.
not before the fuses were lighted.

IT was a terrible thing when our s
went up. I had to stop and watch,
gardless of the Panther. Everybody
We crouched there on the slope and
our part of this war go to hell.

The small-arms van was first to g
was sitting there under a tree and
net, a big O. D.-painted van, and
suddenly it was flying apart in a g
sheet of flame. And then the entire
was debris and fire—all our tents and
and trucks, everything that made u
depot company; all our stock and
records and everything we owned ex
the carbines in our hands and wha
carried on our backs. One moment it
there, and the next moment the stoc
maintain the matériel of two divisions
gone.

It was a good demolition job. The
mans wouldn't be able to salvage eno
to keep a jeep running.

"Up the hill, men!" the Old Man c

We took a rest before we got to th
Looking down, the Old Man said, "T
God we didn't try to move our stuff

We had seen one Panther rounding
curve of the valley. Now five were in v
and the nose of a sixth rounding the
As we watched, a total of fourteen Pan
swung into the valley, great roaring be
with those long guns poking out a
like an insect's antennae. Behind th
Panther came the gun carriers and
troop carriers. A Panzer column on
prowl.

"You were right, Sob," the Old
said.

"It was in the cards, sir."

"All right, men! Over the hill!"

(*Continued on page 68*)

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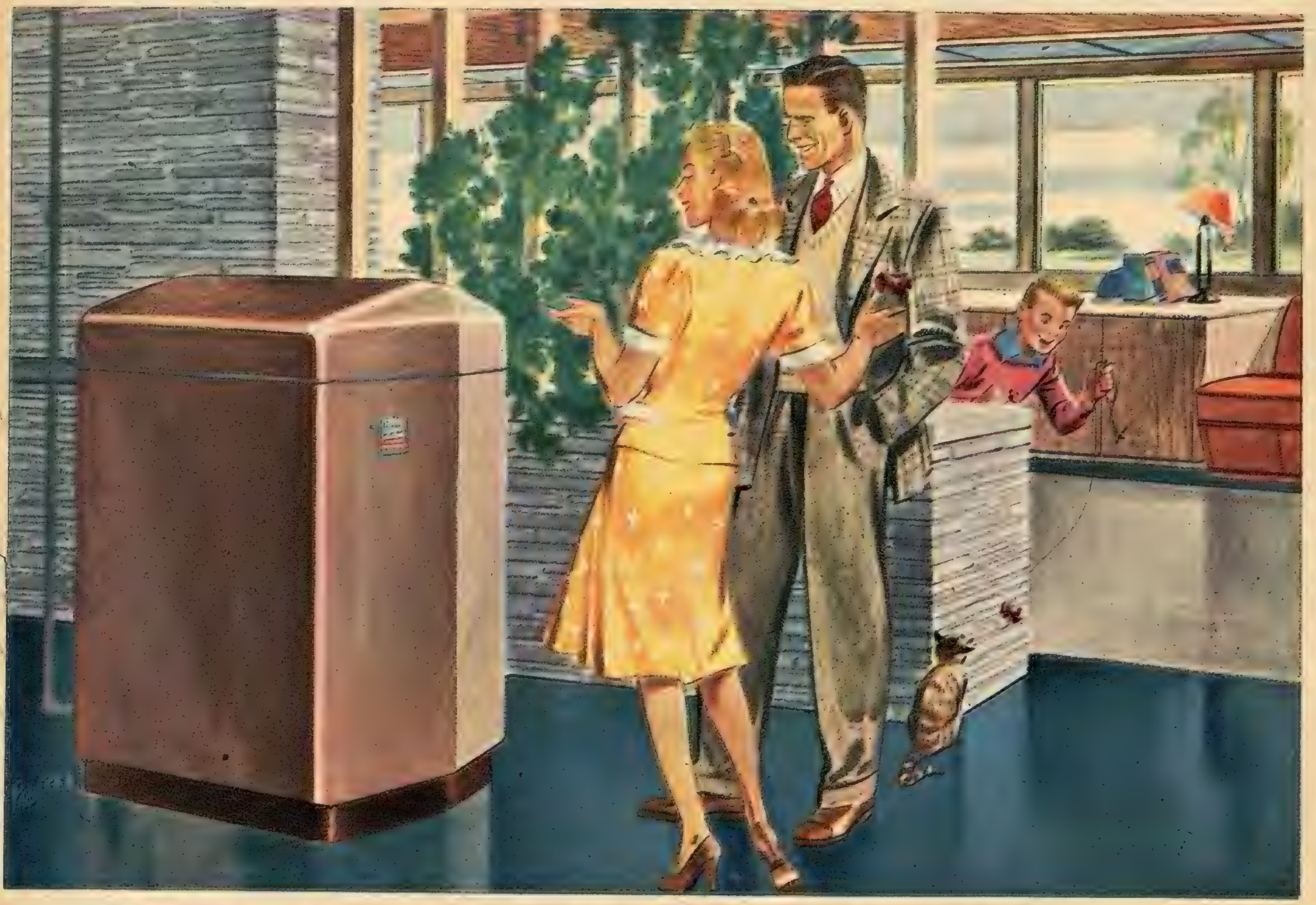

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AUBURN RUBBER CORP.

(Continued from page 66)

We were almost to the crest when the guns opened up, right over our heads. "The Krauts are on both sides of us!" somebody yelled. We all hit the mud.

But below, the leading Panther stopped suddenly. There was a puff of smoke from a small black hole that had appeared in its side just above the tread. The smoke puffed from the ports and around the rim of the hatch, and then the Panther was burning; a curious thing, made of steel but blazing furiously.

"Hell, it's us up on top!" somebody yelled.

The Panthers swung their long guns to cover the hilltop. Another one burst into flame. I didn't see any more; I was too busy with the rest of the boys getting over the top of that hill.

Hundreds of guns seemed right overhead. When we got to the crest we saw a line of TDs and Long Toms pouring fire down onto that Panzer column. Waiting on the other slope were our Shermans and half-tracks. The whole damned U. S. Army seemed there.

The Old Man gulped. We all gulped.

"You in command of that Depot company down there?" a big guy asked, striding over. He had a star on his helmet.

The Old Man gulped again. "Yes, sir."

"You ordered that demolition?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want to talk to you later," the general said. Then he bawled an order and our Shermans plunged over the crest of the hill and the push was on. The Panthers were done for, except one, which scurried down the valley to the south. It was a rout.

We spent a bad day. At first we tried poking about in the mud to find a few undamaged parts, but soon our guns and troop carriers were roaring up the valley to the south, and our area was a sea of churned muck. We all felt very low. There'd be a lot of parts needed for this push, and all we'd had were up in smoke.

"I'm sorry, sir," Sahib said. "I was rusty. I hadn't kept my hand in."

"Never mind, Sob. It's my responsibility. I shouldn't have acted on such a harebrained premise as a deck of cards."

"Harebrained?" Sahib's face stiffened. "Sir, if you'll pardon me, it has nothing to do with you. It's all my fault. I should have kept in practice. I sulked. I let my talent wither. There's nothing the matter with the cards. It's me. It's all my fault for what happened."

"I said I would take the responsibility."

"But you can't, sir! It's my fault."

"Private Sob, I want to hear no more of this. Not another word."

"Yes, sir." Sahib wandered over by his old foxhole, sat down in the mud and sulked.

The Old Man sat on a wet log and looked fixedly at a bleak future.

I went over to Sahib. "Forget it."

"I won't be bunking with you any more," he said sadly.

"They can't do anything to you."

"No; it's in the cards. I'd better go say good-by to all the boys. I seen it this morning."

A jeep came down the valley in the late afternoon. The general was in it. He asked for the Old Man.

Sahib had been watching for the general. Sahib's professional pride had been injured. He made a beeline for the jeep.

"Sir," he blurted, "I want to take the entire responsibility for what happened."

"You what?" the general said. "And who are you?"

"Private Sah—Private Jackson, sir."

"It's my responsibility," the Old Man said, coming over. "You may go, Sob."

"All right, sir; but that don't cha things. I told you to do it."

"I don't understand," the general sai

"I do admit he advised me," the Man admitted manfully. "But I accept responsibility. I am the commanding ficer."

"Advised you? Who's running the ou fit, anyhow?"

"I trusted his judgment, sir."

"You trusted his judgment to that e tent, yet he's a private? Is that how th run things in Ordnance?"

The Old Man gulped. "You see, sir, h a sooth—"

"Sir," Sahib cried. "I'll stand behi my advice!"

"This is the damnedest situation I e saw," the general observed.

"I'm sorry, sir," the Old Man said.

"Look here. What will Ordnance do w that man for what happened?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Nothing?"

"No, sir. I accept responsibility."

"Well, if that's how Ordnance do thank God I'm Infantry! I'll get that m transferred to where *I* can do somethi

"I'd rather you wouldn't, sir."

"I don't give a hoot what you'd rathe the general declared. "He's going to what's due him! A man like that. A priva With the initiative to push himself forwa so I'd know just how the situation w A bucktail private! And he pulls off t neatest bit of deception I've seen si the last war!"

"Eh?" The Old Man blinked. "Dece tion? Did you say deception, sir?"

The general put his fists on his hi turned to Sahib. "You seem to be runni the show. Tell him just what went on."

It was Sahib's turn to gulp and blin

"Sir," he said, "I don't know nothi about deception. It was in the cards."

"Now you're talking!" the gene boomed. "That's the way to put it—it in the cards! Now, here we were, spring a trap. We had to get those Panthers in the open. We'd left you as bait. A we were up on top praying for Panthers to bite at it. The first Panth hesitated in rounding the bend of valley. And then—*whoom!*—demolition. marvelous job. Perfect timing. Exactly right touch. Too bad I didn't think myself. That convinced the Krauts. suckered them. Down they came in Sitting ducks. We waited until they w just where we wanted them before opened up. Beautiful! Lovely!"

And that's how our sector shoved b the German push. Remember?

But we lost Sahib. He rode away in general's jeep. Next day he was a tain on the general's staff. His trans paper came through later. Whether special job was to advise the general his own special way, I wouldn't know. would be a military secret if I did kn

And the Old Man kicks himself ev day. Especially when he looks at me. knows now that he sure did muff chance for one crack first sergeant. again, maybe he knows that nothing co have changed it. It was in the cards.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A 4-F floorwalker tired of his job and gave it up to join the police force. Se eral months later a friend asked hi how he liked being a policeman "Well," he replied, "the pay and hou are good, but what I like best of all that the customer is always wrong!"

—Hollywood Reporte

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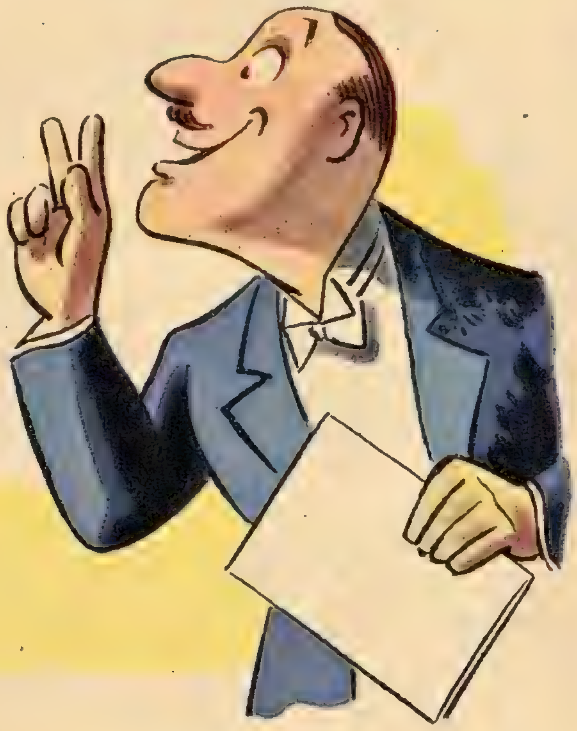

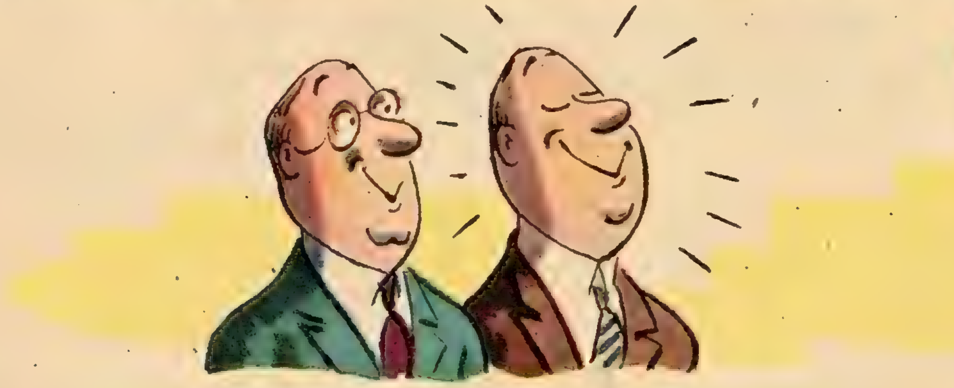

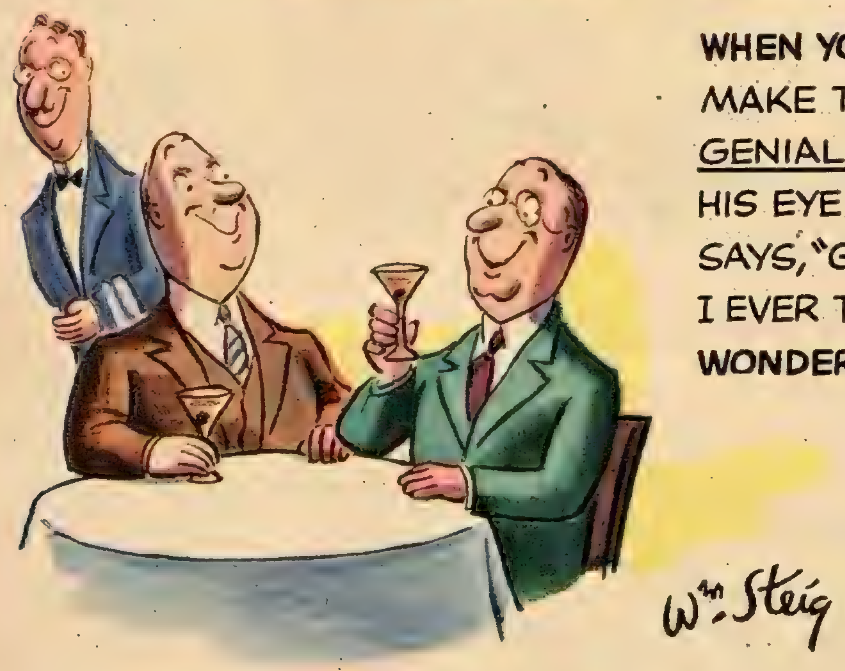

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THE MAD, MAD MOON

Continued from Page 33

was waiting for reassignment. But Six Shirt confined his speculations to the problem at hand, for this business of being Cupid's helper was a new racket for him.

A pause after the song ended, and Jim's eyes focused inquiringly on Six Shirt.

"Mr. Purdy, I'd like to speak with you alone for a minute."

"O. K., O. K.," growled Jim, reaching into a pocket. "I'm good for a touch—but not for more than two bucks."

Six Shirt raised a deprecating hand. "Keep your dough. I want to converse concerning a delicate and intimate matter which, on account it is personal to your private life, you wouldn't want other parties in on."

"Look," said Jim, waving a hand at the now bug-eyed occupants of the other bunk. "Those two bimbos have known me ever since their mother brought them home from the hospital, and if there's anything they don't know about my private life, they'll sure as hell find it out."

"It's about a lady," warned Six Shirt.

"That would be no news. Spill it."

"We-e-ll—first, if I was to show you a sure-fire way to change this lady's mind, would you guarantee to marry her and take her out of the county?"

"Why, you dope, that's just what I've been trying to do! Before they made her the D. A. I had it all fixed. She was to live with the folks in Oakland until I come back for good."

"Swell!" said Six Shirt. "That's all I want to know. Now tell me this: What was your gimmick? Just how did you approach the lady when you come here?"

Jim looked puzzled. "Why, I said, 'Hello, Sally Ann. Let's hurry and get married, I only got twenty-nine days left.'"

Six Shirt's face registered disgust. "Look, bub," he said severely. "That's no way to propose to a lady."

"Propose, hell! We've been engaged four years!"

"But that still ain't no way to bring up the ever-lovin' subject of romance. No finesse. No technique. With a woman, you gotta be sub-tile. You always gotta have moonlight and roses in your approach."

"Look who's an expert on women!" gibed Little Molino, who knew that, as far as history recorded, Six Shirt had never looked twice at a woman, and no wor had looked at Six Shirt except with earnest desire to wash him down wit garden hose in the interest of commu sanitation.

"Look, bub," said Six Shirt even m severely. "Maybe you don't know it, for twenty years I've been reading Lonely Hearts column in the city pap and listenin' to all the morning serials Lem's radio. So believe me, what I d know about the way to a woman's h just ain't been discussed by expe How long has it been since you sung her?"

"Hey, she'd think I was nuts."

"How long?" demanded Six Shirt.

"I don't remember. Not since we to go on moonlight boat rides back i

"See? You forgot about romance. got a voice that would soften a hear hard as these here stone slabs, and waste it singing in a jailhouse. Son, moon's up tonight and you're going and serenade your lady."

"Says you!" said Jim.

BUT fifteen minutes later he was in the before-mentioned moonlight the guitar under his arm, flanked by Shirt on one side and the Molinos on other, striding up the road toward old two-story brick house that had b the residence and law office of the B body family since bearded miners pan gold on the bars of Sonora creek.

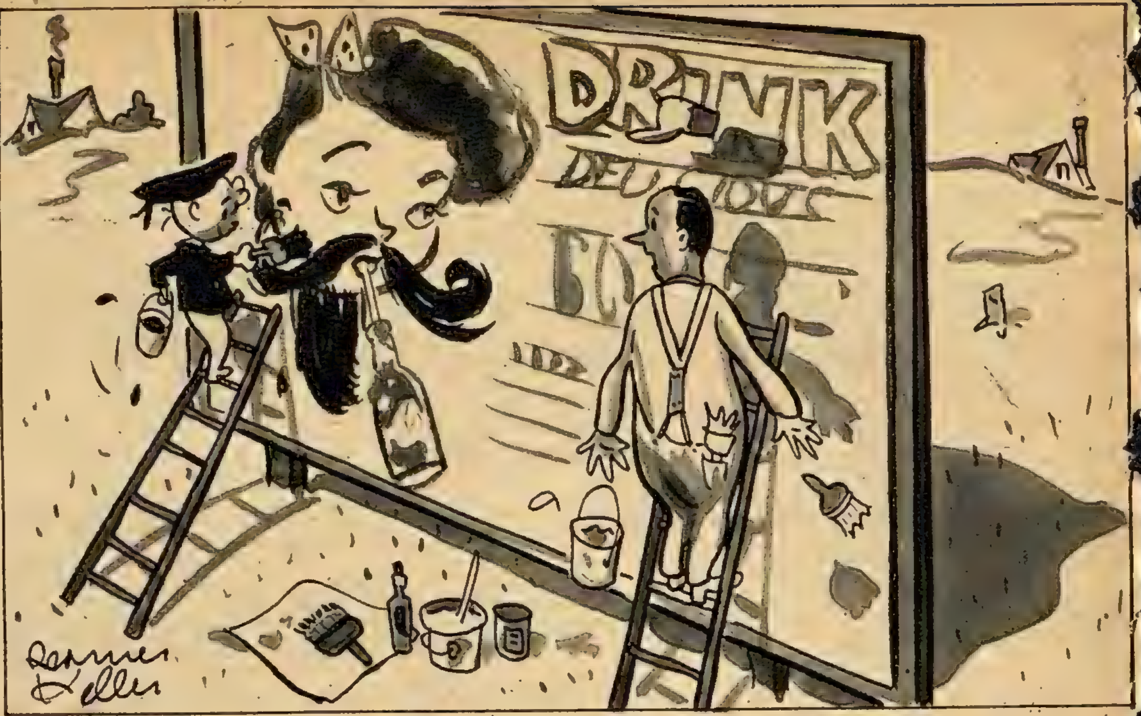
"You sing and we'll help," said Molinos.

"You will not," said Six Shirt. He ha them both into the entrance to Al S mons' store, and Jim went on across road, leaned his back against the old h rack in front of the house, and struc soft meditative chord.

The setting was perfect, a scene out of the last century, when rom was romance. There was even a balc or rather, a long narrow second-s veranda running across the front of house. The night was warm for sp and through the open French window the right-hand side of the second s Six Shirt could see Sally Ann sittin her grandfather's desk, her head b over a book. Outside, the big white cast its silvered glamor over everythi the white road, the chaparral on the behind, and Jim Purdy—looking up girl, very softly touching his guitar, voice swelling up out of the night's sile

(Continued on page 72)

HARDTACK



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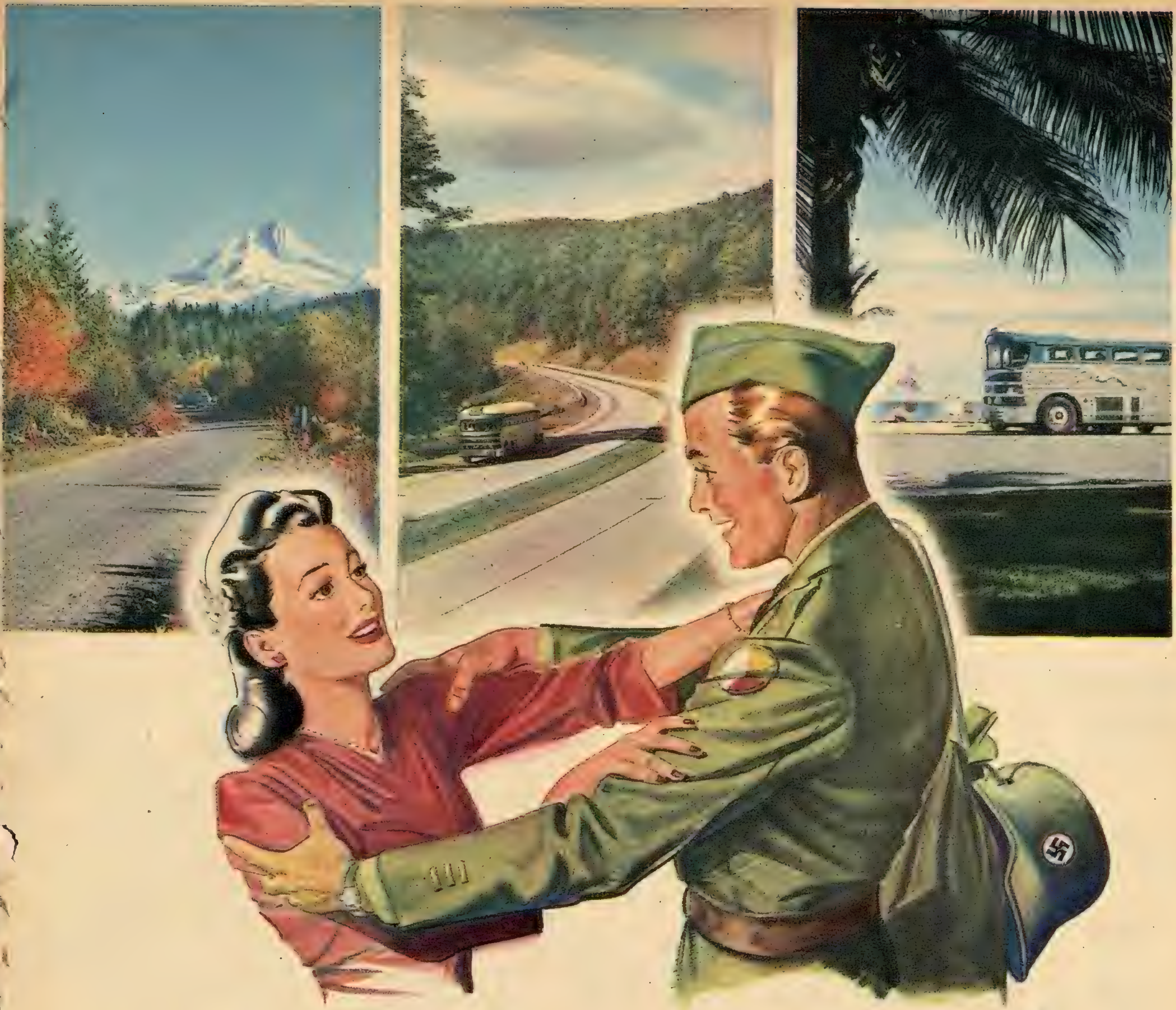

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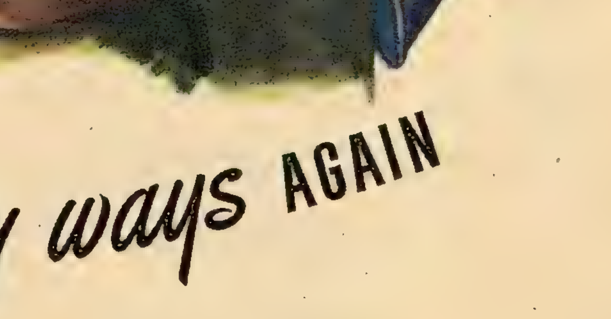

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(Continued from page 70)

"Boy, it sends me!" whispered Little Molino.

"It makes me nervous," muttered Six Shirt. "I mean the damn moon. It does funny things to people, including me. . . . Look! She's listening."

Sally Ann had raised her head. She sat very still, silhouetted against the lamp.

"If this don't get her, she just ain't obtainable," Six Shirt concluded.

The girl closed the book on the desk before her, rose, and walked onto the gallery. She came forward slowly, yet purposefully, like one entranced.

"Just like a jay bird charmed by a bull snake," breathed Six Shirt.

Then Sally Ann spoke:

"Jim Purdy, I'm reading up on a very important case. So I'd thank you if you'd take your singing elsewhere!"

The song ended. Big Molino said, "Well, I'll be damned!"

Six Shirt let out a heart-rending groan. "I plan and plan, and nothing works out like it should."

The frustration he felt that moment was as nothing to the fear-stricken horror he experienced the next. Jim smashed the guitar against the hitch rack. "That does it!" he roared. "Sally Ann, you've been high-and-mightying me ever since I got back, and I'm sick of it!" He jumped across the intervening space, seized the supporting post of the gallery, and literally walked up, hand over foot.

Sally Ann screamed, "Keep your hands off me!"

Jim picked her up and threw her over his shoulder. She beat him with fists and feet as he headed into the house.

All Six Shirt could do was gasp, "Felonies! Felonies! Compound felonies," and "I'm the accessory before the fact!"

The Molinos kept on yelling like Dodger fans at a ninth-inning rally, regardless of the fact that people were running out to see what the row was about. Galvanized into action, Six Shirt began beating the Molinos with his fists, croaking, "The evidence! The evidence! We gotta get the evidence!" Finally one of them did get the idea that he wanted the smashed guitar retrieved, but Six Shirt himself was across the street.

HE had just picked up the guitar when Jim came out of the house with Sally Ann, still kicking, over his shoulder. He dumped her into a car down the road a few yards and drove off.

Six Shirt began chivying the Molinos back toward the jail, thumping them with the defunct guitar, wailing, "Kidnaping! Grand theft auto! Felonious assault! They'll send him to the gashouse, and if we get off with life, we'll be lucky!"

By the time they got to the jail Six Shirt was in such a state the Molinos had to help him to his bunk. There he lay, shaking like a malaria victim, his face the color of a bluegill's belly. Between chattering teeth he began declaiming, "It's the moon that done it. That big moon—the old folks called it 'the mad moon'—it works on every man according to his weakness. With me it's pigs. With Jim it must be women."

Said Big Molino, "I never thought to see a case of battle shock six thousand miles behind the lines, but this guy's got it."

Said Little Molino, "Yeh, that was quite a battle Jim and Sally Ann put on, but I didn't think it was *that* good! Say, I got a bottle hid in my bunk. Maybe that will help."

To Six Shirt the bottle materialized in the midst of a horrid vision of penitentiary walls. Instinct made him reach out his hand. His fingers grasped, and it was real. Its fiery contents went down his throat in one long gurgle that ended in a gasp w
Little Molino grabbed the bottle.

"Holy cow, it's all gone!" he said, m
in wonder than in anger.

"Yeh," said Big Molino. "The g
scared to death. But I don't see why."

Six Shirt finally got his breath. "W
you poor ignorant punk, we conveyed
criminal to the scene of crime, didn't
That's accessory before the fact. And
stood right out there and hooted for
when he threw the D. A. over his shou
and packed her away like a sack
spuds. That's accessory after the fact.
I'm a scissorbill, which I ain't. That me
we're stuck with as many felonies as
is, and he—"

Peremptory squeals from the pack
cage interrupted him. He looked over
saw two pairs of beady eyes ashine w
the reflection of the light in the foyer

"—and what am I going to do with th
poor critters? Turn 'em loose, and
varmints will get 'em. Take 'em to
Big House and they'll die of t. b. I tell
boys, I'm sunk. You may get off light.
with my record, they'll bury me so
down in the dungeons that the sun cou
find me with a search warrant."

He was wiping real tears from his e
All at once those same eyes widened
an expression of pleased astonishment

"Say, what was in that bottle—sw
spirits of nitroglycerin? I feel like
floatin' right off the bunk."

Whereupon his eyes closed, and
mouth opened, emitting a gentle snor

IT seemed only five minutes later w
he was awakened by a light shinin
his face. "Molino," he said perempto
"turn out that light and go to bed!"

The light snapped off. "I sent
Molinos home," came Lem Helker's v
"I'm sure glad to find you here. Witl
the excitement going on tonight, I pl
forgot to lock you up."

"Lock me up!" roared Six Shirt, hea
himself to a sitting position. He qui
grabbed his head between his hands
the sudden motion had sent it rota
rapidly. "Lock me up! Why, I ain't—'
was going to add, "a prisoner," whe
became aware of the shackle around
right ankle. Then the memory of
night's awful events struck him full

So he was a prisoner—bound over t
Superior Court.

Finally he muttered, "So you ca
Jim already. Where is he?"

"Must be home in Oakland by this ti
said Lem.

"Oakland?"

"Sure. You've been out cold for
hours. You shouldn't try to drink a
pint of tequila. You had the Molinos s
pink. And you missed the wedding."

Six Shirt sat up very slowly. "Weddi

"Sure. We found 'em parked down
road a piece, arguing. Well, we've
getting kind of tired of this demon pr
cutor business, so we told Sally Ann
either had to marry Jim right n
prosecute him for a capital offense
fixed her. She threw both arms a
his neck and started crying."

"You mean she's gone—she ain't di
attorney no more?"

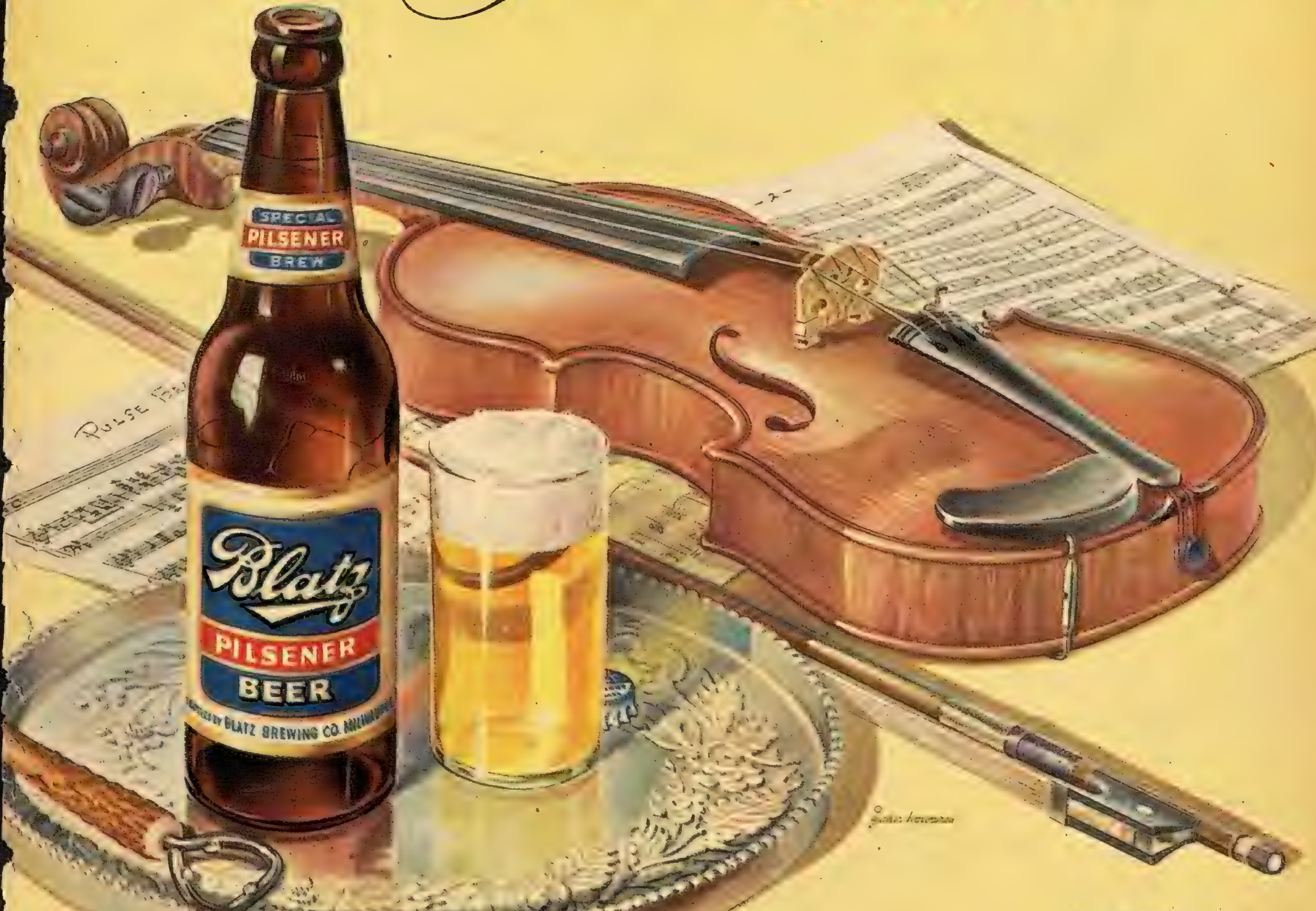
"Resigned last night."

Six Shirt threw off his blanket. "
then, what in hell am I doing in this
trap? Take this thing off me and le
out!"

"That thing stays on," said Lem f
"for your own protection. With the pri
pigs what they are now, the owners
took to setting up on moonlight nights
can't digest buckshot and rifle balls,
brose, so we'll just keep you on a
leash till the moon wanes."

THE END

In Harmony with Good Taste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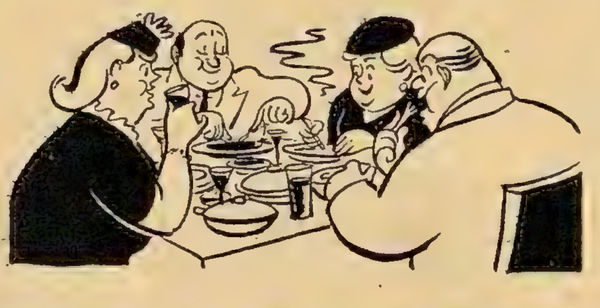
Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

FOOD FOR THOUGHT: According to eagle-eyed statisticians who frequent the best restaurants in quest of fancy *figures*, New Yorkers are losing theirs. The local citizenry is putting on weight fast. Not just at dinner but at lunch, such gastronomical high spots as Louis and Armand's are packing in the wolves—pardon, customers—and regaling them with food fit for a peacetime Thanksgiving dinner. I would be the pot calling the kettle black if I did not admit to having lunched out recently myself. I shamelessly eavesdropped on a well-known publicity girl-about-town who tucked away two old-fashioneds, and then ordered milk and calves' liver, with peas and mashed potatoes, followed by French pastry. *That* ought to keep the old engine turning over —or put it to sleep for the afternoon. My kindly companion suggested that perhaps the reason for such heavy eating at lunchtime was the shortage of meat at the butcher's. Probably thousands of housewives, on bidding farewell to their men in the morning, urge them to dine at noon in a restaurant to ease the strain on red ration stamps. A light supper is more acceptable if there's a solid foundation beneath.



SLOWPOKE: Gloria Fuca arrived in this troubled world fifty-four hours and twenty minutes after her twin sister, Frances, was born to their twenty-seven-year-old mother, Mrs. Rose Fuca, at the Brooklyn Doctors Hospital. Though not without precedent, such a birth is so rare that doctors were astonished, to say nothing of the twins' father, Julius Fuca, a chauffeur who had been warned he would have twins, but not a pair two different ages.

WIDE OPEN: John Cole vouches for the truth of the story about Liza, a much-loved Southern cook who, after fattening his family agreeably for years, was suddenly hurried to the hospital with acute appendicitis. After a successful operation, her solicitous mistress went to see her and asked, "Well, Liza, what did the doctors do to you?" Answered Liza expansively, "They just opened me up and helped themselves."

SOMETHING TO MEW ABOUT: Micky Grove, super cat at Findlay, Ohio, whose prowess in enrolling cats and dogs in Kittens and Barkers was mentioned on this page, informs us that the Liberty paragraph brought him 300 additional members for his organization. The fifty-cent membership fee goes to provide
for British children. On his bir
Micky received a card, from Scoopy,
tional secretary of Kittens, and a
from General Grey, president, who is
feline pet of Elmer Davis.

NEVER A BRIDEGROOM: From L
tenant Samuel R. Solomon comes
moving poem, entitled:

NEVER A BRIDEGROOM, or YOU CAN DREAM, CAN'T YOU

You've searched all your life for the
of your dreams;
It's darned hard to find her, at lea
it seems;
From Maine to Miami, from New Yo
Cal.,
You look for your sweetheart,
buddy, your pal.
At long last you meet her—your D
Girl de Luxe—
She's a nifty, a honey; she's five mi
bucks,
She likes the same movies, she's han
sports,
She makes a neat eyeful in slacks
shorts;
She's a wow in the kitchen, she eve
bake!
After summing it up, you decide
she's jake.

You wine her and dine her, for noth
too good;
You show her such heigh-ho as only
could.
You send her great carloads of tr
and such,
You're fast going broke, but it isn'
much;
You tell her you love her—your he
just melts!
And whom does she marry? Some
else!

FATE: A warrior on furlough in
York, incredibly unscathed durin
stretch overseas, was using both arm
his whistle in the struggle to get a t
midtown Manhattan. Fate tapped hi
the shoulder just in time to make
turn around and see a gigantic
about to slug him for competing wi
for a cab. Our hero ducked, and excla
as the inebriate's chagrined comrad
him lurching down the street,
Wouldn't it have been lousy luck to
come back without a wound, only
my Purple Heart at Thirty-sixth
Madison!"

E GIRL WHO WILL QUEEN

tinued from Page 17

in private. She considered it wiser ne child should not take too much ure in the admiration she caused un- e was better able to understand its The crowd admired her not only ise she was a pretty, golden-haired, eyed baby, but because she was their particular public baby as well. She ged to each one of them. She be- to England.

ning that fact was part of Eliza- s education. Another part of it con- d manners, which had to be suf- tly flexible so that, on occasion, she act just like any other girl—but ut any girl's privilege of riding on , going shopping alone, dancing at her ds' parties, going to the movies, mak- date. Elizabeth, however, has not ed too keenly from this, for she has aware from infancy that her parents grandparents led a different kind of rom other people's parents and grand- its. When, in 1936, her father suc- d to the throne, her six-year-old said rather sadly, "I used to be Mar- of York, and now I'm Margaret noth-

, no, you're not," said ten-year-old beth. "*Now* you're Margaret of Eng- ”

herself is very proud of being Eliza- of England, and it is said to have mostly on the basis of her strongly- ssed wishes on the subject that her r didn't confer on her the title of ess of Wales on her eighteenth birth-

parents worried about how to inform lizabeth of her future queenship, is ordinary parents worry about im- ig the facts of life. But, like the little who, on hearing where babies come remarked, "What a good idea of ," Elizabeth took the whole thing r stride.

think," she said, "that the first law I pass will ban riding or driving on ay. Horses *must* have a holiday."

vas from her mother, the Queen, one e few people who have ever been o see it from both sides of the fence, Elizabeth learned in a gentle, gradual just what it is to be modern-day y. It was her mother who was Eliza- first teacher, teaching her not only ee Rs, but also to curb her natural ience and feminine capriciousness, to lerant, and to understand that the right of kings is, in the twentieth ry, merely the right to exhibit, on blic occasions, amiability, gracious- humility, and dignity.

Queen later handed over part of ities to Miss Marion Crawford, a or of arts of Edinburgh University, as always retained supervision over aughter's education.

abeth speaks French and German, s all the usual school subjects as as voice production, public speaking radio technique. She spends at least hours a day poring over ponderous on State and constitutional law, ng that historical Statute of West- er which defines the rights and duties glish monarchy and is part of the ntial library of the King.

a princess of the realm, history is ularly important. And it is by no s as dry as it often seems to or- children. Not only is Elizabeth ed with every royal house left in but she can also claim descent from Alfred the Great, William the Conqueror, Charlemagne, the Emperor Barbarossa, Louis of France, Robert Bruce, Mary Queen of Scots—and, of course, Queen Victoria. Her history teacher is Dr. Henry Marten, Vice-Provost of Eton College, which is only about half a mile from the Lodge in Windsor Great Park where the royal family have been living since Buckingham Palace was bombed. The books she studies, among which are Trevelyan's History of England, Fisher's histories of Europe, Muzzey's histories of America, are all works which advocate government based on democratic and not on monarchic rule.

She has also been taught to cook and sew and has taken the regular wartime course in Red Cross work and civil defense. She was seven when she learned to knit, and along with the lesson in knitting went a small exercise in princess-ship. Knitting, it appeared, was just something she couldn't seem to get the hang of. After trying and trying, she finally gave it up in despair, tossed the wool aside and ran out of the room in tears. She came back. No reproaches, but the knitting was still there. It was there, on the schoolroom table, every day. Sometimes she wept, sometimes she stamped her feet, declaring she would "never, never do it." Then one day she took up the needles for the thousandth time and discovered the simple secret—and the secret behind the lesson: that no British princess can shirk a task because it happens to be disagreeable or difficult.

Since her job is unique, her educational assignments are also by no means the usual ones. While still a schoolgirl, she accompanied her father on official inspections to learn how such affairs should be properly conducted. She put these lessons to practical effect on her eighteenth birthday when she, alone, inspected the Grenadier Guards, the crack regiment of which she is honorary colonel. Observant and well trained, she carried off the affair perfectly.

ELIZABETH and her father take pleasure in each other's company, whether they are out for duty or for pleasure. In addition to official appearances, they ride horseback, bicycle, swim, go hunting or just walking together. She often gets her way with him, not by coaxing or bullying, but by the persistent, water-on-the-stone method. Or by another means, often carried out successfully by less exalted children: by asking for twice as much as she expects to get, and settling for half—or her original desire.

If His Majesty is really adamant—as he is over hot music, chewing gum, or smoking cigarettes—she uses private methods to get her way, respecting his wishes in public. When Queen Elizabeth invited some young U. S. Army Air Force officers to a party at their country home and Princess Elizabeth danced with a lieuten-

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Kittyhawk, Dec. 17—A new chapter in history entitled "Man Conquers Air" was writt
made numerous experiments with gliders before attempting to fly in
announced that they would continue their experiments, and hope

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ant from Connecticut, he apologized for treading on her toes, said, "We dance quicker at home."

"Yes, I know," said Princess Elizabeth. "It must be fun to jitterbug." But she refused his invitation to learn. "I'd adore it, myself," she said, "but I'm afraid father wouldn't."

So she dances the waltz and the slow fox trot in public; plays Chopin and Strauss on the drawing-room piano; and in her own sitting room puts hot music on her phonograph or hears it over the radio, tries out jitterbug steps with her sister.

She didn't even take Margaret, with whom she is on exceptionally good elder-to-younger sister relations, into her confidence when she decided to try chewing gum; just asked a relative, a young R. A. F. officer, to get her some and chewed it in bed. As with cigarettes, which she'd also tried out in private, she decided it wasn't worth making an issue about.

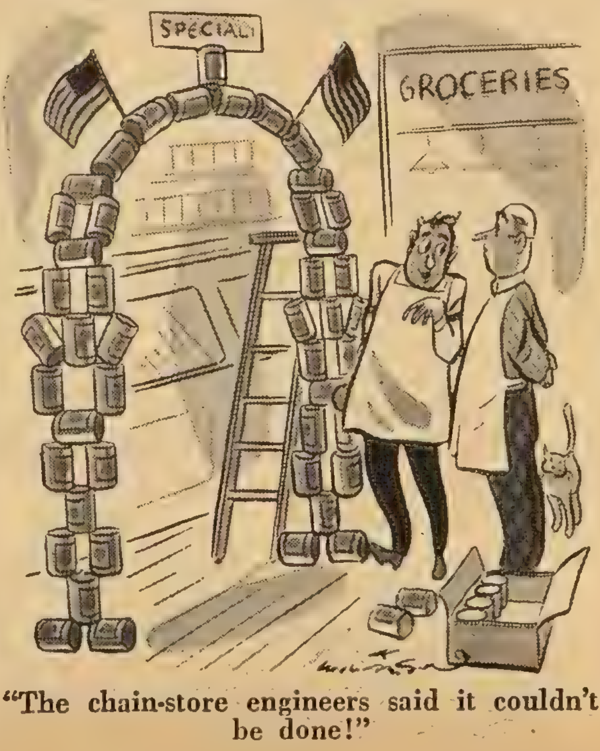
When she wants to do anything in public of which her father might disapprove, she takes care to do it in a good cause. Both the princesses love to act in amateur theatricals and think up all sorts of excuses for doing so.

It was at her father's special wish that she joined the Sea Rangers, a youth organization without any restrictions of class or creed. The Princess organized the Sea Rangers' Amateur Theatrical Society and called the final dress rehearsal of the play, in which both she and Margaret had juicy parts, at her own home. It went well. At the end she turned to her sister, said, "Margaret, will you be good enough to go and ask dad to come to the performance in naval uniform tonight? This is a naval occasion."

In a short while Margaret returned. "I gave dad your message, Elizabeth. He said he would be delighted to come in naval uniform."

Theatricals, since the Princesses like them, are used by their educators for several purposes which the Princesses probably never consider. For one thing, they learn to be good mixers, and that is important. Theatricals also help to overcome self-consciousness, a defect that must be eradicated from royalty. They must be sufficiently sure of themselves to handle any situation. They mustn't be self-conscious about making banal remarks, seeing them repeated in the daily press.

At one time it was a cult among the aesthetes of Cambridge and Oxford to collect the more absurdly kindergarten remarks reported to have been let fall from time to time by the royal family. Not one of these long-hairs, though, had so rare a



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tion as the present King himself. He
all pasted up in a book of clippings.
lls the book Things We Never Said.
ast performances are any indication,
ver, Princess Elizabeth won't have to
y about what she says or how it will
cepted by readers of the daily press.
y before D Day in Europe, General
nower called on the royal family to
t, and remained to lunch. Princess
beth sat beside him, and when he
d up the spinach, remarked com-
nably, "I don't like that either." Soon
were discussing national dishes, and
rincess learned what corn-meal mush
how the general's mother cooked it
n back home in Kansas. There being
-D Day dearth of news, the story
widely reported in the papers. "My
ess," some American readers may
remarked, using the Princess' own
ite expletive, "the girl must be al-
human!" She *is* human, as all English
rs would have known.

duties of royalty in these times are
ecure. Even at eighteen, Elizabeth's
as heir to the throne were con-
d sufficiently onerous to exempt her
further war work under the National
ce Act. On that birthday, in addition
the other work she had been gradu-
cquiring, she became a Councilor of
in which capacity she deputizes for
ing if he should leave the country.
of her preparation for this has been
quietly and listen to her father and
inisters discussing affairs of State.

Princess works as hard as any civil
vant, but her pay, voted to her
year as part of the Civil Lists grant,
ally is higher. She gets $24,000 a year.
act that she doesn't get her hands on
than four dollars a week is perfectly
ght with her. And she is satisfied to
the remaining $23,792, plus her pri-
income inherited from legacies, ad-
ered by the Queen's Treasurer, Rear
ral Sir Basil Brooke. Arithmetic is
ne subject of all her studies that has
s bored her profoundly.

t the same, she has to account me-
usly for the four dollars, entering
item in a little black book which the
regularly inspects. Most of these
s are for the purchase of dance-
records, both American and British.
she plays in her own sitting room,
her father seldom comes. She has
of Bing Crosby's records, several of
Shore's, but none of Sinatra's. Like
other English girls, she just doesn't
im appealing.

sitting room has old-fashioned ma-
y and walnut furniture, one Chinese
n the fitted gray carpeting, and a
open fireplace with a cream-colored
antel. In her adjoining bedroom is
dressing table with a frilled beige-
lue chintz skirt, matching the bed-
and the window drapes. Her bath-
as a plain porcelain tub, and the
laid with white tiles.

the toilet shelf there are only a jar
ht face cream, some dusting powder,
crystal bowl. No perfume or hair
oo or nail polish, for such luxuries
o longer manufactured or sold in
n.

ause of her talent for drawing, Prin-
lizabeth designs many of her own
. Rust red and clear turquoise blue
er favorite colors and she wears them
in tailored classic wool and tweed
or daytime and wide-skirted off-
oulder frocks for evenings. Her fa-
hat style is a copy of the caps the
Janes used to wear, its forward peak
becoming to her clustering curls.
e heiress to the throne must not

(*Continued on page 81*)

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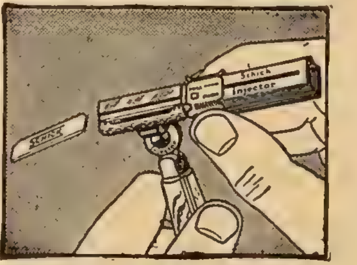

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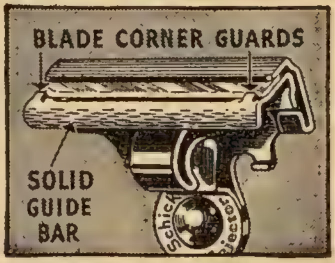

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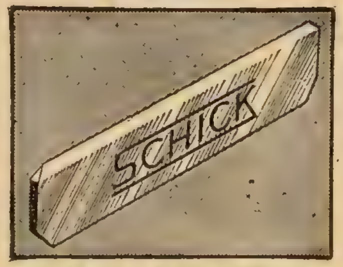


SCHICK INJECTOR RAZOR BLADES

Magazine Repeating Razor Co., Bridgeport 1, Conn.

LIBERTY GOES TO T

THE THREE CABALLEROS

(Walt Disney—RKO)

Donald Duck, Joe Carioca, Panchito, Aurora Miranda, Carmen Molina, Dora Luz

WALT DISNEY'S first feature-length production in two and a half years is a richly vivid and imaginative musical grab bag, bursting with Good Neighborly spirit and notable for one of the most startling technical innovations since the advent of sound. Since Disney's human characters have never achieved the wonderful vitality of his fabulous birds and beasts, he's gone about solving that difficulty in a typically ingenious and painstaking way. With an almost surgical adroitness he's grafted his live-and-kicking cartoons right onto equally live Technicolor photography. The effect is not only wholly credible, but stunning in its artistic possibilities, and opens up a whole new realm of cinema entertainment.

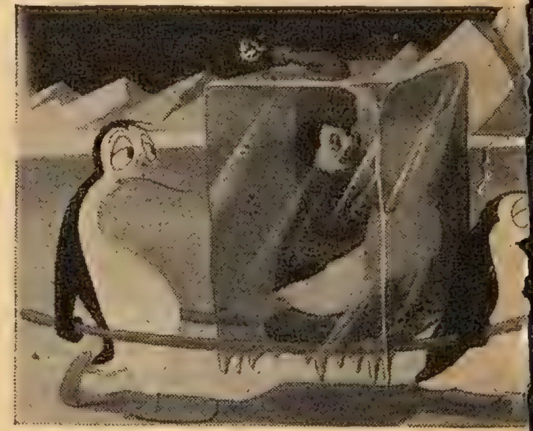
Much of The Three Caballeros, however, is done in pure cartoon technique, with a few gorgeously fanciful fillips added for Art's sake. The whole works is a sort of extravaganza travelogue, pulsating with the music, color, and atmosphere of our South American and Mexican neighbors. All the careful research that went into this picture is not evident in the finished product, which whips by like a typhoon in a confetti factory. But when Disney goes Latin, you can be sure it's the real McCoy.

Two of the Three Caballeros are old friends—Donald Duck and Joe Carioca, the hoarsely debonair parrot of Saludos Amigos. The third is a wild-eyed rattle-tongued Mexican charro rooster named Panchito, who makes his appearance late in the film. Donald starts things off by opening some mysterious birthday presents which include a movie machine. After getting tangled up in film and projecting the first picture on his own screenlike posterior, he finally runs off two whimsical little stories. One concerns a shivery penguin; the other deals with the adventures of a little gauchito and his Dumbo-like winged burro.

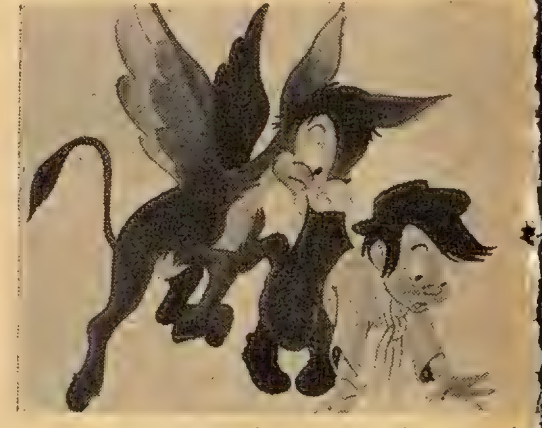
All this time there's been no hint of the big surprise that awaits Donald in the mysterious picture book marked BRAZIL. But when Donald encounters his old friend Joe Carioca, who pops out of the book to sing the top-notch tune, Baia, things begin to happen. With the aid of th ture book, Donald and the parro find themselves in dreamlike Baia, furnishes the setting for one of the dramatic moments in cinema h Heralded excitingly by music an proaching shadow, the outside worl straight into Disney-land in the sh a real live girl! She's singing, d Aurora Miranda (sister of Carmen) sells cookies to an infectious Ary tune, and brings a host of gay beings into Donald's world. Naturall enthralled—and the ridiculous antics two lovesick caballeros make a obbligato to the fiesta.

From now on, the Technicolor c takes an important part in Donald ventures. His present from Mexico e him to a whole regiment of br beauties, including Dora Luz, who and Carmen Molina, who dances ja with a platoon of animated cactus All three caballeros go gaily berserk bathing beach full of tempting femi and Donald ends his birthday in a s fireworks delirium.

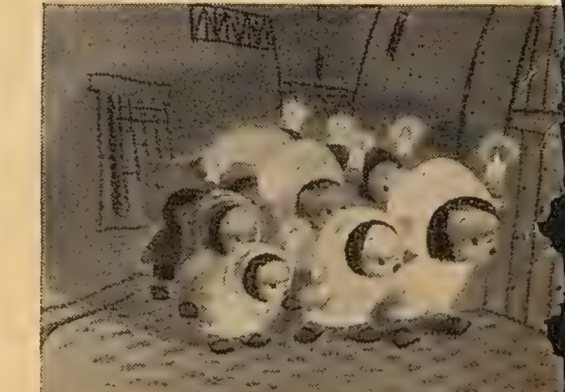
The Three Caballeros comes ne bursting with its own kaleidoscopic ness. But for gaiety, vivacity, and technical perfection, it's a whiz.



The Cold-Blooded Penguin, always in tr gets himself frozen into a solid ice



Instead of the condors he was hunti Gauchito finds a marvelous flying



Mexican children carry out the colorf bration of Las Posadas at Chris

VIES

BY EVE STANLEY

ECTIVE BURMA

r Brothers)
lynn, James Brown, Henry Hull

S outstanding war picture is based "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell's doggedly determination to retake Burma after -fated first attempt. Aside from the hat its two-and-a-half-hour length es more nerve-racking tropical war- han the normal system can respond one sitting, it's an engrossing and ntic picture of what's been going on Burma jungles.

n an American base in eastern India, Major Nelson (Errol Flynn) and a of paratroopers embark on a pre- s assignment. They are to be dropped l the Japanese lines in Burma, knock enemy radar station and take a on meeting their plane rendezvous All the men know that if one detail plan goes wrong, they'll be stranded it supplies in the midst of a deadly jungle—but orders are orders. In ane, each man reacts to the tension ling to his nature. One sweats and s; one sharpens a knife; one as- y pares his nails; one snores. The newspaperman (Henry Hull) who vangled permission to share their n sits hunched on his narrow seat vatches each man's face. His wry, rous philosophy hides his own mis- s.

h the long-awaited signal they take y jump one by one. All the details rprise attack are successfully ac- shed—but at the last moment enemy rcements cut them off from the which has come for them. From that n they are no longer efficient parts powerfully-functioning whole, but , wandering units struggling through ungle against impossible odds. The ing hardships, tragedies, and narrow s of their odyssey make a valiant forgettable tale.

ol Flynn gives an excellent portrayal terse, self-effacing commanding of- Henry Hull and the fine all-male l turn in sincere, moving perform- But the authenticity of the produc- nd Raoul Walsh's expert direction well balanced that there really seem actors here.

PRACTICALLY YOURS

(Paramount)
Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray, Gil Lamb

CLAUDETTE COLBERT and Fred MacMurray, respectively tossing aside all the seriousness of Since You Went Away and Double Indemnity, gaily combine forces here in a frothy little comedy. As a South Pacific hero who returns to find that a well-meaning but ill-informed public has supplied him with a complete romance, including a doting sweetheart and impending wedding, Fred MacMurray finds his nonchalant gallantry rather strained. Claudette Colbert, as the girl whose dreams come true overnight, is properly breathless and dewy-eyed. But by the time the nuptials have achieved the publicity of a Presidential election, he's sneaking desperately out of windows by night, and she's salving her pride with a spur-of-the-moment "fiancé" (comic Gil Lamb). Meanwhile the public still expects a wedding.

Things go on this way for quite a while, relieved by some rousing moments of mirth in the studio of a frenetic photographer (Mikhail Rasumny) and a side-splitting episode with a life raft in the subway. And when MacMurray finally gets around to braining the excess suitor, things begin to shape up the way you always knew they would. This bit of flimflam is turned out with such zest and with such deftly sentimental touches that it achieves flavor if not substance. Elegant décor and a good cast help a lot too.

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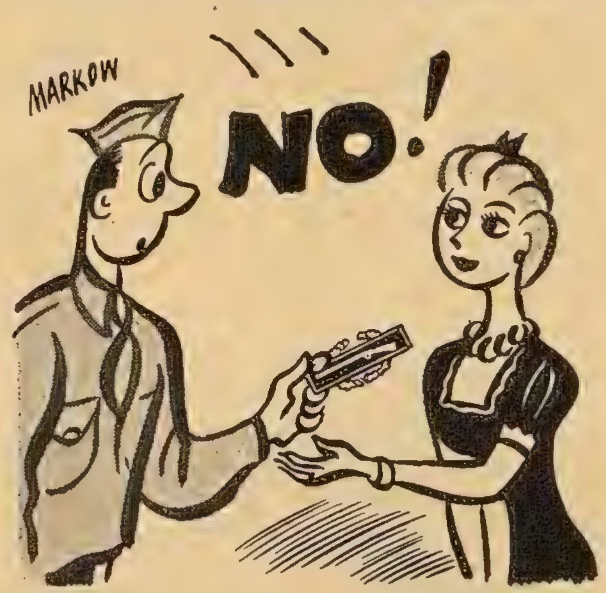
THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

AFTER this war is over there will be all kinds of surplus Army and Navy supplies and equipment for sale. Present policy seems to be to sell it in large lots only, dirt cheap, to someone with the necessary cash; then that someone re-sells it at a terrific profit. Have any provisions or proposals been made to give the individual G. I. or user the first crack at this stuff?

Lt. R. B. H., Memphis, Tenn.

Preference for veterans requiring such goods for use in small business, professional, or agricultural enterprises is being set up by the Surplus Property Board in Washington. That's something. Individual servicemen and consumers still have to purchase from dealers.



Mustn't!

* * *

I have been awarded the Combat Infantry Badge and would like to know if my girl may wear it. If she can't, can my mother?

W. J. Z., Milwaukee, Wis.

No. Badges and insignia should be worn only by persons entitled to them. There are miniature copies of many badges especially designed for wear by feminine friends and relatives of servicemen. The wearing of any decoration, badge, or insignia prescribed by the War Department by any person for whom such decoration is not authorized is punishable by $250 fine or six months' imprisonment, or both. This does not seem to be taken very seriously in the cases of servicemen's sweethearts and female relatives.

* * *

What should we do to obtain the free maternity care given to the wife of a seaman first class?

S1/c Pete, Oakland, Calif.

Your wife should fill out her part of the application form requesting this service and take it to her doctor or the supervisor of the hospital in which she wishes to receive care. Application forms may be obtained from Board of Health offices, practicing physicians, local Red Cross chapters, and military posts. Medical and hospital maternal and infant care is available to wives and infants of enlisted men in the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh pay grades without cost to the patient or the family, through federal grants to the state agencies.

* * *

Would like to know just what m
you can draw extra pay on.

S/Sgt. R. W. G., Camp Maxey,

**Medal of Honor, Distinguished S
Cross, Distinguished Service Medal,
guished Flying Cross, and Soldier's
Bearers of these are entitled to addition
at the rate of $2 a month from the date
act of heroism or extraordinary achiev
on which the award is based.**

* * *

Last September 4 I received a
from my husband's Commanding C
stating that my husband had been a
over leave since August 5, and was
declared a deserter from the naval se
In January I received a letter fro
husband saying that he is in a prison
and will be there for a year, getting
$3 a month. Will my allotment be sto

Mrs. X., Front Royal,

**Yes. On conviction of desertion a m
ceives a dishonorable discharge fro
service and loses all rights to gover
benefits, including family allowances,
tering-out pay, and veteran's benefits.**

* * *

I have heard quite a lot about the
Bill of Rights, but haven't been ab
find out about the particular aid
interested in. I own a small farm.
farm is idle at present and I won't
any income the first year after I ge
until I can get a crop. Is it true I
self-employed and guaranteed $23 a
the first year?

Cpl. G. W., Memphis, T

**As a self-employed farmer, you w
eligible for the readjustment allowanc
vided under the G. I. Bill for self-em
veterans whose net earnings are less
$100 a month. You will receive the diff
between your monthly net earnings a
a month. With no net earnings, you
receive $100 a month for ten months,
total maximum of $1,040. To receive this
must file a claim with your state une
ment compensation agency within two
after the end of the war or two years
discharge.**

* * *

What does the shield with thr
stars and two red stripes on the
Heart Medal stand for?

Mrs. E. S. S., Burlington,

**George Washington's coat of arms.
shown between two sprays of green
above the profile on the medal.**

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kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the acids and waste out of the blood. They help people pass about 3 pints a day.
n disorder of kidney function permits poison-tter to remain in your blood, it may cause nag-ackache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep nergy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or passages with smarting and burning some-shows there is something wrong with your s or bladder.
n't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, uccessfully by millions for over 40 years. They ppy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney lush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Pills.

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(Continued from page 77)

attend public cinemas, Princess Elizabeth watches movies at home in one of the state drawing rooms. She laughs at Disney, sighs over Noel Coward's productions, admires Deanna Durbin and Judy Garland, and regularly sees the March of Time and other documentaries. A movie evening means a party for the Princess. She invites some of her friends, gives them a buffet supper after the show, choosing the menu and flowers herself and attending to every detail, though she has her own household staff, a secretary, a lady in waiting, and a controller at her command.

As with every other girl in Britain nowadays, clothes problems are close to the Princess' heart because of the strict rationing. Members of the royal family get exactly the same allowances as everybody else. And the Queen's dressmaker, Norman Hartnell, is not—at least in wartime—above making over a bit of heirloom brocade. When the Court photographer, Cecil Beaton, complained to him that he was tired, but *tired,* of photographing the Princesses in tweed ("It just doesn't *drape!*"), Mr. Hartnell made a couple of photogenic numbers out of a coronation robe and train. Princess Elizabeth herself knows what it is to rip up old sweaters and knit the wool into new patterns.

She knows, too, how it feels to sit deep down in an air-raid shelter while the bombs crash overhead, to see the maimed and blinded men in military hospitals, and to wish Godspeed to boys she has known all her life and then to hear a little later that she will never see them again. War is the world's greatest leveling force, and it has not spared Elizabeth of England.

UNFORTUNATELY for a public figure, Princess Elizabeth doesn't photograph well. She is much prettier than camera shots make her out to be. Her pink-and-white complexion, fine textured, would not need make-up even if she were allowed to use it. Her hair has attractive golden lights, her eyes are a vivid blue, and she has beautiful teeth.

It is the feeling, both in her family and in the nation, that the Princess should not marry a foreign prince, but, like her father and her uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, should pick out and, if possible, fall in love with, some eligible local talent.

Right in her own regiment of Guards there are three young bachelors who might adequately fill the role of Prince Consort. These are Lord Euston, heir to the Duke of Crafton; Lord Dalkeith, the Duke of Buccleuch's son and heir; and Charles Manners, Duke of Rutland. The King says he will not give his consent to a marriage until his daughter is twenty-one, so none of the three has been shown any particular favoritism. Nobody knows which one, if any, Elizabeth herself favors. But the Duke of Rutland's family is the only one that has had to deny any engagement.

As long as she lives, Elizabeth must serve the British public. A British princess is a princess by courtesy only. The British public is notoriously courteous—but it likes to get its money's worth. At present it is very well satisfied.

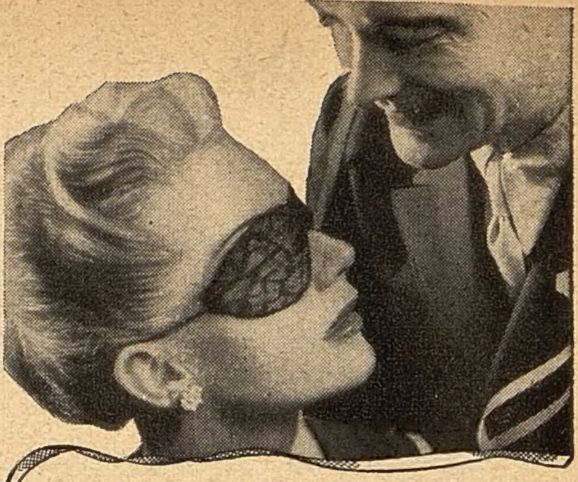
THE END

* * *

A maker of birdhouses was barely eking out a living with an occasional sale. Then a friend suggested that he carve a few words over the door of his birdhouses, and now he has to have a helper to keep up with his orders. The words: "To let—for a Song."

—*Irving Hoffman.*

* * *



WOMEN *in your '40's'*
Do *these* symptoms betray your age?

Often many women between the ages of 38 and 52—are shocked to realize they are in the class commonly known as "middle-age" with its annoying symptoms which so often betray their age.

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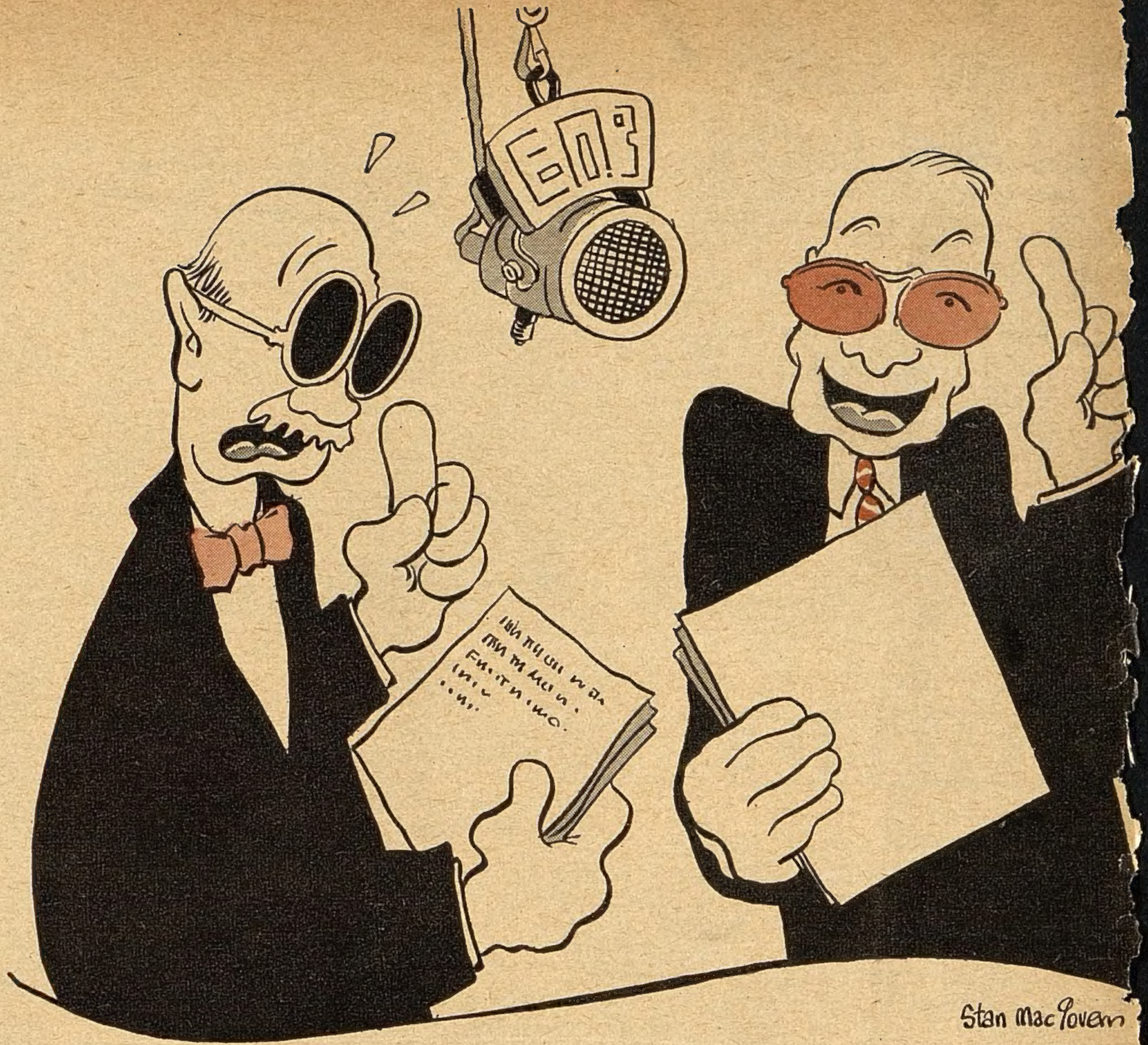


The world looks different to each.

COMMENTS ON COMMENTATORS

An odd phenomenon of our times which future historians will explore with wonder is the remarkable growth of the profession known as commentating. In fact, it seems to be our fastest-growing occupation and manifests itself practically twenty-four hours a day both in print and over the air.

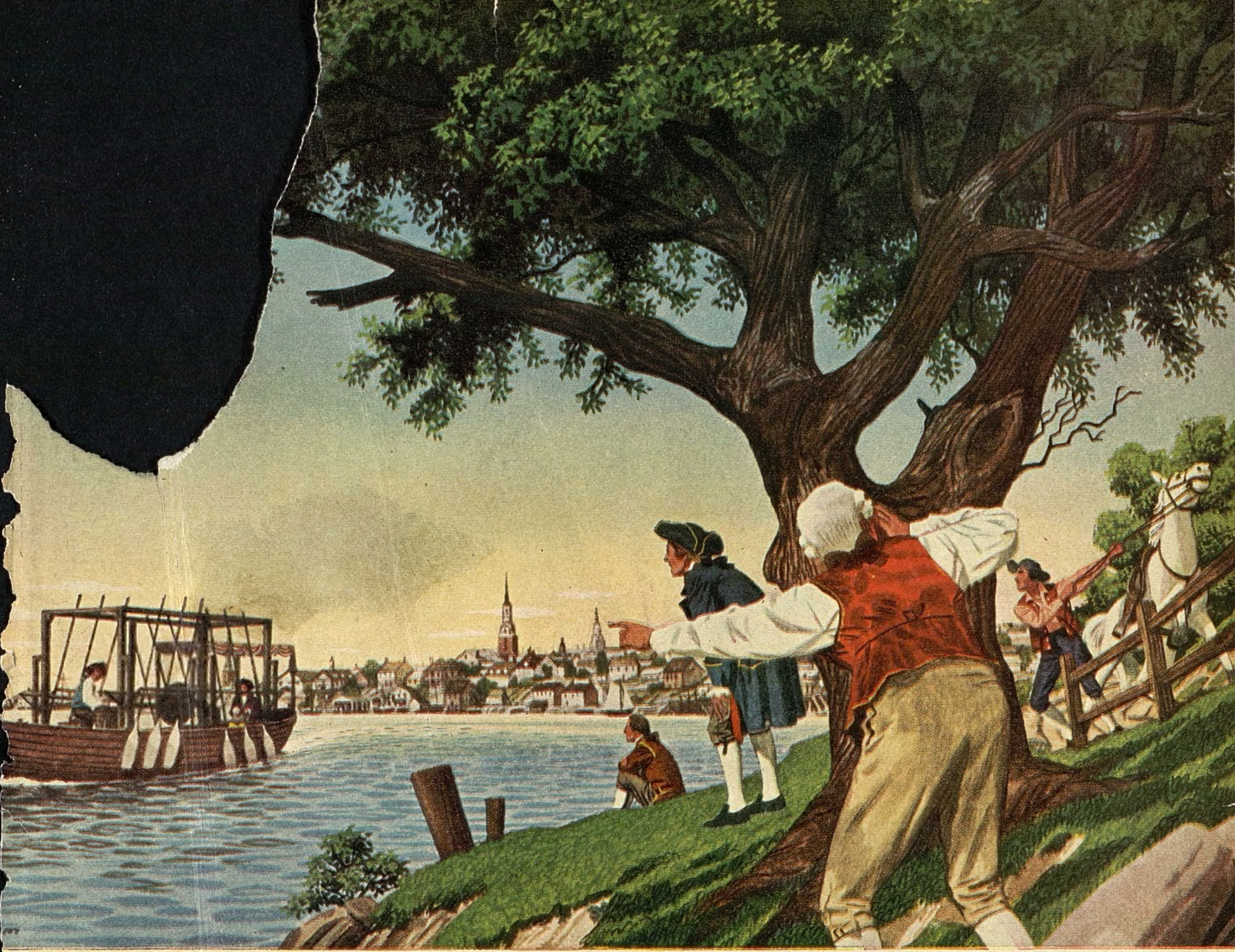
Most commentators seem inflexibly addicted to a particular line of thought and develop a convenient knack of ignoring whatever facts fail to support their own political or economic theories. Reality often eludes them, or they elude reality. The same set of facts will be interpreted quite differently, according to the ingrained notions of each commentator.

Each believes that all virtue resides in the men he admires and none whatever in those who don't strike his fancy. To hear many of them talk, we have no hope of getting those sixty million jobs after the war except under the guiding hand of Henry Wallace—a view to which the saintly Henry himself would hesitate to subscribe. This school of thought holds that Business is interested only in restricted production at high prices and doesn't want full employment or full production.

People who talk this way, of course, ig
the realities of what is going on today.
ignore the fact that almost every bus
man in the country is lying awake n
figuring out how he can keep going full
and keep his workers on the job. They i
the terrific amount of work being don
such organizations as the Committe
Economic Development, which is going
to the grass roots of Little Business and
ing plans now for the greatest possible
duction and employment in the future.
ignore the plans of Big Business to e
jobs and production, and the vast su
money which have been set aside to fin
such expansion.

Truth is always elusive to those who se
for it with closed minds or minds alr
made up. Bringing truth to the people
grave responsibility. Our army of com
tators would do well to realize this and
fore commenting, ask themselves, "Is it

Paul Hunte



John Fitch's Steamboat on the Delaware, October, 1788, from records of the time.

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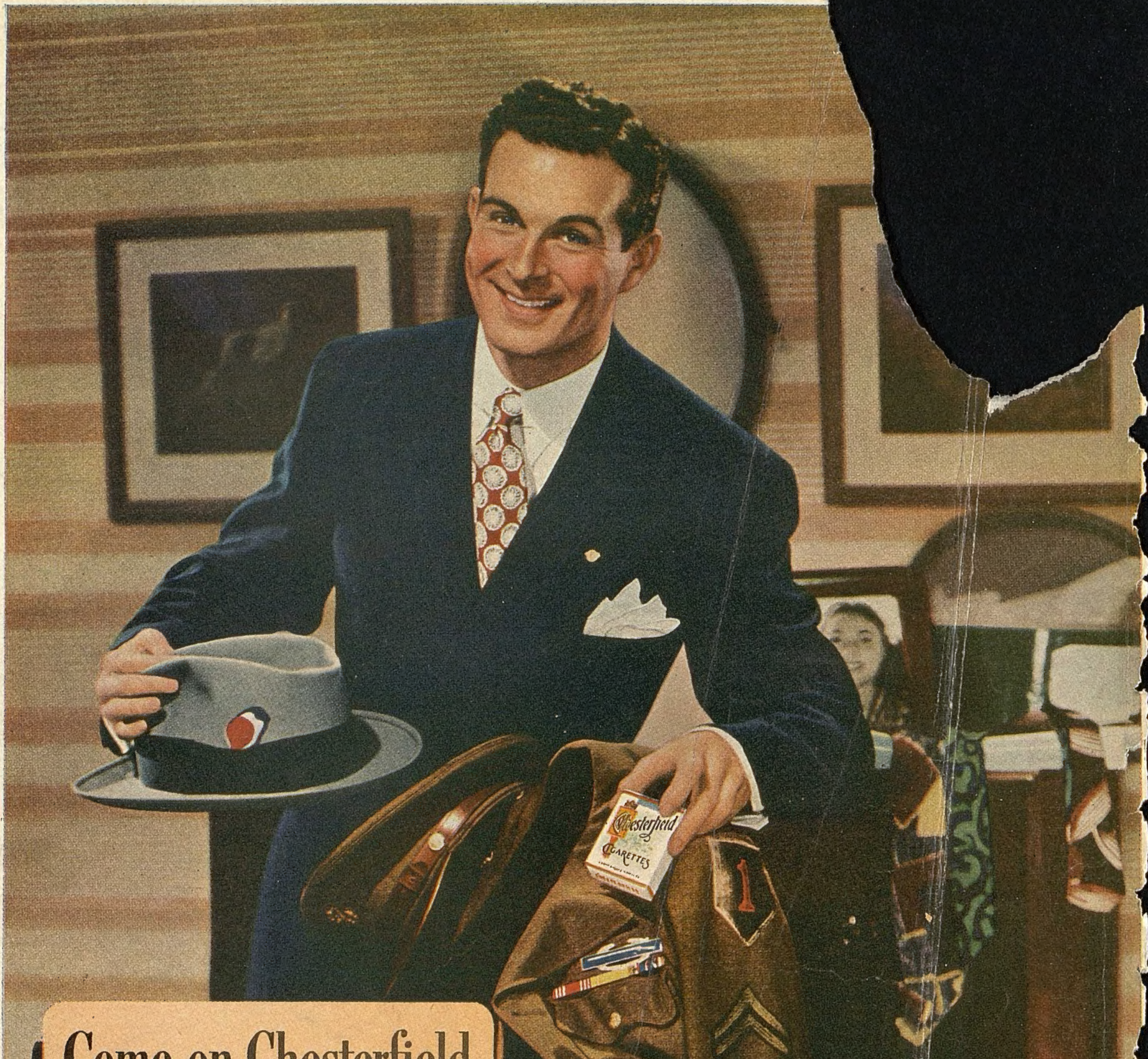
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